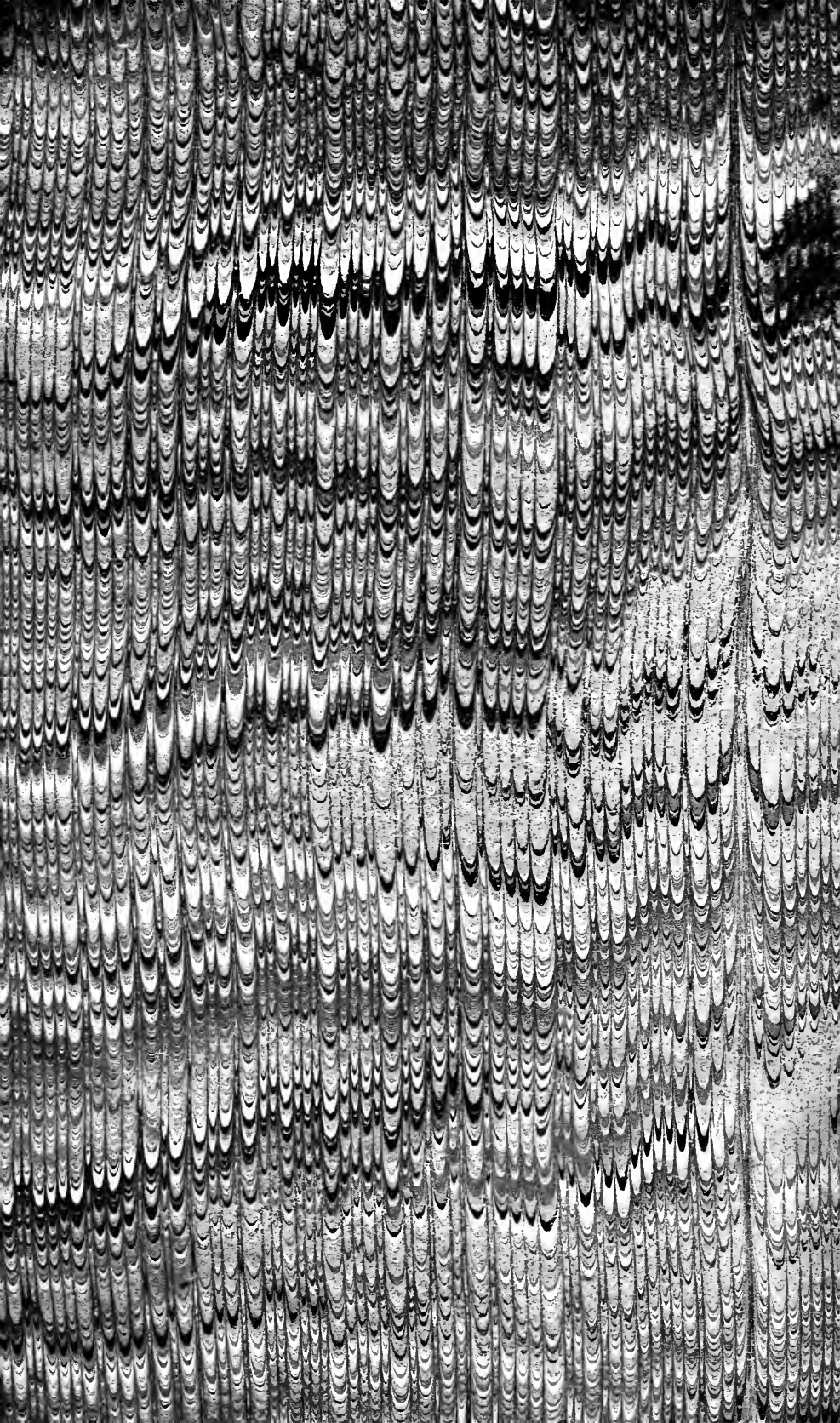


EX LIBRIS

BANCROFT LIBRARY





Handwritten scribble or signature at the bottom left corner.















✓

THE  
MILITARY HEROES

OF THE  
WAR OF 1812:

WITH A  
NARRATIVE OF THE WAR.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

TENTH EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA:  
PUBLISHED BY JAS. B. SMITH & CO.,  
NO. 610 CHESTNUT ST.  
1858.

E 353

P 43

X

---

ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by  
J. & J. L. GIBON,  
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

---

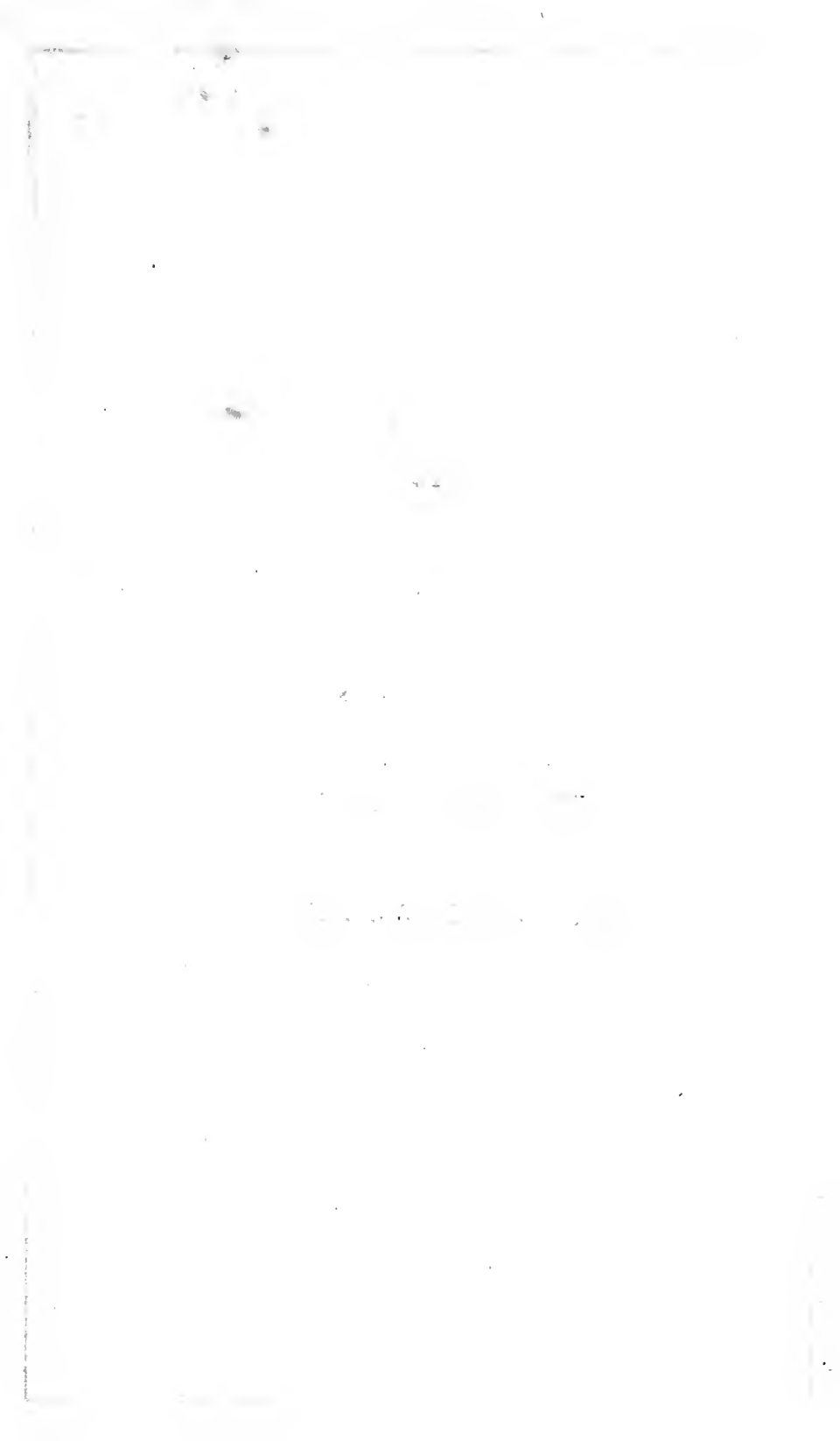
TO

MAJOR-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT

THIS WORK IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR





## P R E F A C E.

---

THE war of 1812 furnishes little to gratify the military annalist until he approaches its close. The imbecility of the Generals and the number of their defeats, naturally dispirit an author. He feels the subject continually checking him; and is delighted, when the campaign of 1814 opening, affords him something beside disgrace and disaster to record. The unpromising nature of the subject has prevented any writer of ability from taking it up: and hence a good history of the War of 1812 is as yet unknown to the language.

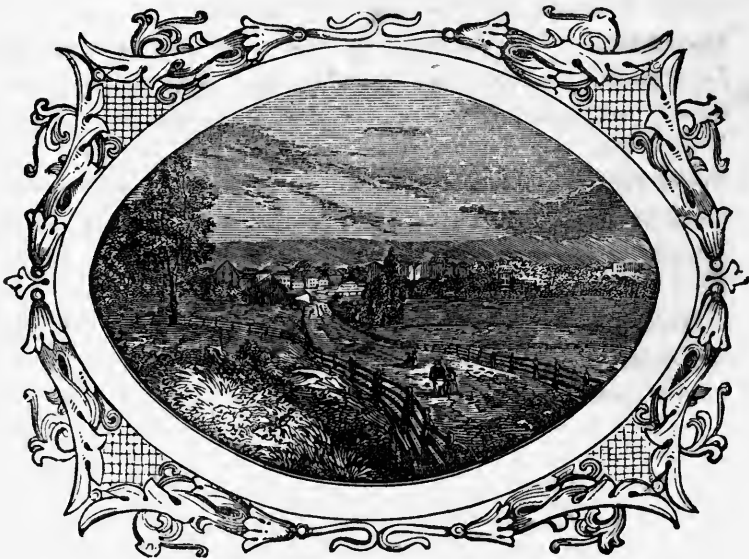
There is no attempt in the following pages to supply this deficiency. Indeed such an endeavor would be foreign to the purpose of this work. The narrative of the war is but subordinate to the main design of the volume, and hence the author has contented himself with a mere outline sketch, the only merit of which, if he has succeeded in his aim, is in be

ing authentic and comprehensive. The details of the picture are left to be filled up from the Biographies.

The nature of the theme has forced the author to depart, in a measure, from the plan of his work. There are several Generals noticed who have no pretensions to be Heroes; but the story would be incomplete without them. The author has not hesitated, however, to express his opinion as to the merits of each officer; and, so far forth, has carried out his original design. Whether his opinions are correct must be left for impartial criticism to decide.







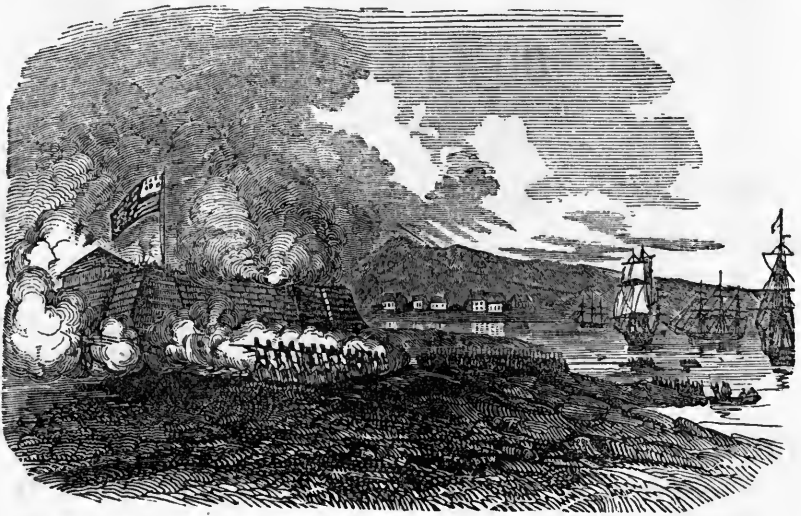
## CONTENTS.

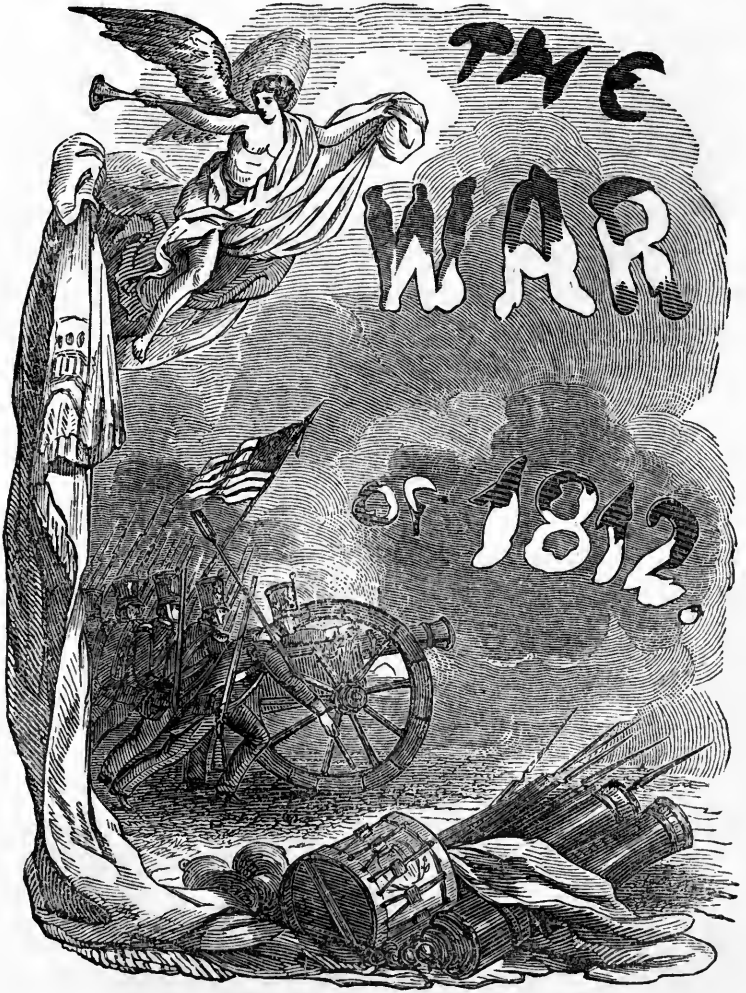
---

PREFACE, . . . . .	PAGE 5
<b>THE WAR OF 1812.</b>	
PRELIMINARY CHAPTER, . . . . .	13
BOOK I.—ORIGIN OF THE WAR, . . . . .	17
BOOK II.—TO THE SPRING OF THE YEAR 1814, . . . . .	29
BOOK III.—TO THE CLOSE OF THE CONTEST, . . . . .	51
<b>THE HEROES OF THE WAR OF 1812.</b>	
WILLIAM HULL, . . . . .	73
JAMES WINCHESTER, . . . . .	81
ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE, . . . . .	87
HENRY DEARBORN, . . . . .	93
JAMES WILKINSON, . . . . .	97
JOHN ARMSTRONG, . . . . .	107

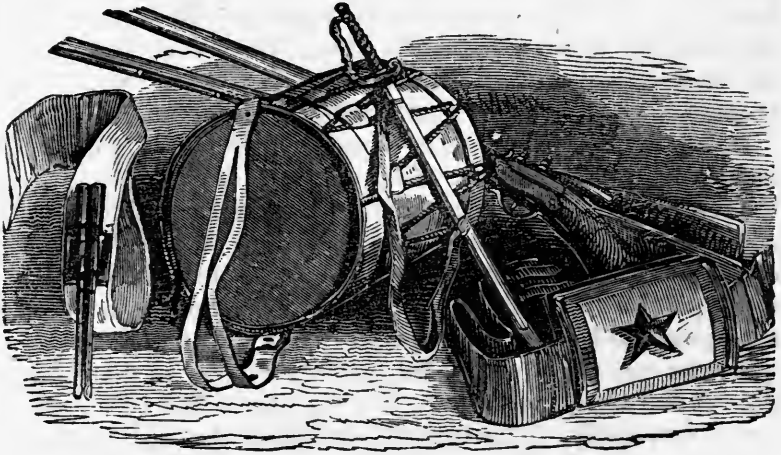
## CONTENTS.

GEORGE CROGHAN,	- - - - -	PAGE 111
WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON,	- - - - -	119
RICHARD M. JOHNSON,	- - - - -	133
ISAAC SHELBY,	- - - - -	139
JACOB BROWN,	- - - - -	141
ELEAZER W. RIPLEY,	- - - - -	159
JAMES MILLER,	- - - - -	167
NATHAN TOWSON,	- - - - -	171
THOMAS S. JESSUP,	- - - - -	175
EDMUND PENDLETON GAINES,	- - - - -	177
PETER B. PORTER,	- - - - -	183
ALEXANDER MACOMB,	- - - - -	185
SAMUEL SMITH,	- - - - -	191
ANDREW JACKSON,	- - - - -	197









## PRELIMINARY CHAPTER

---



**T**HE war of 1812 was the sequel to the war of independence. It was the offspring of an old hatred, nurtured into life by the arrogance of England. Those who declaim against the war because begun to punish wrongs perpetrated by Great Britain, when outrages nearly as great on the part of France were overlooked, do not understand the question they assume to discuss. Nations, as well as men, will endure that from a friend which they will never submit to from a foe. England had been hated by the people of the

United States, since the period of the Revolution; while France, notwithstanding all her injustice, still possessed their gratitude and sympathy. The wonder is, not that the war took place, but that it did not happen before. The acknowledgment of our independence had been made with a bad grace by Great Britain in 1783, and, as if her ill humor was never to be appeased, she continued to treat us with an insolence that galled our national pride. The war of 1812 was not the work of the President, nor even of his party; but was forced on an unwilling cabinet by the popular will. It was a war of the people.

Dangerous as the war seemed to many at the time, a single generation has established its necessity and wisdom. It is true that, at the peace of Ghent, no acknowledgment was obtained from England of the injustice of her system of impressment, which was the apparent cause for embarking in the contest. But nevertheless all the substantial benefits were on our side. We had proved that we were not a power to be despised, either on land or sea; and that nothing was to be gained, but everything lost, by persisting in the struggle. For the first two years of the strife, our armies had been defeated almost universally. This so elated the Prince Regent, that the offer to compromise our difficulties, which he would have been glad to have accepted in the beginning, he now rejected; and having just closed the protracted struggle with Napoleon, he resolved to inundate this country with the veterans of the Peninsula, and chastise us for having declared war against England; when she was surrounded with foes. Accordingly the campaign of 1814 was opened by the appearance of a most imposing force in America. The British officers boasted that they would conquer and hold a portion of our territory at least; and even some of our own citizens, arguing from former defeats, despaired of the country.

Two causes conspired to frustrate the calculations of the enemy, and make him eager to secure peace on the terms he had rejected. The first was that the nation, now seriously alarmed, began to rally in earnest for its defence. That spirit of enthusiasm, which had burned so brightly in 1776, again blazed up; and the whole Union was suddenly turned into an armed camp, resounding with the din of preparation. The second cause was this, the Generals to whom the command of our armies had been committed, during the preceding campaigns, had been old revolutionary officers; of respectable standing when young, but now utterly exhausted by indolence and age. By the close of 1813, however, the army had been thoroughly purged of these imbecile leaders. A new race of Generals, composed of men of spirit, genius and enterprise, had arisen. At the head of these

stood Brown. He was one of those individuals who are born warriors. What he wanted in knowledge, he made up in energy, and the latter qualification was, just then, of more importance than the former. The nation, at this crisis, required a bold man for its leader, one not afraid of hard blows, and who, believing that the American furnished as good material for a soldier as the Englishman, would never decline a combat. Brown was even more than this. He was not only willing to meet the British, when his forces were equal to theirs, but even when his number were decidedly inferior. He was admirably seconded by his subordinates, especially by Scott, who had in a measure formed the army, introducing into it the French discipline, and changing by constant drilling, raw recruits into good soldiers.

The result of the battles of Chippewa, Lundy's Lane and Erie, was to convince Great Britain that, in the United States, she had found an enemy who would grow more formidable every year. As there was nothing to be gained by a contest with such a foe, but on the contrary, much blood and treasure to be lost, she became suddenly as eager for a peace, as, six months before, she had been indifferent to it. These victories taught our own people the existence of a latent aptitude for war among themselves, of which they had never dreamed. That the American furnished the best material for the soldier, because as robust as others, and more intelligent, was thenceforth no longer a heresy to assert. Discipline in the men, and ability in the commander, was all that was necessary, it was seen, to render victory probable, if not certain.

Since the war of 1812, the United States have held a better position among nations than before. Our naval successes over a power that was deemed invincible at sea, suddenly awakened the attention of Europe to this young giant of the west. The single victory of the Constitution over the *Guerriere*, gained us more respect abroad, than could have been attained by a long career of the most brilliant successes in the arts of peace. The manner in which that triumph was followed up, made a profound impression on the public mind on the continent. Since the treaty of Ghent, our flag has been treated with marked deference in foreign ports. The dazzling exploits on land, with which we closed the contest, had their effect also in revolutionizing opinions abroad. Prior to the war of 1812, we ranked in Europe, as a fourth-rate power only; but since then, the position of a second-rate one has been freely conceded to us. We have, it is true, aspired to be considered one of the first powers in the world; and though this is not pretence in 1848, it was so, perhaps, in 1815. We advance, indeed, with steps that find no parallel in history. Within

the last thirty years, we have passed from youth to manhood, as in the thirty preceding years we grew from infancy to adolescence. What was exaggeration for our fathers to assert, becomes, therefore, less than the truth in us.

It shall be our purpose to narrate, in a rapid manner, the events of the war of 1812, which exercised such an influence on the character, genius and development of this nation.







## BOOK I.

---

### ORIGIN OF THE WAR.



**T**HE war of 1812 naturally divides itself into three great periods. The first embraces the origin of the war. This will necessarily contain a review of the conduct of Great Britain towards the United States, from the peace of 1783, to the declaration of hostilities on the 19th of June, 1812; comprise an account of the celebrated Berlin and Milan decrees, and of the British orders in council; and furnish a narrative of the origin, exercise, and perversion of the claim of England to impress seamen. The second opens with the surrender of Detroit; records the failure of Harrison's winter and autumnal campaigns in 1812; and explains the miscarriages of Dearborn, Wilkinson and Hampton, on the Lakes and St. Lawrence, during the spring, summer and autumn of 1813. This was a period of almost universal defeat for the armies of the

United States. Inefficient Generals and undisciplined troops united to cover the nation with disgrace. During this interval the Creek war in the south occurred. But for some brilliant successes at sea, and for the victory of the Thames in October, 1813, these first twenty months of the contest would have presented only unmitigated disaster. The third and last period opened in the spring of 1814, with the most gloomy anticipations. The subjugation of Napoleon had left England free to employ all her strength against the United States. The veteran troops of Wellington were accordingly poured into Canada. Boasts of permanently annexing a portion of New York, or of New England, to the British dominions were publicly made by the English officers. But suddenly the scene changed. These splendid veterans were defeated in every contest, by our comparatively raw troops. Instead of gaining a foothold in the United States the enemy was everywhere beaten on his own soil. These results proceeded from placing bolder and younger men in command of the army; from disciplining the troops thoroughly; and from the spirit of patriotism which was now fully aroused to meet the impending crisis. From this hour the arms of the United States were in the ascendant. Success had at first receded from us further and still further, like a wave withdrawing from a beach; but suddenly the tide turned, it rolled in, and towering higher and prouder, broke over us in triumphs.

The peace of 1783 had been extorted by the necessities rather than obtained by the good will of England. Though, by a formal treaty, the United States were declared free and independent, they were still hated in Great Britain as rebellious colonies. That such was the general opinion is manifest from the letters of John Adams, our first minister to the court of St. James, and from other authentic cotemporary accounts. Of course there were a few men of sufficiently enlarged and comprehensive minds to forget the past, and urge, even in parliament, that the trade of America would be more valuable as an ally than a dependent. But the number of these was small indeed. The common sentiment in England towards the young republic was one of scornful detestation. We were despised as provincials, we were hated as rebels. In the permanency of our institutions there was scarcely a believer in all Britain. This was especially the case prior to the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Both in parliament and out, it was publicly boasted that the Union would soon fall to pieces, and that, finding their inability to govern themselves, the different states would, one by one, supplicate to be received back as colonies. This vain and empty expectation long lingered in the

popular mind, and was not wholly eradicated until after the war of 1812.

Hence the new republic was treated with arrogant contempt. One of the first acts of John Adams, as minister to England, had been to propose placing the navigation and trade between the dominions of Great Britain and the territories of the United States, on a basis of complete reciprocity. By acceding to such a measure England might have gained much, and could have lost but little. The proposal was rejected almost with terms of insult, and Mr. Adams told "that no other would be entertained." The consequences were that the free negroes of Jamaica, and others of the poorer inhabitants of the British West India Islands, were reduced to starvation by being deprived of their usual supplies from the United States. This policy on the part of England naturally exasperated the Americans, and one of the first acts of the Federal government in 1789, was to adopt retaliatory measures. A navigation law was passed, which has since been the foundation of all our treaties of reciprocity with England. A tariff was also adopted as another means of retaliation. We have lived to see Great Britain become the first to tire of restrictive measures, and, by a repeal on her part, invite a repeal on ours.

In another way Great Britain exasperated the popular feeling here against her, and even forced the American government, once or twice, to the verge of war. By the treaty of peace, all military posts held by England within the limits of the United States, were to be given up; yet no less than six of this character, Michilimackinac, Detroit, Oswegotché, Point au Fer, and Dutchman's Point, were long held in defiance of the compact. These posts were made the centres of intrigue among the savages of the northwest. Arms were here distributed to the Indians, and disturbances on our frontier fomented. The war on the Miami, which was brought to a bloody close by Wayne's victory, was the result principally of such secret machinations. In short, England regarded the treaty of 1783 as a truce, rather than a pacification, and long held to the hope of being able yet to punish the revolted colonies for their rebellion. In two celebrated letters written by John Adams from Great Britain, he uses the following decided language in reference to the secret designs of England: "If she can bind Holland in her shackles, and France from internal dissensions is unable to interfere, she will make war immediately against us." This was in 1787. Two years before, he had expressed the same ideas. "Their present system, as far as I can penetrate it," he wrote, "is to maintain a determined peace with all Europe, in

order that they may war singly against America, if they should think it necessary." A sentiment of such relentless hostility, which no attempt was made to disguise, but which was even arrogantly paraded on every occasion, could not fail to exasperate those feelings of dislike on the part of America, which protracted war had engendered. This mutual hatred between the two nations arose from the enmity of the people rather than of the cabinets. "There is too much reason to believe," wrote our minister, "that if the nation had another hundred million to spend, they would soon force the ministry into a war against us." On the side of the United States it required all the prudence of Washington, sustained by his hold on the affections of the people, to restrain them from a war with England, after that power had refused to surrender the military posts.

A third element of discord arose when England joined the coalition against France in 1793. The course which the former had pursued for the preceding ten years, had, as we have seen, tended to alienate the people of America from her, and nourish sentiments of hostility in their bosoms. On the other hand, France, with that address for which she is eminent, had labored to heighten the good feelings already existing between herself and the United States. A treaty of alliance and commerce bound the two countries; but the courteous demeanor of France cemented us to her by still stronger ties, those of the popular will. When, therefore, the revolution broke out in Paris, the enthusiasm of America towards France could scarcely be controlled. There can be no doubt that, if the subsequent excesses had not alarmed all prudent friends of liberty, the people of this country could not have been restrained from engaging in the struggle between France and England. But the Reign of Terror, backed by the insolence of Genet, the minister of the French republic, and afterwards by the exactions of the Directory, checked the headlong enthusiasm that otherwise would have embroiled us in the terrible wars of that period. A course of strict neutrality had been selected by Washington, as that which was most proper for the still weak confederacy; and every day produced events which showed the wisdom of this decision. Neither Great Britain nor France, however, was gratified by this neutrality. Each nation wished to embark us on their side; and both grew arrogant and insulting as they found our resolution was not to be broken. Napoleon, on the part of France, saw the impolicy of such treatment, and when he became First Consul, hastened to abandon it. But England relaxed nothing, or little. Circumstances, moreover, made her conduct practically more irritating than that of France; and hence prolonged and in-

creased the exasperation felt toward her in America. We allude to the restrictions attempted to be placed on our commerce, and to the practice of impressing seamen found on board vessels sailing under the flag of the United States.

As a great naval power, the policy of England has been to maintain certain maritime laws, which her jurists claim to be part of the code of nations, and enforce in her admiralty courts. One principle of these laws is this, that warlike munitions become contraband in war; in other words that a neutral vessel cannot carry such into the enemy's ports. Hence, if a vessel, sailing under the flag of the United States, should be captured on the high seas, bound for France, during the prevalence of a war between that power and England, and be found to be laden with ship-timber, gunpowder, or other manufactured or unmanufactured articles for warlike purposes, the vessel would, by the law of nations, become a prize to the captors. The right to condemn a ship carrying such contraband goods, has always been recognized by civilized nations, and indeed is founded in common justice. But England having supreme control at sea, and being tempted by the hope of destroying the sinews of her adversary's strength, resolved to stretch this rule so as to embrace provisions, as well as munitions of war. She proceeded, however, gradually to her point. She first issued an order, on the 8th of June, 1793, for capturing and bringing into port "all vessels laden, wholly or in part, with corn, flour, or meal, and destined to France, or to other countries, if occupied by the arms of that nation." Such vessels indeed were not to be condemned, nor their cargoes seized; but the latter were to be purchased on behalf of the English government; or if not, then the vessels, on giving due security, were to be allowed to proceed to any neutral port. Of course the price of provisions in France and in England was materially different, and a lucrative traffic for the United States was, in this way, destroyed. Moreover, this proceeding was a comparative novelty in the law of nations, and however it might suit the purposes of Great Britain, was a gross outrage on America. In November of the same year it was followed by a still more glaring infraction of the rights of neutrals, in an order, condemning to "capture and adjudication all vessels laden with the produce of any French colony, or with supplies for such colony." The fermentation in consequence of this order rose to such a height in America that it required all the skill of Washington to avert a war. The President, however, determining to preserve peace if possible, despatched Jay to London as a Minister Plenipotentiary, by whose frank explanations redress was obtained in a mea-

sure for the past, and a treaty negotiated ; not indeed adequate to justice, but better than could be obtained again, when it expired in 1806.

But the relaxation in the rigor of the order of November, 1793, soon proved to be more nominal than real ; and from 1794 until the peace of Amiens in 1802, the commerce of the United States continued to be the prey of British cruizers and privateers. After the renewal of the war, the fury of the belligerents increased, and with it the stringent measures adopted by Napoleon and Great Britain. The French Emperor, boldly avowing his intention to crush England, forbade by a series of decrees, issued from Berlin, Milan, and Rambouillet, the importation of her commodities into any port of Europe under his control ; and England, equally sweeping in her acts, declared all such ports in a state of blockade, thus rendering any neutral vessel liable to capture, which should attempt to enter them. The legality of a blockade where there is not a naval power off the coast competent to maintain such blockade, has always been denied by the lesser maritime powers. Its effect, in the present instance, was virtually to exclude the United States from foreign commerce. In these extreme measures Napoleon and England were equally to be censured ; but the policy of the former did not affect us, while that of the latter did. Hence the exasperation against the one was extreme, and pervaded the whole community ; that against the other was slighter, and confined only to the more intelligent. In point of time, Napoleon was the first to begin these outrages on the rights of neutrals ; but his injustice was practically felt only on land ; while England was the first to introduce the paper blockade, a measure ruinous to American merchants. This was done finally on the 16th of May, 1806, when Great Britain announced a "blockade of the coast, rivers and ports, from the river Elbe to the port of Brest, inclusive." On the 21st of November, of the same year, Napoleon, in retaliation, issued a decree from Berlin, placing the British islands in a state of blockade. This decree was followed by a still more stringent order in council on the part of England.

It now became necessary for the United States, either to embark in a war or to withdraw her commerce altogether from the ocean. The popular voice demanded the former course. Though France, in the abstract, was as unjust as England, her oppressive measures did not, as we have said, affect America, and hence the indignation of the people was directed principally against Great Britain. But with the President it was different. Though the sympathies of Jefferson were all with France, his judgment was against her as well as

England. Besides he was determined to preserve peace at all hazards, for it was his favorite maxim that the best war is more fatal than the worst peace. A further reason led him to refuse the alternative of war. He was not without hope that one or both of the belligerents would return to reason, and repeal their obnoxious acts, if the conduct of the United States, instead of being aggressive, should be patient. Actuated by these views, the President recommended to Congress the passage of an embargo act. This law passed in December, 1807. By it all American vessels abroad were called home, and those in the United States prohibited from leaving port. In consequence of this measure, the commerce of the country was annihilated in an hour; and harbors, once flourishing, became soon only receptacles for rotting ships. There can be no question now that the embargo was a fatal blunder. It crippled our resources for the war that ensued; made the eastern states bitterly hostile to Jefferson's, as well as to his successor's administration; and tended to foster in the minds of the populace at large, an idea that we shrank from a contest with Great Britain in consequence of inherent weakness.

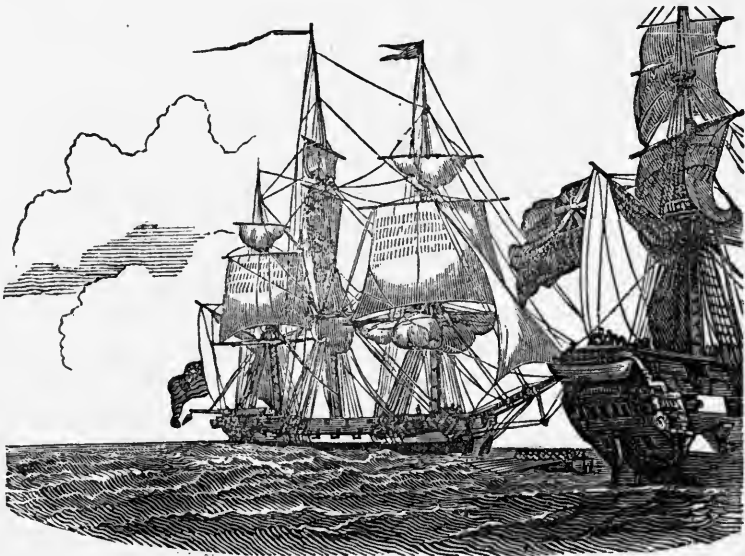
But there was a fourth and last source of exasperation against England, which assisted, more than all the rest, to produce the war of 1812. We allude to the British claim of the right of impressment. In the terrible struggles in which England found herself engaged with France, her maritime force was her chief dependence, and accordingly she increased the number of her ships unprecedentedly. But it soon became difficult to man all these vessels. The thriving commerce pursued by the United States, as early as 1793, drew large numbers of English seamen into our mercantile marine, where they obtained higher wages than in the navy at home. Great Britain saw this, and resolved to apply a remedy. By the fiction of her law, a man born an English subject can never throw off his allegiance. She determined accordingly to seize her seamen wherever found, and force them to serve their native flag. In consequence her cruisers stopped every American vessel they met, and searched the crew in order to reclaim the English, Scotch, or Irish on board. Frequently it happened that persons born in America were taken as British subjects; for where the boarding officer was the judge of a man's nationality, there was little chance of justice, especially if the seaman was a promising one, or the officer's ship was short-handed. In nine months, during parts of the years 1796 and 1797, the American minister at the court of London had made application for the discharge of two hundred and seventy-one native born Americans, proved to have been thus impressed. These outrages against personal

independence were regarded among the people of America with the utmost indignation. There was something in such injuries to exasperate every sentiment of the soul. That an innocent man, peaceably pursuing an honorable vocation, should be forcibly carried on board a British man-of-war, and there compelled to remain, shut out from all hope of ever seeing his family, seemed, to the robust sense of justice in the popular breast, little better than Algerine bondage. The rage of the people was increased by tales of horror and aggression that occasionally reached their ears from these prison ships. Stories were told of men who had escaped, and being captured and taken back, were whipped until they died. In one instance, it was said that a sailor, goaded to madness, had seized the captain, and springing overboard, been drowned with his oppressor. Whether true or not, this and other narratives as horrible, were freely disseminated, and tended, at last, to raise the popular feeling to a pitch of inconceivable exasperation.

Every attempt to arrange this difficulty with England had signally failed. The United States offered that all American seamen should be registered and provided with a certificate of citizenship; that the number of a crew should be limited by the tonnage of the ship, and that if this number was exceeded, British subjects enlisted should be liable to impressment; that deserters should be given up; and that a prohibition should be issued by each party against clandestinely secreting and carrying off the seamen of the other. In 1800, and again in 1806, it was attempted to form treaties in reference to this subject; but the pertinacity with which England adhered to her claim frustrated these efforts. In 1803 the difficulty had nearly been adjusted by a convention, for Great Britain offered to abandon her claim to impressment on the high seas, if allowed to retain it on the narrow seas, or those immediately surrounding her island. But, this being rejected as inadmissible by the United States, all subsequent efforts at an arrangement proved abortive. The impressment of seamen continued, and was the source of daily increasing abuse. Not only Americans, but Danes, Swedes, Germans, Russians, Frenchmen, Spaniards and Portuguese were seized and forcibly carried off by British men-of-war. There are even well attested instances of Asiatics and Africans being thus impressed. In short, as the war in Europe approached its climax, seamen became more scarce in the British navy, and all decency being thrown off, crews were filled up under color of this claim, regardless even of the shew of justice. In 1811, it was computed that the number of men impressed from the American marine amounted to not less than six thousand.



At last the arrogance of the British naval officers rose to such an extreme, that one of our national vessels, the frigate Chesapeake, was forcibly boarded and several men impressed from her decks. The circumstances were these. In the spring of 1807, the British Consul at Norfolk sent to Captain Decatur, requiring him to surrender three seamen who had deserted from the English ship *Melampus*, and enlisted in the navy of the United States. The demand was refused, the men being found, on enquiry, to be citizens of the United States. Subsequently, the American frigate *Chesapeake* sailed with these men on board, but was pursued by the British ship *Leopard*, fired into, and when she hauled down her flag, boarded, and the three men, together with another, taken from her deck. The *Chesapeake* was in no condition to resist, having gone to sea without suitable preparation, and the only gun discharged from her was fired by a coal brought from the galley. Before she struck, three of her men were killed and eighteen wounded. The news of this out-



THE CHESAPEAKE AND LEOPARD.

rage excited universal resentment in the United States. The President issued a proclamation forbidding all communication with British armed vessels, unless in distress, or bearing despatches; and in terdicting British vessels from the harbors and waters of the United

States. One hundred thousand men were ordered to hold themselves in readiness for war, and a special session of Congress was called to meet on the 26th of October. Meantime, however, the outrage was disavowed by the British government, and here the difficulty was allowed to rest. But it was subsequently noticed that the offenders, instead of being censured in England, were treated with undiminished favor by their government; and this, sinking deep into the popular mind in America, created general exasperation, and increased the prevailing distrust in Great Britain. Already the people were prepared for war; it was only the government that held back. There was no period, from 1807 to 1812, when a declaration of war would not have been received with favor by the community at large; and there were moments during that interval, when such a declaration would, perhaps, have been more generally popular than it was in 1812. This is especially true of the period between the outrage on the Chesapeake and the passage of the embargo act.

Having thus traced the growth of that popular sentiment which rendered war, sooner or later inevitable, let us proceed to enquire into the manner in which it was at last brought about. For there is a wide distinction between the real and ostensible causes of a war, it being a rare thing for national contests to be undertaken without deeper reasons than are apparent on the surface. Thus, the peace of Amiens was broken, for the pretext that the British refused to evacuate Malta; the war was, in truth, renewed because Napoleon and England were filled with mutual distrust. So, the usual reasons given for the war of 1812, are comparatively weak, far weaker than those which could have been urged in favor of a war in 1807. The real secret was, that the people wanted a war, and would not longer be denied. In 1815, when the popular indignation had vented itself, peace was as welcome as war had been three years before. It has been thought strange that the treaty of Ghent overlooked some of the points, to obtain which the war was expressly undertaken; but this view of the case explains the mystery. The practical result of the contest had been to teach England respect for the United States; to break the charm of her naval invincibility; and virtually to protect our seamen, in future, from impressment. The popular will was satisfied by the victories of Hull, Decatur and Stewart, at sea; and by those of Chippewa, the Thames and New Orleans, on land. The people looked less at the treaty, than at these triumphs.

Meantime, we return to the thread of events. In December, 1807, as already stated, the embargo act was passed. But the pressure of this law was found to be so severe on all classes of the community, that, in March, 1809, it was repealed, and a non-importation act as

to England and France, substituted. By this new law, all voyages to the French and British dominions were prohibited, and all trade in articles of British and French product or manufacture: and power was vested in the President, in case either or both of the belligerents should revoke their edicts, so as no longer to violate the neutral commerce of the United States, to issue a proclamation repealing the provisions of the new importation act as to one, or both. In consequence of this, France on the 1st of November, 1810, exempted the United States from the operation of the Berlin and Milan decrees. England, however, still refused to repeal her orders in council, alleging that France must first revoke her edicts absolutely. To this the American government replied that it had no right to dictate to Napoleon what his conduct to other nations should be, and that, since he had offered justice to the United States, there was no further cause of complaint against him on her part. The 3rd of March, 1811, had been fixed as the limit of time, at which the belligerents were to revoke their aggressive laws, or take the chances of a war; but anxious to preserve peace, Mr. Madison procured the passage of an act, by which Great Britain was allowed a further period of delay. This last act of conciliation proved as useless as preceding ones, and the American government began finally to despair. Had its patience, however, continued for a few months longer, the war might have been averted, at least for a time. But an incident occurred at this crisis, which, by giving a new impetus to the popular rage, hurried the cabinet into hostilities, at the very moment when England was about to relax her orders. We allude to the discovery of an intrigue for the separation of the New England States from the Union, carried on by an Englishman, named John Henry, professing to be a secret agent of Great Britain.

This individual had been employed in 1809, by Sir James Craig, Governor-General of Canada. He had visited Boston, where he moved in the best circles, and was known for his quiet and gentlemanly, but reserved demeanor. In February, 1812, he communicated to the President of the United States the nature of his mission, in consideration of receiving for the disclosure, the sum of fifty thousand dollars, from the secret service fund. The money was paid, the papers received by Mr. Madison, and then Henry, before the documents were published, sailed for Europe. His papers proved that the Governor-General of Canada, misled by the opposition of a portion of the New England States to the measures of the general government, had conceived that a dissolution of the Union was at hand, and had sent Henry to Boston to ascertain how far, in such an event, England would be looked to for aid, and to what ex-

tent the withdrawing states would enter into connexion with her. This idea of a dissolution, regarded as so visionary in the United States, had, as we have seen, long been a favorite one in England. Henry soon found, however, that a separation from the Union was not the intention of New England. On his return to Canada, Sir James Craig refused to remunerate him. Henry accordingly betrayed his employers, and sold his information to Mr. Madison. It has been urged that his conduct destroyed the validity of his testimony; and there is some force in the argument; but, on the whole, there appears no good reason to doubt the fact of his mission, or its purport.

The nation, on learning this intrigue, became doubly exasperated against England; and loudly demanded war. The great commercial cities, the Middle States, and the West, were foremost in this burst of mingled enthusiasm, passion and patriotism. The New England States, however, resisted the torrent. But the majority of the people were no longer to be denied the revenge for which they had so long thirsted. Beyond the Alleghanies the sentiment in favor of the war was universal. This was, in part, the result of the threatening aspect of the Indians, who were believed to have been secretly instigated to hostility by the British. While the public feeling was in this excited condition, despatches were received from Europe, announcing the continued refusal of England to revoke her edicts. The President immediately acquainted Congress with this fact, and that body, after an animated debate, declared war against the united kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland. The bill, declaring war, passed the House of Representatives, on the 4th of June, 1812, by a majority of thirty in one hundred and twenty-eight votes. In the Senate nineteen voted for it, and thirteen against it. On the 18th of June, it was signed by the President; and on the 19th publicly proclaimed. Four days later, the British ministry withdrew conditionally their objectionable orders in council, of January, 1807, and April, 1809. But, when the news of this event reached America, hostilities had already begun. The peace offering had come too late.

The army with which Congress proposed to begin this war, amounted, on paper, to thirty-five thousand men: but as twenty-five thousand of this number had been authorized only in January, the real force enrolled was probably less than fifteen thousand. The services of fifty thousand volunteers, in addition, however, were ordered to be accepted; and the President was empowered to call on the States for militia to the number of one hundred thousand, if necessary. In all these preparations the force was more apparent than real: and sagacious minds foresaw that, until a large disciplined army was in the field, defeat would probably be our portion!



BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE.

## BOOK II.

TO THE SPRING OF THE YEAR 1814.



**T**HE war of 1812 was preceded by an ominous demonstration on the north-western frontier. Secretly instigated by the English, the savages, as early as 1811, had conceived the idea of forming an extensive league to crush the power of the United States. The existence of some such hostile movement became suspected by the administration, in consequence of the murders and other outrages perpetrated by the Indians; and accordingly General William Henry Harrison, at that time Governor of the territory of Indiana, was ordered, at the head of a competent force of regulars and militia, to enter the hostile country and obtain redress for these injuries. Harrison arrived at the chief town of the enemy, on the

6th November, 1811. Tecumseh, the leader in the conspiracy, was absent, but his brother, the Prophet, who was possessed of equal, if not superior influence, sent messengers to meet the American General, and promise that, on the ensuing morning, an amicable adjustment of all difficulties should be made. Harrison, in consequence, encamped peaceably for the night; but aware of the treachery of the Indian character, chose the strongest position afforded by the neighborhood, and ordered his men to rest upon their arms. These precautions alone saved him from massacre; for in the night the savages assailed him. The contest was long and bloody. But finally, discipline triumphed, and the Indians were repulsed. The loss on both sides was severe. The Americans suffered, in killed and wounded, one hundred and eighty-eight; the enemy one hundred and fifty. On the 9th of November, Harrison burned the village, and devastated the surrounding country, after which he returned home. This battle is known as that of Tippecanoe, from the name of the Prophet's town. It produced such a wholesome fear of the American arms that the Indians in the vicinity generally sued for peace.

In order to follow up this blow if necessary, the government raised an army and placed it under the command of General William Hull, Governor of Michigan territory. The probability of a war was also considered in enlisting this force, for in case of such an event, the presence of an army in the north-west, would give the United States the opportunity of striking the first blow. Accordingly, in the month of April, 1812, the Governor of Ohio was ordered by the President, to call out twelve hundred men. The success at Tippecanoe, and the general enthusiasm for a war promptly filled the requisition. This temporary force assembled at Dayton, Ohio, on the 25th of April, 1812. Uniting with the fourth United States infantry, and portions of other regular regiments, the whole marched upon Detroit. The little army was compelled to traverse a dense wilderness for nearly two hundred miles, and consequently did not reach its destination until the 5th of July. Meantime, war had been declared. But by some unaccountable mistake in the department at Washington, the intelligence was allowed to reach the British posts in the north-west, before it was transmitted to the American commander. This oversight led to the capture of a portion of Hull's baggage, which he had sent by water to Detroit, without a sufficient guard.

On the 12th of July the army crossed into the British territory, discretionary powers having been vested in Hull to invade Canada in the event of a war. A vaunting proclamation was issued, addressed

to the inhabitants, many of whom, in consequence, joined the invaders. Parties were now sent out into the country, which was found to be fertile and well cultivated. A detachment, under Colonels Cass and Miller, marched towards Malden, a British post, situated at the confluence of the Detroit river and lake Erie, about thirteen miles from Sandwich, where Hull was encamped. The enemy was met at a bridge over the Canard river and driven in confusion back on Malden. Had Cass and Miller been supported, the fortress must have fallen, for it was in no condition to resist a vigorous assault; but Hull refused to sustain his subordinates, and the reconnoitering party was withdrawn to the camp.

In fact Hull, from indecision of character, was unfit for his command. After he had made his first vigorous effort, and once entered Canada, he sunk into idleness. The intelligence of the fall of Mackinaw, which was surprised by the enemy on the 17th of July, filled him with vague apprehensions, which were increased when he came to reflect on the distance that his supplies had to be brought from Ohio, and the difficulty of transportation. A detachment of hostile Indians, in a few days, crossing the Detroit, cut off the communications; and a small force sent out to open the route, was surprised and defeated by the savages. This event increased the alarm of Hull. Stimulated by his younger officers, he had at last begun his preparations for an advance; but now, abandoning all present thought of reducing Malden, he retreated across the river, and established himself at Detroit. This was on the 8th of August. On the same day a detachment, six hundred strong, commanded by Colonel Miller, was sent to open the communications. This force met and conquered a combined body of British and Indians, with a loss to the Americans of seventy, that of the enemy being probably a hundred. A severe storm of rain and the care of the wounded compelled Colonel Miller, however, to return subsequently to Detroit. A third attempt to open the communications was made on the 14th of August, by a body of three hundred picked men, under the command of Colonels Cass and M'Arthur; but this effort proving as unsuccessful as the former ones, the detachment returned to camp, two days later, where it found, to the inconceivable chagrin of its officers and men, that Hull had surrendered, and that it was included in the capitulation.

On the day that Cass and M'Arthur had left Detroit, the British, who had advanced as Hull retreated, began to erect batteries on the shore at Sandwich, opposite the American camp. General Brock, who commanded the enemy's forces, was as remarkable for energy as Hull for inefficiency. He had gained a thorough insight, moreover,

into the character of his adversary, and knew the American leader to be possessed with a secret fear of the British invincibility. Accordingly, on the 15th of August, Brock summoned Hull to surrender, intimating that, in the event of a refusal, he should assault Detroit, when he would not be answerable for the conduct of the Indians. Hull at first rejected the proposal of a capitulation with scorn. Brock proceeded, in consequence, to open his batteries. The bombardment was continued until towards midnight, and resumed on the following morning, when the British, with their savage allies, were seen advancing to the assault, having crossed during the night. At this spectacle, Hull's resolution deserted him. He ordered a white flag to be displayed, and a parley ensuing, terms of capitulation were speedily arranged. By this disgraceful compact, Fort Detroit, with its garrison and all the public stores and arms were surrendered. Even the detachment of M'Arthur and Cass was included in the arrangement. The volunteers and militia were allowed to return home, on condition of not serving again until exchanged. Thirty-three pieces of artillery were surrendered on this occasion; among them, several brass pieces captured from Burgoyne in the war of Independence. Twenty-five hundred muskets and rifles likewise fell into the hands of the enemy. This capitulation was received with rage when announced to the troops. The consternation and anger which it awakened in the United States was unparalleled. Hull was everywhere accused of cowardice, and, in some quarters, even of treason. On his exchange, he was tried by a court-martial, found guilty of cowardice and conduct unbecoming an officer, and sentenced to be shot. But in consequence of his age, and his services in the Revolution, he was recommended to the mercy of the President, who, remitting the capital punishment, contented himself with striking the offender's name from the army roll.

The weakness of Hull had been penetrated by his officers long before the surrender, and letters were, in consequence, despatched to Governor Meigs, of Ohio, informing him of the suspicions of the writers, and soliciting reinforcements to open the communications. A force of volunteers was promptly called out. In a few days the intelligence of the loss of Detroit arrived. The departure of the troops was now hastened, and Harrison, created for the purpose a Major-General of the Kentucky militia, was entrusted with the command. His troops marched from Cincinnati, on the 29th of August, their first destination being the relief of the frontier posts. The numbers of his army were about twenty-five hundred. Halting at Piqua, he proceeded to Fort Wayne, the siege of which by the Indians was



raised on his approach. He already, however, began to feel the want of supplies, which, having to be transported from the settled country and Cincinnati, arrived in small quantities and after great delays. Hence, he found it impossible to march at once on Detroit, as had been originally intended. He contented himself, therefore, with sending out two expeditions, one against the Miami towns on the Wabash, the other against the Potawatamie villages on the river St. Joseph. Both incursions were successful. Nine villages were burned, and all the standing corn destroyed; a rigorous, but necessary measure, since, without it, the hostile Indians could not have been driven from a neighborhood so dangerous to the American army.

Towards the close of September, General Winchester, a Brigadier in the army of the United States, arrived at Fort Wayne with reinforcements, and superseded Harrison. The latter was on his return to his government in Indiana, when he was overtaken by an express from Washington, assigning to him the chief command of the army. On the 23d of September he reached Fort Wayne again, but found that Winchester had marched to Fort Defiance, the preceding day, with two thousand men. The progress of Winchester was slow, for his route lay through swamps, or impenetrable thickets; while he was compelled to move with great caution, clouds of hostile Indians hanging on his front. In fact, a detachment of four hundred British regulars, attended by artillery, and accompanied by more than a thousand savages had been advancing to attack Fort Wayne, when, learning Winchester's approach, it thought it most prudent to fall back towards the Miami. The Americans soon began to feel the want of provisions; for a supply despatched down the river Au Glaize by Harrison, could not reach Fort Defiance in consequence of the vicinity of the enemy. At last the sufferings of his army became so extreme that Winchester sent back an escort, who succeeded in bringing up supplies on pack horses. On the 30th of September, his troops reached Fort Defiance, which the enemy abandoned on his approach.

Three days afterwards, Harrison arrived; but remained only twenty-four hours, returning to bring up the residue of his troops. He now proceeded to arrange them according to the following disposition. General Tupper, with a regiment of regulars, and the Ohio volunteers and militia, was placed at Fort M'Arthur. This force constituted the centre of the army. The left wing was left at Fort Defiance, under Winchester. The right wing, composed of two brigades of militia, one from Pennsylvania, and one from Virginia, was

stationed at Sandusky. The army had left Cincinnati, fully expecting to strike a decisive blow before winter, but this the want of supplies had prevented. With the exception of an incursion of five days, undertaken by General Tupper against the Rapids of the Miami, and which proved eminently successful, no further movement was made during the fall. Tupper, after defeating the savages and British, returned to Fort M'Arthur; and thus ended what is called Harrison's first autumnal campaign.

Meantime, while these events had been transacting on Lake Erie, the war had not languished in Indiana and Illinois. The policy of England was to let her battles be fought by the savages, whom she had accordingly supplied with arms, and instigated to take up the hatchet. Hence the necessity, during the first two campaigns, of so many expeditions against the Indians. A body of Kentucky volunteers, under General Hopkins, and a detachment of rangers, under Colonel Russell, had been despatched to chastise the tribes in these two territories by destroying their towns. Their first destination, however, was the relief of Fort Harrison, a post at that time invested by the savages. The commander of this place was General Taylor, then a young officer, holding the rank of Captain; but his conduct, in the emergency, evinced all those heroic traits which have since shone forth, on a grander scale, at Palo Alto, Monterey and Buena Vista. Expecting an attack, he held himself hourly in readiness. On the night of the 4th of September the anticipated assault took place. The Indians succeeded in firing a block-house contiguous to the barracks; and it was with great difficulty the latter were preserved from the flames. Sending a detachment to the roof of the barracks to tear off the portion adjoining the block-house, while a galling fire was maintained on the Indians from other parts of the fort, the gallant young officer finally succeeded in preventing the spreading of the flames. The block-house, however, was consumed, and thus a gap, six or eight feet wide, opened into the fort. But this interval was speedily barricaded, and the savages repulsed in an attempt to enter. When the attack had continued seven hours, and day had broken, the Indians retired. The Americans lost but three killed and three wounded. During this contest, there were only fifteen effective men in the garrison, the rest being sick or convalescent. In a few days the place was relieved by the approach of General Hopkins at the head of four thousand men.

Preparations were now begun to fulfil the second object of the expedition, an attack on the Peoria villages. But, after a march of four days in the direction of the enemy, the spirit of insubordination

among the volunteers grew to such a pitch that the General thought it advisable not to proceed. He offered, however, to pursue the enterprise if five hundred persons could be found to attend him. But the volunteers, either from the exhausted state of their horses, their own fears, or their want of confidence in Hopkins, decided almost unanimously to return. Accordingly the authority of the General was set aside, and the army began to retrace its steps. Meantime, however, Colonel Russel had marched by a different route against the savages and defeated them. Having burned their towns and destroyed their corn, he returned to the settlements. Another detachment, led by Captain Craig, penetrated twenty miles further than even Russel. In November, Hopkins, at the head of twelve hundred and fifty men, undertook a more successful enterprise against the villages on the Wabash. Colonel Campbell, in December, led a similar expedition, and with like success, against the towns on the Mississinewa river.

Harrison having failed in his autumnal campaign, determined to resume operations in the winter. Accordingly he directed the three divisions of his army to rendezvous at the rapids of the Miami; there collect provisions; and making a feint on Detroit, cross the strait on the ice and invest Malden. General Winchester was the first to arrive at the rendezvous, which he did after incredible privations on the part of his men. But he had scarcely reached the rapids, when, yielding to the entreaties of the citizens of Frenchtown for protection, he detached Colonel Lewis with seven hundred and fifty men to their relief. Lewis met and defeated a body of British and their savage allies. The news of this success transported those who had been left behind; all were anxious to press forward and secure a portion of the glory; and accordingly, Winchester, with the remainder, pushing on to Frenchtown, arrived and took post at that place on the 20th of January, 1813. The fatal error of thus placing himself beyond sustaining distance from the main army, was exemplified the next day, when Proctor, at the head of fifteen hundred British and savages, attacked and defeated the Americans. Winchester was taken prisoner early in the action. A portion of his troops held out for some time longer, but finally capitulated.

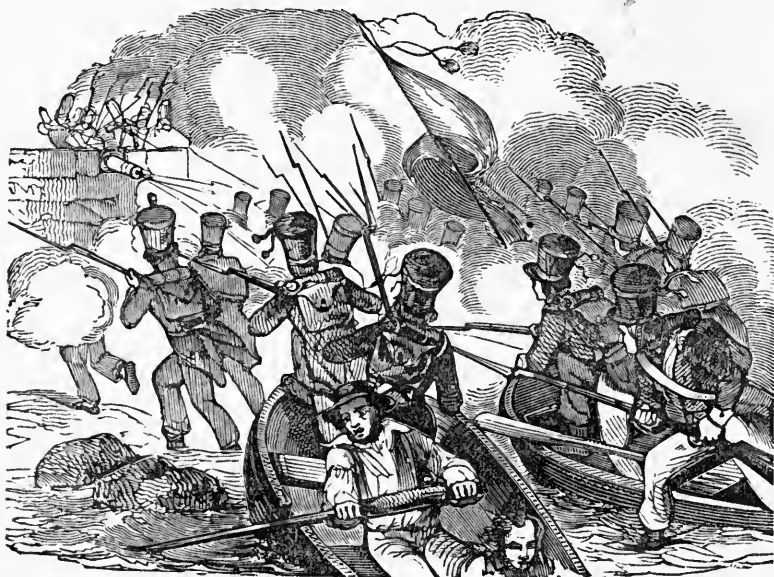
Now ensued a tragedy the remembrance of which will never be effaced from the popular mind. The uninjured Americans were immediately marched towards Malden by their captors. The wounded, however, were left on the field, but with the understanding that they should be sent for the next day. But the following morning the Indians broke in on these helpless men, and after murdering them, set

fire to the houses where they lay. This atrocious act which the British might easily have prevented, has been justly called the massacre of the River Raisin. Harrison, who had arrived at the rapids, hearing of the capture of Winchester, deemed it advisable to retreat. He accordingly fell back to Carrying River, about midway between the Miami and Sandusky. The next month, however, finding that Proctor made no attempt at pursuit, he advanced again to the rapids, where he began the construction of Fort Meigs, destined to be subsequently celebrated for its two sieges. Thus ended what is called Harrison's winter campaign. It was quite as unfortunate as his autumnal one, and did little or nothing towards obliterating the disgrace of Hull's surrender.

While these events had been transacting on the north-west frontier, others of scarcely less importance had been occurring on Lake Ontario. Here the population was comparatively dense. The government accordingly looked to this point as one where a decisive blow could be struck against the enemy. It was evidently to the advantage of the United States that the war should be waged on the soil of Canada, and hence the resolution was early taken to invade that territory. The American forces, guarding the northern frontier, were stationed at Plattsburgh, Buffalo, Sackett's Harbor, Black Rock, and Ogdensburg, the whole under the supreme command of Major-General Dearborn. In addition to the regular army, however, thus disposed, the militia of New York, thirty-five hundred in number, were in the field, commanded by Major-General Van Rensselaer. These were posted at Lewistown. General Dearborn was ordered early in the season to assail the British, if for no other purpose than to prevent their sending succor to Malden. The summer, however, passed in inactivity, Dearborn having, notwithstanding the orders from Washington, concluded an armistice with the Governor-General of Canada, based on a mutual belief that peace was at hand, in consequence of the repeal of the English orders in council. General Van Rensselaer, however, was disposed to be more active. A detachment of Americans having, on the 21st of September, captured a small village on the Canadian side, the enemy endeavored to retaliate by an unsuccessful expedition against Ogdensburg. General Van Rensselaer, on this resolved to attack Queenstown. The enterprise was undertaken on the 13th of October, and but for the cowardice of the militia would have resulted in a brilliant victory. It was on this occasion that General, then Colonel Scott, first distinguished himself.

The plan of the attack was as follows:—a corps of six hundred

infantry, half of which were militia and half regulars, was, under cover of night, to cross the Niagara and carry the batteries by assault. The boats collected to transport the men proved insufficient, however, and only a portion of the force was carried over to the British shore in time. One detachment, attempting to cross, was forced by the current under the guns of the enemy, and most of it captured. Meantime, however, Colonel Van Rensselaer, who led the pioneers, gallantly advanced on the foe with what forces he had ; but being



BATTLE OF QUEENSTOWN.

soon wounded, was forced to leave the field. The Americans dashed forward, nevertheless, and seized a height called the Mountain, whither they dragged an eighteen pounder and two mortars. The British now fled to Queenstown. Here the fugitives were met and rallied by General Brock, who led them back to dispossess the Americans of the height. But Brock being mortally wounded, the British again fled. Some accessions of force, chiefly militia, under General Wadsworth, finally made their appearance.

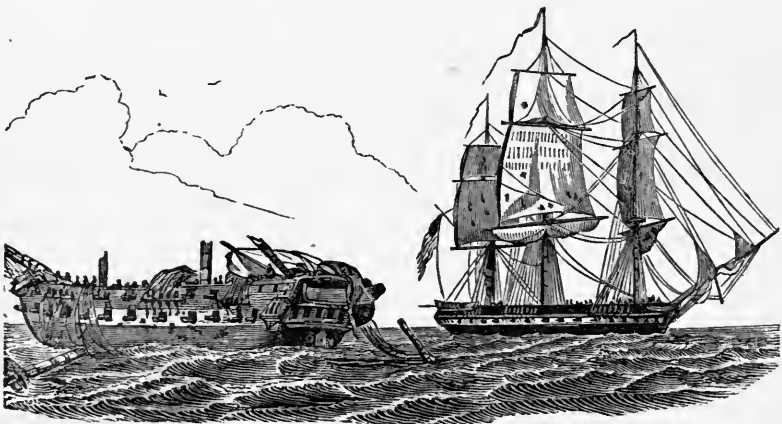
At this crisis Colonel Scott reached the field of battle and took command of the United States troops, now reduced to about two hundred and fifty. Expecting to be reinforced from Lewistown, he

drew up his men close to the ferry, in order to cover that important point. Here he manfully stood his ground, twice repulsing the British and their Indian allies. At last, Major-General Sheaffe, at the head of the neighboring garrison of Fort George, which had been aroused by the firing, arrived at the scene of contest. His forces numbered eight hundred and fifty. All hope of succor from the American side had meantime departed, for the militia, beholding the numbers of the British, were seized with alarm and refused to cross. Retreat was impossible, the boats all being on the American side. In consequence, after some desperate efforts at resistance, which proved unavailing, Scott was compelled to capitulate. The Americans suffered in killed, wounded and prisoners, one thousand men, a half of whom were regulars. The British loss is not known, though it was considerable. General Van Rensselaer, in consequence of this failure, shortly after resigned. In the death of Brock, the enemy experienced a blow for which even victory could afford no compensation. Brock enjoyed one of the best reputations in the English army, and had been Wellington's competitor, a few years before, for the command in the peninsula. A sentiment of chivalrous respect induced the Americans to fire minute-guns from Fort Niagara during the funeral ceremonies of this hero. What more delightful than to record acts of courtesy like this, amid the forbidding incidents of a sanguinary war!

Other attempts were subsequently made to invade Canada by General Smyth, the successor of Van Rensselaer. But the want of boats led to the failure of these projected expeditions. General Dearborn, whose head-quarters were at Greenbush, was not more successful; and, though in command of a respectable force of regulars, suffered the autumn to pass in inactivity. In short, so complete had been the failure of our arms on land in this campaign, that but for the brilliant success that attended us at sea, the spirit of the people would, perhaps, have given way. But, in the darkest hour of disaster, when the surrender of Detroit buried the nation in gloom, the victory of the Constitution over the Guerriere, suddenly blazed across the firmament, and inspired hope and exultation in every bosom.

On the declaration of war, the prowess of England at sea was regarded as so invincible, that the administration hesitated whether to send the national vessels from port. The American navy, in 1812, consisted of ten frigates, of which five were laid up in ordinary; ten sloops and smaller vessels; and one hundred and sixty-five useless gun boats. The representations of a few officers, however, who were confident of success, induced the President to allow a portion of

this little navy to sail. One of the first of our frigates to leave port was the Constitution. This vessel, commanded by Captain Isaac Hull, put to sea from Annapolis, on the 12th of July, 1812, bound to New York. On her voyage, however, she fell in with a British fleet, from which she only escaped by incredible exertions of seamanship and skill. Being chased from her route, she went into Boston harbor. By this accident Hull was prevented receiving an order that had been despatched to New York, directing him to give up the command of his ship. In a few days he sailed on a new cruise. On the 19th of August he met the Guerriere, Captain Dacres, an English frigate of slightly inferior force, and, after a sharp conflict of half an hour, compelled her to surrender. The loss of the Americans in this action was seven killed and seven wounded; that of the British fifteen killed, sixty-two wounded, and twenty-four missing. The Guerriere was injured so materially that it was found impossible to carry her into port, and accordingly she was burned. This victory is attributed in part to the heavier metal of the Constitution, but chiefly to the superior gunnery of her crew. Its effect on the public mind was electric. The triumph was regarded almost as a miracle. In the general exultation, the surrender of Detroit was almost forgotten;

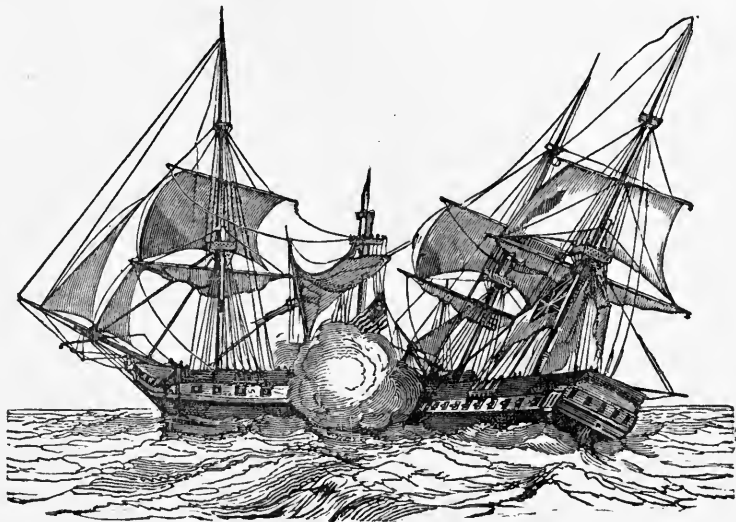


THE CONSTITUTION AND THE GUERRIERE.

and the spirits of the people were rallied, when otherwise they might have sunk into despair.

The insane confidence of the British in their naval superiority had been exhibited a few days before, when Captain Porter, in the Ame-

rican frigate *Essex* had been attacked by the British sloop of war *Alert*, a vessel of very inferior force. For her temerity, however, the *Alert*, in eight minutes had suffered so much from the fire of her enemy as to have seven feet of water in her hold. She surrendered of necessity, and was sent into New York. Other victories followed in rapid succession. On the 8th of October, the British sloop *Fro-*



THE CAPTURE OF THE FROLIC BY THE WASP.

lic, of twenty-two guns, was captured by the American sloop *Wasp*, Captain Jones, of eighteen guns. Seven days afterwards the frigate *United States*, Captain Decatur, being off the Western Islands, met the British frigate *Macedonian*, Captain Carden, and forced her to surrender. The loss of the *Macedonian* was thirty-six killed and sixty-eight wounded; that of the *United States* only four killed and seven wounded. Decatur carried the *Macedonian* into New York. On the 29th of December, the *Constitution*, now commanded by Captain Bainbridge, fell in with, and captured the British frigate *Java*, Captain Lambert, off the coast of Brazil; the *Java* losing sixty killed and more than one hundred wounded, while the loss on board the *Constitution* was but nine killed and twenty-five wounded. These series of successes had been attended with but few reverses. Only three national vessels had been lost, the *Wasp*, *Vixen* and *Nautilus*,



of which the first, a sloop of war, was the largest. All of these ships, moreover, had surrendered to vastly superior forces. In addition to the victories of the regular marine, almost daily triumphs were achieved by the American privateers. It was computed, when Congress met in November, that two hundred and fifty British vessels had already fallen a prey to private cruizers.

These successes determined the government to decline the offer of an armistice, tendered by Great Britain, unless that power would abandon her claim to impressment. The English Cabinet, however, refused to yield this point, and preparations were in consequence made to open the year 1813 with renewed activity. Twenty additional regiments of infantry were ordered to be raised, and ten regiments of rangers; while the greatest inducements were held out to enlist. It was resolved also to increase the navy. In a word, though our armies on land had met with almost universal defeat in 1812, it was hoped that in 1813 they would be attended by a better fortune: and accordingly, a new plan for the invasion of Canada was projected, under the especial direction of General Armstrong, the successor of Dr. Eustis, as Secretary at War.

The army on Lake Ontario was still commanded by General Dearborn. The plan of General Armstrong, as communicated to this General early in 1813, was to attack the British posts of Kingston, York, and Fort George, in succession—the reduction of the first being considered the most important, and therefore to be undertaken as a preliminary. General Dearborn, however, after consulting Commodore Chauncey, who commanded the fleet on Lake Ontario, resolved to begin with York. Accordingly, on the 27th of April, the fleet arrived off that place, and the troops being landed, the town was captured. Owing however to the explosion of the British fort, General Pike, who led the Americans, was killed, while two hundred of his men were either killed or wounded. General Dearborn having remained on board the fleet, and the officer who now succeeded to the command, being without orders, most of the fruits of the expedition were lost. The army next proceeded, though not until after various delays, to attack Fort George. On the 27th of May that place was assailed, and captured, after a spirited resistance. A series of operations in the open field now ensued, which were attended generally with disgrace and failure to the Americans; and, in the end, General Dearborn recalled all his troops to the fort, which the British proceeded to invest.

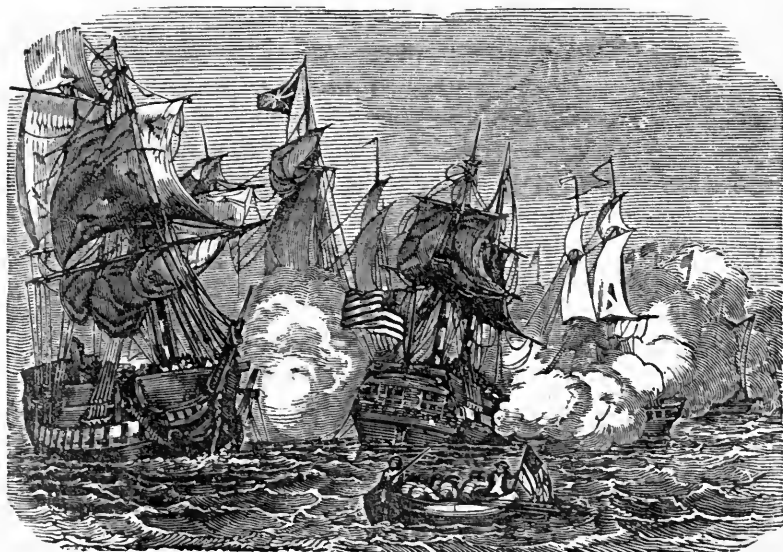
While this imbecile campaign was dragging along, a General born of the people blazed suddenly into notoriety. The circumstance

was this: On the 27th of May, an attack being made on the American post at Sackett's Harbor, General Brown, a militia officer of that neighborhood, placing himself at the head of the garrison, defeated the assailants. The gallantry and decision of Brown in this action, appeared the more conspicuous in contrast with the tardiness and want of ability displayed by Dearborn. The latter General was old, weak, and in bad health, and thus unfit, on many accounts, for his post. At last the public indignation rose to such a height, that he was recalled, and General Wilkinson appointed in his place.

It is time now to return to the north-western frontier, where we left Harrison engaged in the construction of Fort Meigs. The campaign of 1813 was opened in this quarter, by the advance of Proctor against that post, in the latter part of April, at the head of two thousand British and Indians. Harrison being in hourly expectation of succor from Ohio, gallantly defended the place until the fifth of May, when General Clay arrived with the expected reinforcements. An unsuccessful attempt was now made to raise the siege. A few days later, Proctor finding the Indians dissatisfied, suddenly abandoned the enterprise, and embarking his artillery, retired towards Malden. On the 20th of July another attempt was made on Fort Meigs, but after eight days, the siege was again given up. The enemy then sailed around to Sandusky Bay, in order to capture Fort Stephenson, a post affording an inviting opportunity for capture, since it was garrisoned by only one hundred and fifty men. The commander, however, Major Croghan, was a young man of spirit, resolution, and ambition. On the 1st of August, the British invested the fort, and on the second, after a heavy cannonade, advanced to assault it. But they were repulsed with such terrible loss, that they precipitately raised the siege, leaving behind their wounded. This gave Harrison an opportunity to contrast his humanity with that of Proctor. By the orders of the American General, the wounded British soldiers were treated with the greatest kindness, an eloquent rebuke to the conduct of Proctor at the Raisin, where his negligence, if not his consent, led to the massacre of the Kentuckians. The brilliant defence of Fort Sandusky, in conjunction with that of Sackett's Harbor, assisted to rally the despondency of the nation, and prophetic minds saw in them, forebodings of future victories, which, in the succeeding year, were realized.

From the period of his winter campaign on the Raisin, Harrison had urged upon government the necessity of a naval force on Lake Erie. He asserted that half the money expended in transporting supplies to the army as was necessary, for two hundred miles

through the wilderness, would build and equip a fleet which would give the United States the command of Lake Erie; enable supplies to be procured at comparatively small expense; and transport the army, if required, in a few hours to Canada. These views, at last, made an impression on the President, and two brigs, and several schooners were ordered to be built on Lake Erie. This fleet, being completed by the second of August, was entrusted to the command of Lieutenant Oliver Perry, an ardent, brave, and skilful young officer. He immediately set sail in search of the enemy. He found the British fleet lying in the harbor of Malden; but the enemy refusing to come out and engage, Perry retired. On the 10th of September, the English squadron left its post, when the American commander promptly made sail to give battle. A change of wind prevented the enemy from declining the combat. The British fleet consisted of six vessels, carrying sixty-three guns; the American, of nine vessels,



BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

carrying fifty-four guns. The English, consequently, were rather superior. The action was warmly contested, and once nearly won by the enemy; but the indomitable spirit of Perry was not to be subdued; he fought on, and victory finally declared for him. The loss of the British was forty-one killed, and ninety-four wounded.

that of the Americans, twenty-seven killed, and ninety-six wounded. By this victory, one of the most glorious in the annals of our country, the enemy was disheartened, and his fleet, on which he had depended for supplies, destroyed. Every sagacious mind now saw that the British would be forced, in time, to evacuate, not only the American territory they occupied, but also a portion of Upper Canada.

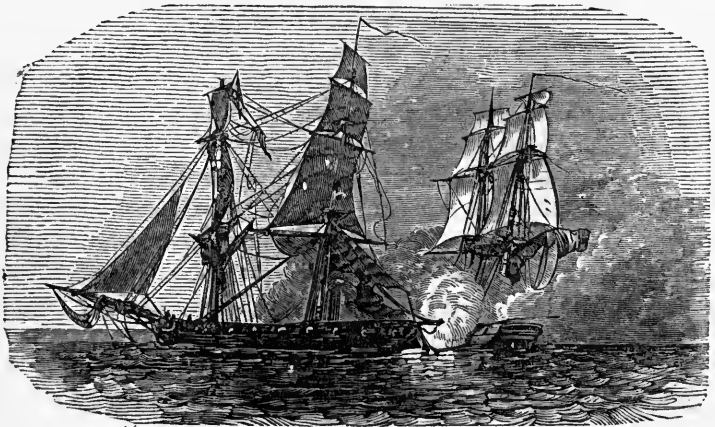
Meantime, a series of disasters was attending our arms on the St. Lawrence. General Dearborn, as we have seen, had been suspended by General Wilkinson; and General Armstrong, the Secretary of War, had arrived in person, at the seat of operations, in order to superintend the campaign. But the new General was even worse than the last. If Dearborn was superannuated, Wilkinson was vain, as well as old. On the 21st of October he began the descent of the St. Lawrence, his intention being to attack Montreal, after forming a junction with General Hampton, who was to advance from Lake Champlain. The late period of the year however, bringing inclement weather, delayed the progress of the troops. At last, after a delay of two weeks, the army left Lake Ontario, and entered the St. Lawrence. A few days subsequently, the indecisive battle of Williamsburgh was fought, and shortly after, on Hampton's declaring his inability to reach the rendezvous, Wilkinson abandoned the enterprise. A bold leader would have advanced, notwithstanding his disappointment. Wilkinson's only excuse for his conduct, is that he was enfeebled, both in mind and body, by sickness. The disgraceful termination of this expedition ultimately produced the resignation of both Wilkinson and Armstrong. The disasters on the northern frontier did not, however, cease with this failure. On the 10th of December, the Americans abandoned and blew up Fort George, and in retiring, burnt the Canadian village of Newark. On the 15th, the invaders were pursued to their own soil, Fort Niagara captured by surprise, and the neighboring villages of Lewistown, Youngstown, and Manchester, consumed in retaliation for the destruction of Newark. Subsequently, Black Rock and Buffalo were also attacked by the British, and given to the flames. In the north-west, however, our arms had been more successful. The victory of Perry having opened the road into Canada, Harrison, on the 27th of September, 1813, embarked his troops, and landed the same day in the British territories. Proctor, who, since the defeat of the English fleet, had acted like one stupified with fear, immediately abandoned Malden, and began a disgraceful flight. On the 5th of October, Harrison overtook the retreating General, and the battle of the Thames ensued, in which the combined British and Indian force

was defeated. Proctor was one of the first to fly. His savage ally, Tecumseh, fought with more resolution, and stoutly disputed the day, until he fell, covered with wounds. The loss in this battle was comparatively slight. The Americans suffered, in killed and wounded, only twenty-nine; the British and savages, about sixty-four. By this victory of the Thames, the whole territory surrendered by General Hull was recovered, while a large portion of Canada was wrested from the British crown, and retained until the end of the war. Nor was this all; the power of the savages having been thus broken, they were not able again to rally, and henceforth the British had to conduct the war alone.

While success on the Canadian frontier had been fluctuating in this manner between the Americans and British, though, on the whole, inclining to the latter, the people of the Middle States were kept in a state of continual alarm by predatory incursions from the enemy's fleet. In December, 1812, the Atlantic coast, from the Chesapeake to Rhode Island, had been declared in a state of blockade. Immediately, the British ships on the seaboard, commenced a harassing warfare on the exposed settlements. An attack made on Lewistown, near the mouth of the Delaware Bay, proved indeed, unsuccessful; but in the Chesapeake, the depredations of the enemy, under Admiral Cockburn, spread terror on every hand. Nothing was too petty for this marauder to assail. Farm-houses were plundered; country-seats burned; and villages sacked, under his personal superintendence. Frenchtown, Havre de Grace, Frederickstown, and Georgetown, were laid in ashes. But at Norfolk, the enemy met with a repulse. Irritated at this however, the British assailed Hampton, a town about eighteen miles distant, and having succeeded in capturing it, committed there the most revolting crimes. Subsequently, the shores of North Carolina were ravaged by Cockburn. The burning of Newark formed the excuse for these atrocities. Another circumstance in addition to these successful marauding expeditions, tended to depress the public confidence. The naval successes of 1813 were less numerous, and with the exception of Perry's victory, less brilliant than in 1812, though the year had opened auspiciously. On the 23d of February, Captain Lawrence, in the *Hornet*, a sloop of war, captured the British brig of war, *Penguin*, Captain Peake. So shattered was the enemy's ship by the fire of the *Hornet*, that she sunk before her crew could all be removed, carrying down with her nine Englishmen and three Americans. For this victory, Lawrence was promoted to the frigate *Chesapeake*, then in the port of Boston. He had scarcely taken command of his

new ship, before Captain Brock, of the British frigate *Shannon* cruising off Boston harbor, sent in a challenge for the *Chesapeake* to come out and fight the *Shannon*. Ardent, young, and confident, Lawrence left his anchorage on the first of June, and proceeded to meet the foe. In the battle that followed, the American frigate was captured, with a loss of ninety-seven wounded, and seventy-eight killed—among the latter, the Captain. The British loss was twenty-four killed, and fifty-six wounded; Captain Brock being among the latter. The success of the enemy was owing to his crew being composed of picked men, while that of Lawrence was in a state of almost open mutiny. This loss of the *Chesapeake* happening almost in sight of Boston, affected the nation with a profound sentiment of despondency; and there were even those who now began to assert that our former naval victories had been accidents, and that hereafter, England would defeat us on sea, as universally as she had done on land.

However, other successes on the ocean soon brought the public mind back to a more healthy tone. In August the *Argus*, brig-of-war, commanded by Captain Allen, boldly entered the British channel, and in a short time captured vessels and cargoes to the amount of two millions of dollars. Such was the terror created by her depredations



THE ENTERPRISE AND THE BOXER.

that insurances could scarcely be effected at any price in London. The government hastened to despatch various cruisers against the *Argus*, one of which, the *Pelican*, of superior force, finally fell in

with and captured her. The defence of the *Argus* was desperate, and only terminated by the fall of her Captain, and the approach of an enemy's frigate. On the 4th of September, the American brig-of-war, *Enterprise*, Lieutenant Burrows, took the British brig-of-war, *Boxer*, of equal force, and thus again changed the fortune of war. On the whole, however, our naval success in 1813, was inferior to what it had been during 1812; and that unlimited confidence in our naval prowess, which had begun to characterize the Americans, yielded to uneasy doubts. While the failures on the *St. Lawrence*, and the equal nature of the strife at sea thus filled the public mind with uneasiness, the breaking out of a war among the Creeks of Georgia, affording a new element of danger, led, for a time, to almost general gloom.

The Indians of the south had early shown a taste for civilized pursuits, and become thriving agriculturalists. Some traces of their original savage natures, however, remained uneradicated, and these were easily re-awakened, when Tecumseh, in the spring of 1812, visited them to instigate to war. In September of that year, accordingly, an attack was made on a party of Georgia volunteers, who, after a sharp conflict, were forced to retreat. On receiving intelligence of this event, General Jackson, at the head of twenty-five hundred Tennessee volunteers, was ordered out, and in consequence, the Creeks were, for a time, awed into quiet. But, on the 30th of August, 1813, a body of Indians suddenly attacked Fort Mimms, in Alabama, and having fired the houses built around the enclosure, massacred the garrison and other inmates as they rushed from the flames. About three hundred settlers, alarmed by the disturbed condition of the country, had taken refuge in the fort, and these all fell, except seventeen, who managed to escape. The savages followed up this blow by laying waste the neighboring country, and murdering the peaceable inhabitants. Encouraged by these successes, the whole Creek nation rushed to arms, and the people of Georgia, Alabama and even Tennessee, began to tremble for property and life.

An army of thirty-five hundred men was promptly raised to chastise the savages. At the head of this army was placed General Jackson. He immediately marched into the Indian country, and on the 9th of November, 1813, despatched General Coffee, with nine hundred men, against a body of Indians, collected at Tallushatchee. A complete victory was gained by the Americans, and at a loss of only five killed and forty wounded. The enemy fought with desperate valor, and protracted the contest until nearly all his warriors perished, over one hundred and eighty being left dead on the field. On the

9th of December, General Jackson, in person, met another body of the Indians at Talledega, and cut them to pieces, after a terrible encounter. More than three hundred of the enemy were killed; while but fifteen Americans were killed, and eighty wounded. After this battle, General Jackson was forced to remain inactive for a time, in consequence of the want of provisions and of a mutiny among his troops. But, meanwhile, General White, at the head of another body of militia, had attacked the principal towns of the Hillabee tribe, which he destroyed, killing sixty warriors, and making two hundred and fifty prisoners. Almost simultaneously, the Georgia militia, under General Floyd, at the Autossee town on Tallapoosa river, obtained a decisive victory over the Indians, killing two hundred, with a loss of but eleven Americans killed, and fifty-four wounded.

The bloody tragedy continued without intermission during the rest of 1813, and up to the spring of 1814. As it is but a repetition of sanguinary battles, let us hasten to its close. On the 21st of January, 1814, the savages, recovering confidence, attacked General Jackson at Emuckfau, but were again defeated, with great slaughter. On the 27th, they also assailed the camp of General Floyd, with like ill-success. The Americans did not follow up these advantages, however, until spring, being prevented from active measures by the want of provisions. But on the 14th of March, General Jackson began to advance a second time into the Creek territory. On the 27th, he fought the decisive battle of the Horse-Shoe-Bend, in which near six hundred of the savages perished. The American loss was fifty-five killed and one hundred and forty-six wounded. This action terminated the war. The strength of the Indians had been completely prostrated in this last struggle, and being utterly unable to make another stand, they sued for peace. In all these actions the savages had fought with the most heroic obstinacy, generally refusing quarter; and, at the close of hostilities, many, disdain- ing to submit, sullenly retired to Florida, where, in secret, they brooded over revenge.

The conditions on which the United States granted peace, were liberal, considering the unprovoked nature of the war, and the almost uninterrupted success which had attended the American arms. All the prisoners on both sides were to be restored. As the war had prevented the Indians planting corn, and the nation would be consequently in a state of starvation, the United States agreed to furnish the necessaries of life until the famine should be over. In consideration of these things the Creeks ceded a portion of their territory



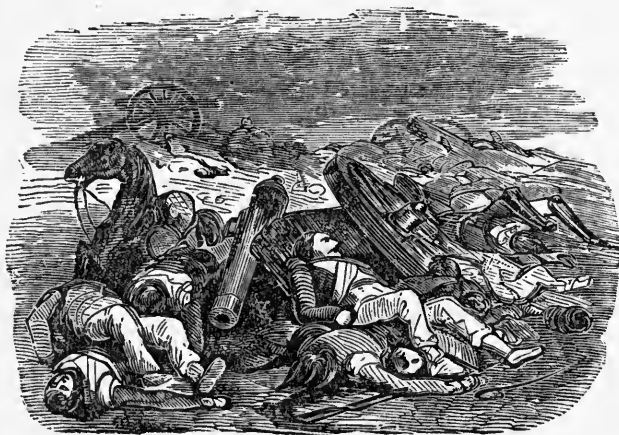
sufficient to indemnify the United States for the expenses of the war. It was further stipulated that roads should be opened through the Creek territory; that the navigation of the Creek rivers should be free; and that the United States should have the right to establish military posts and trading houses within the Creek boundaries.

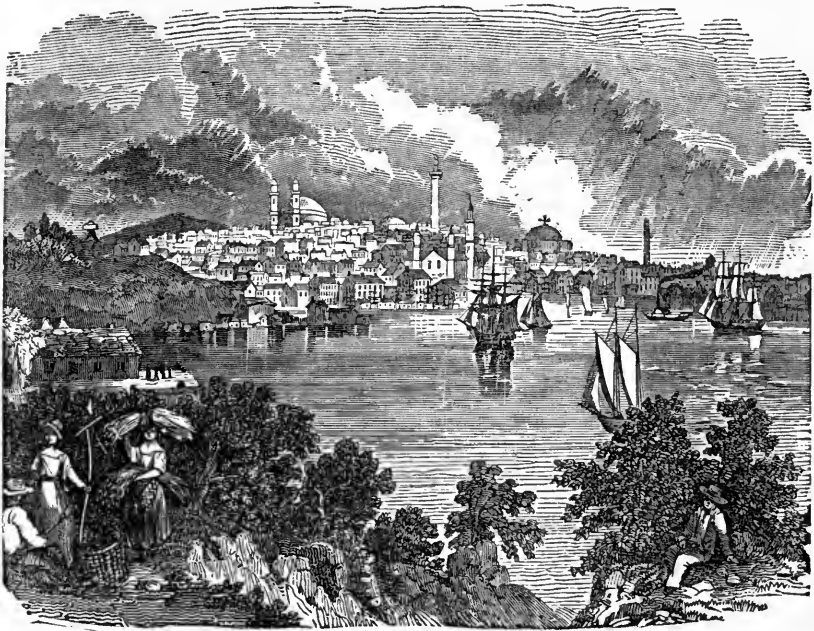
We have thus followed the course of events during the years 1812 and 1813; and beheld, on every side, far more disasters than victories. The task has been an uninviting one. With the exception of the victory at Fort Stephenson, an incessant torrent of misfortune had characterized the operations in the north-west, up to the victory of Perry on Lake Erie. First, Detroit had surrendered; then Harrison's autumnal campaign had failed; afterwards had come the massacre of the Raisin; and, finally, to crown this climax of defeat, the American army, instead of recovering Michigan, was compelled to fall back and entrench itself at Fort Meigs. The first half of the year 1813 passed without any victories to compensate for these disasters. It is true, Fort Meigs twice repulsed the enemy, but this was only a negative success, and did not satisfy the people, who had expected the army to advance into Canada. At last the prospect began to brighten. After great exertions, a large army was collected on the shores of Lake Erie, and Perry having obtained his victory, there followed the invasion of the enemy's territory, the battle of the Thames, the recovery of Michigan, and the utter destruction of the hostile Indian confederacy!

But on Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, misfortune still attended our arms. What few advantages had been obtained over the enemy in this part of Canada, were lost before the close of 1813, and the most cheerless prospect presented itself to the people on that frontier. Our armies had been universally defeated; our oldest and most tried Generals had failed; and our soil had been profaned and our villages burned by the victorious enemy. Instead of being the invaders we had become the invaded. These triumphs over us had been gained by a comparatively small number of the British forces; for occupied with the closing struggles of Napoleon, England had been unable to spare but few of her veteran troops. But the contest in Europe was evidently drawing to a close. Before many months, Great Britain, disengaged from her continental foe, would be at liberty to inundate our shores with fifty thousand veterans. These considerations filled all reflecting minds with alarm. It was to be feared, that, with such superior advantages, England would not only regain what she had lost in the north-west, but carry her vic-

torious arms permanently into New York. The prospect, indeed, was dark and threatening. Was it eternal night setting in, or only the gloom that precedes the dawn?

Indeed, even at this day, the historian cannot look back upon that period, without melancholy feelings. Millions of money had been spent, and thousands of lives sacrificed, yet scarcely a gleam of victory had irradiated the dark tempest of disaster. But the heroic resolution to continue the struggle remained, and while that was left all hope had not yet departed. The nation, at that epoch, reminds us of some defeated army, which has sunk down exhausted, amid the gloom and horror of the battle-field, to snatch a short repose before renewing the desperate contest on the morrow. Only a prophetic eye could see light breaking across the ruin.





BALTIMORE.

## BOOK III.

~~~~~

### TO THE CLOSE OF THE CONTEST.



BEFORE resuming the narrative of military events, we will turn aside to consider the financial condition of the country, and other matters important to be known for a full understanding of the contest.

The two years of war which had now elapsed had cost the nation immense sums. By carrying on the contest at a distance from the thickly settled portions of the country, the expenses had been much increased, and in some instances were almost appalling. Each barrel of flour for Harrison's army was estimated to have cost a hundred dollars. Of four thousand pack-horses employed in the autumn of 1812 to transport supplies to that General, but eight hundred were alive at the end of the ensuing winter, and the nation paid for all that perished. The expenses of the war on Lake Ontario were less frightful, though even there they swelled

to an amount that was almost incredible. It cost a thousand dollars for every cannon conveyed to Sackett's Harbor. To build the fleets on the lakes absorbed immense amounts. The sum expended on Lake Ontario for this purpose alone was nearly two millions of dollars. These vast outlays necessarily embarrassed the public finances, especially as the war had been begun with an impoverished treasury. Before Congress adjourned, after the declaration of hostilities, a bill had been passed, allowing the President to issue treasury notes to the amount of five millions of dollars; and one of its first acts on re-assembling in November, was to authorize a further issue of five millions, and to empower him to borrow sixteen millions in addition.

These measures being found insufficient to provide for the rapidly increasing expenses of the contest, and the revenue from the customs being cut off almost entirely, it became necessary to adopt other expedients, and accordingly, on the 22nd of July, 1813, Congress passed an act for levying direct taxes and internal duties. The direct tax was, at first, fixed at three millions, but in January, 1815, it was increased to six. The average duration of the war taxes was three years. The nett proceeds were about five millions three hundred thousand dollars annually. These taxes continued to be increased, from time to time, until the declaration of peace, after which they were gradually diminished until they ceased altogether. It is honorable to the nation to record that never were taxes paid more promptly, though specie payments being suspended, money was scarce and the currency in a most deranged condition. In addition to these taxes, Congress, between the years 1812 and 1815, authorized loans to the amount of ninety millions, most of which were received in a depreciated currency, and never at an interest of less than six per cent. During the war the issue of treasury notes to the amount of forty millions also was authorized. At the close of the contest the national debt was increased nearly one hundred millions. In consequence of these enormous liabilities the credit of the federal government sunk so low that treasury notes depreciated to seventeen per cent. and the loans to thirty per cent. below par. During all this period the commercial world was plunged in distress. Coin disappeared from circulation, and was replaced by a paper currency, frequently of the most worthless kind. The ruin of private fortunes was frequent. Yet, on the whole, the people bore their calamities with cheerfulness, never forgetting that they, rather than the government, were the true authors of the war!

We have already alluded to the fact that England, for the first two years of the contest, depended chiefly on the savages to fight

ner battles. This was, in part, the result of necessity. Her minister at Washington, Mr. Foster, had so completely mistaken public sentiment in the United States, as to believe that there existed no danger of a war, and accordingly his government, relying on these assurances, made little or no preparation for the crisis. Hence, when Congress declared hostilities, the British had but five thousand troops in Canada. Alarmed at the consequence of his error, Mr. Foster hastened to obviate them by a trick; and it was at his secret instigation that Sir George Prevost applied for and obtained the armistice with General Dearborn, to which we have before alluded. This armistice, it is true, was immediately disavowed by Mr. Madison; but in the meantime it had served its purpose; for as the agreement did not extend to the upper lakes, Brock had hastened thither, and in consequence Detroit had been captured. The disgrace attending the fall of that place, made it a point of honor that it should be re-taken; and hence more importance was attached to its re-capture than it, perhaps, deserved. It is almost certain that if the sums which were expended in recovering Michigan, had been applied to fitting out an expedition against Halifax, that important naval depot might have become ours in the first year of the war, and a blow been struck at England which would have staggered her, notwithstanding her colossal strength!

There is another consideration which increases the regret of the historian, when he reflects on this unfortunate armistice. It was the cause of a long period of inactivity, fatal not only to the health, but to the spirits of the army. The war on Lake Ontario having begun in a languishing way, was continued in the same manner for nearly two years; for the troops who were to conduct it had been ruined, as it were, by the inactivity of the first three months. Had Dearborn, on the declaration of hostilities, dashed boldly across into Canada, he would have carried everything before him. A leader like Brown, or Scott, or Jackson, would, at that period, have been invaluable. The comparatively small numbers of the enemy would have rendered his resistance unavailing, and the prestige of success once obtained, our soldiers would have won victories subsequently as of course! More men in Dearborn's command died of diseases contracted from inactivity, than would have fallen in all the battles necessary to wrest Canada from the British arms. The weakness, imbecility, and want of energy which characterized the leaders, soon descended to the soldiers; and hence it was that Wilkinson's army, the finest of the war, effected nothing. Timidity in the General breeds cowardice in the men.

The awe in which the enemy's prowess was held, was not unknown to him, as we have seen in narrating the operations that led to the surrender of Detroit. The old arrogance of England now displayed itself in consequence in a claim as absurd, as it was tyrannical. On the capture of Colonel Scott's regulars at Queenstown, those who had been born subjects of his majesty, were selected from the prisoners, and sent to England, there to be tried for bearing arms against their King. This conduct, though sought to be defended by the doctrine of allegiance, was an outrage of the most atrocious character, since many of the men were not only Irishmen, and hence unwilling subjects of Great Britain, but had become legal citizens of the United States. The behaviour of England in this affair, was no less absurd than unjust, for she could not but know that the United States would retaliate. Colonel Scott, on his exchange, immediately represented the case of these men to the Federal Government, which promptly issued orders that the British soldiers taken by our armies, should be held responsible for any injury inflicted on the prisoners of Queenstown. The English ministry, threatened in reply, that if a single British soldier suffered, an American officer should be sacrificed for every such soldier. But the United States, regardless of this, maintained a firm attitude. For a while the prisoners on both sides, below the rank of captain, inclusive, were treated harshly; but in the spring of 1814, the enemy set the example of relaxing, and the dispute was finally terminated, by the release of Scott's soldiers. The attitude assumed by England in this affair, would not, perhaps, have been attempted towards any other civilized power. That some of our citizens were found to defend it, proved that the colonial habit of submission had not yet entirely left us.

Nor indeed, was the administration of Mr. Madison wholly free from that belief in the invincibility of England, which had led to so many disasters on land, and had, in part, invited this arrogance. From a war, forced on it by the people, it was extremely anxious to escape. Mr. Gallatin, the then most prominent member of the Cabinet, was eager for peace. Mr. Monroe, one of the warmest friends of the Government, declared that "we ought to get out of the war as soon as we could." Mr. Madison himself, had not favored hostilities, and was desirous to secure peace as soon as possible; but the conflict having once begun, he objected to any terms of conciliation which did not afford redress for all our old complaints. Hence, when Admiral Warren arrived at Halifax, in September, 1812, having been sent out principally to arrange an accommodation, the President rejected the offered olive branch, because Great Britain re-

fused to abandon her claim to impressment. The terms on which the United States were willing to treat, were a repeal of the orders in council, no revival of paper blockades, the cessation of impressments, and the immediate release of all American seamen from British ships. England, on her part, rejected these conditions, and the war consequently went on. But the negotiations had not been without their effect on military operations, which, as we have seen, languished on Lake Ontario during the whole autumn of 1812:

Another abortive attempt at a reconciliation came in the following year, from an unexpected quarter. On the 20th of September, 1813, the Russian Government, then in close alliance with Great Britain, offered itself as a mediator between the belligerents. This was, in part, attributable to the diplomatic skill of Mr. Adams, the minister of the United States, at the court of St. Petersburg; in part the result of the Emperor's anxiety to secure for his subjects those commercial advantages which hostilities between the two greatest maritime powers on the globe prevented. This offer of mediation was rejected in London as soon as made known, the English ministry declining to submit to mediation, differences which they declared involved the internal government of Great Britain. In the United States, however, the tender was promptly accepted, and Messrs. Gallatin and Bayard appointed envoys, to unite with Mr. Adams in negotiating a peace. As all these gentlemen had been opposed to the war, their selection was pregnant with meaning, and men were now confident that peace would speedily be declared. The embassy arrived in the Baltic on the 21st of June, 1813, but met with disappointment. England, on the 1st of September, after again declining the mediation, offered, however, to appoint persons to hold conferences with the American embassy, and named Gottenburg as a suitable place for the meeting. As the Commissioners of the United States had no authority to treat, except under the mediation of Russia, it became necessary to await new powers, which did not reach Europe until the Spring of 1814. There can be no question but that the eagerness shown by the United States for peace, frustrated its own wishes. Moreover, in proportion as this country grew more anxious for a reconciliation, England became freed from her continental struggle, and more able to punish us. Hence, as our offers rose, her demands increased. But a re-action was now about to begin, which, in the short space of six months, was to make her as willing to accept as she had before been arrogant to decline our terms.

The difficulty in the way of Mr. Madison's prosecution of the war, from the outset, had been the attitude of the New England states

This wealthy, intelligent and influential section of the Union had always been opposed to hostilities; and had gone so far as to refuse to order out its militia on the requisition of the President. In other ways, also, the New England states sought to embarrass military operations. In a republic like this, where public sentiment is the main spring of all movements, the influence wielded by the most intelligent portion of the Union must ever be great. Hence, the sentiments of New England made converts throughout the whole country, especially in northern and western New York, where a large portion of the inhabitants were of New England origin. A favorite doctrine of those who opposed the war, was that the President had no right to employ militia for purposes of invasion; and hence it frequently happened at the most critical emergencies, that this species of force refused to cross into Canada. This occurred at the battle of Queenstown. The knowledge of the prevailing sentiment in New England induced Great Britain, during the first two years virtually to exempt that section of the Union from hostilities. Meantime, a thriving traffic was carried on with Halifax, by the disaffected states; and large quantities of American flour were landed at that port, almost weekly; at a time, too, when the article was scarce in the United States. To check this species of treasonable commerce, Congress, in December, 1813, passed an embargo law, but the trade still continued to exist, notwithstanding; and accordingly, in April, the useless interdict was repealed. The hostility of New England towards the war had such an influence on the earlier stages of its progress, as to induce the retort on Dr. Eustis, Secretary of War, and himself from Boston, "that if New England had not been disaffected, the United States could have taken Canada, the first year, *by contract.*"

But, towards the close of 1813, sentiments in New England began to change. Nothing exercised a greater influence in producing this wholesome alteration than the barbarities committed by Admiral Cockburn, in the Chesapeake, but especially at Hampton. Hitherto it had been said in New England that we were the aggressors; but after this invasion of our soil, and its attendant atrocities, public opinion turned. It was on this occasion that Henry Clay, then speaker of the House of Representatives, distinguished himself by one of those bursts of indignant eloquence, for which he was famed. Leaving the chair, he offered a resolution for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the departures of the enemy from the laws of war and humanity, and to embody a narrative of these outrages in a public document to challenge the attention of all civilized na-



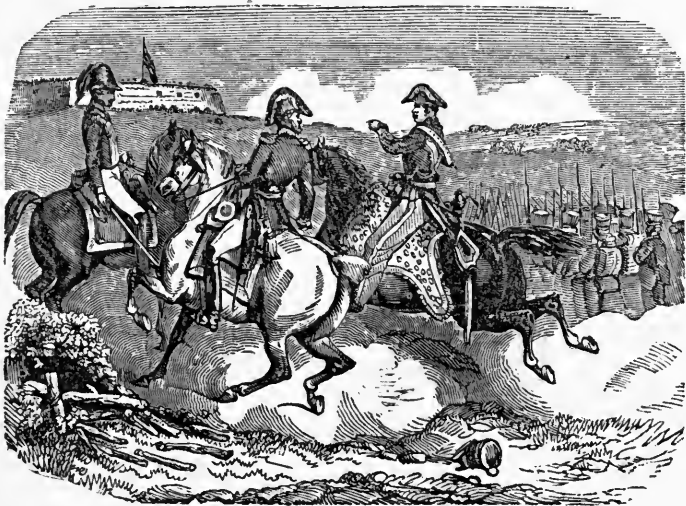
tions. The motion was carried, and in accordance with it a report made, which exercised an important influence in revolutionizing public sentiment and inciting the nation to a vigorous prosecution of the war.

The blockade of the New England coasts in the spring of 1814, conducted also to this result. A British squadron seized Eastport, in Maine, and retained it until the close of the war. In April a squadron of the enemy ascended the Connecticut river as far as Pittipaug Point, set on fire the village, and burned over twenty vessels that had taken refuge there. In August, the town of Stonington, towards the eastern extremity of Long Island Sound, was bombarded for three days, by Commodore Hardy, but without success. In September, the whole coast of Maine, from the Penobscot to Passamaquoddy Bay, was seized by the enemy, and a proclamation issued by him, declaring it conquered, and requiring the submission of the inhabitants to the British government. These successive outrages on its own soil roused the indignation of New England. The spirit of hostility there was still further increased, in the summer of 1814, by the invasion of the enemy along the route of Lake Champlain.

We have thus traced the causes why it happened that, just as England was prepared to turn her undivided strength against the United States, the latter, for the first time during the war, became competent for the struggle, and united in favor of its prosecution. At the moment when Great Britain loomed more colossal than ever across the Atlantic, the American republic, like a young Sampson, whose locks had grown again, stepped forth to the combat. In 1813, imbecile Generals, undisciplined troops, and divisions among the people had produced a harvest of defeat; but when the campaign opened in 1814, all this had changed. Younger and abler leaders were at the head of the army; the soldiers had been so thoroughly drilled as to be almost veterans; and the Union was united. Added to this, the imposing attitude of the enemy called up each latent sinew on our part. It was felt by every American that, if the republic was defeated in another campaign, consequences the most disastrous, if not fatal, would ensue.

Wilkinson had been succeeded in his command by General Izard; but the latter, in the active measures of the campaign, gave place to General Brown. This leader belonged to a new school in war. To seek the enemy, to fight him at odds, never to think of retreat, these maxims which are now cardinal points in the creed of an American army, first originated with General Brown. In this species of warfare he was ably sustained by General Scott, his second in command.

Resolving to take the initiative, General Brown, on the 2nd of July at midnight, embarked his troops from Black Rock, to attack Fort Erie. In the grey of the morning the astonished garrison beheld the Americans drawn up ready for an assault; and knowing that resistance would be useless against such an overwhelming force, immediately surrendered. General Brown now pushed forward to Chippewa, where it was understood the British, under General Riall, were posted, to the number of three thousand. Here, on the 5th of July, the battle of Chippewa was fought, in which the enemy was signally defeated. The loss of the British, in this action, was one hundred and thirty-three killed, three hundred and twenty wounded, and forty-six missing. The Americans lost sixty killed and two hundred and sixty-eight wounded and missing. The English troops in that portion of Canada now hastened to concentrate. On the 25th of July, General Brown, being informed that a detachment of the enemy had invaded the American soil, hurried General Scott for-



BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

ward to attack the forts at the mouth of the Niagara, hoping by this diversion, to recall the foe to the Canadian shore. General Scott at the head of about thirteen hundred men only, came suddenly across a superior force of the enemy at Lundy's Lane, under Generais Drummond and Riall. Disdaining to retire, a sanguinary battle en-

sued, which he maintained alone for two hours, until the arrival of General Brown with the remainder of the army. The latter officer immediately drew General Scott's brigade out of action, and committed the contest to that of Ripley, which was fresh. The height at the head of the lane, where the enemy had posted a battery, and which was the key of his position, was now gallantly carried by Colonel Miller, under the orders of General Brown. Several unsuccessful efforts were made by the foe to regain this elevation. The combat, which began before dark, raged until midnight. By this time both Generals Brown and Scott had been wounded and forced to retire from the field. The command now devolved on General Ripley. The enemy being repulsed, Ripley concluded to retire to camp, whence, after refreshing his men, he was directed to march by daylight, and engage the foe. But, finding the enemy's force had been much increased during the night, Ripley thought it advisable to retreat, and accordingly retired to Fort Erie, destroying the bridges as he went. The loss of the British at Lundy's Lane was eighty-five killed, five hundred and fifty-five wounded, and two hundred and thirty-four missing. The Americans lost in killed, wounded and missing, eight hundred and sixty.

Arrived at the fort, Ripley used the greatest exertions to strengthen its defences, before the enemy should arrive. On the 4th of August, General Drummond came up, and invested the place with five thousand men. The garrison was but sixteen hundred, commanded by General Gaines, who had been sent by General Brown to supersede Ripley. Having drawn their lines of circumvallation closer and closer, until, on the 13th of August, they had arrived within four hundred yards of the fort, the British began a furious bombardment and cannonade. At last, on the 15th, the enemy at two in the morning, advanced in three columns to assault the place. The conflict was long and desperate. The British, at one time, obtained a lodgment in the fort, but were eventually driven out again, with great slaughter. The loss of the enemy was computed at nine hundred and fifteen. The American loss was only eighty-four. A fortnight afterwards, General Brown, having recovered partially from his wounds, arrived, and assumed command. Finding that the British continued to push forward the approaches, General Brown resolved to make a sortie, destroy the batteries, and cut off the advanced division of the enemy. This bold undertaking was crowned with the most brilliant success. In thirty minutes, the Americans destroyed the labor of forty-seven days, took three hundred and eighty prisoners, and left five hundred of the enemy killed or

wounded on the field. The loss of General Brown was seventy-nine killed, two hundred and thirty-two wounded, and two hundred and sixteen missing. On the night of the 21st, the British raised the siege, and retired with their whole army. The Americans, however, soon after abandoned Fort Erie of their own accord, and transporting themselves to the other shore, terminated the third invasion of Canada. This was done under the orders of General Izard, who, arriving at head quarters on the 9th of October, took command as superior officer.

In the meantime, an expedition had been projected by the enemy, to dismember the Union by an invasion along the line of Lake Champlain. The scheme was not unlike that proposed by Burgoyne in the revolutionary war; and, as at that time, the English officers boasted of the certainty of success. It was thought a portion of New York or New England, might be permanently annexed to the British crown; and there were even those among the enemy who believed that the city of New York itself, would be captured by the expedition. The force collected for the purpose, boasted, indeed, threatening numbers. Napoleon having abdicated at Fontainbleau, in April, and the British troops in Europe being left without employment, large detachments of them were shipped to Canada, where they arrived during the months of July and August, 1814, to the number of thirty-five thousand. After garrisoning the various posts, and despatching reinforcements to the Niagara, there remained about fourteen thousand men, with whom the British General marched on Plattsburg, a town on the river Saranac, near its junction with Lake Champlain.

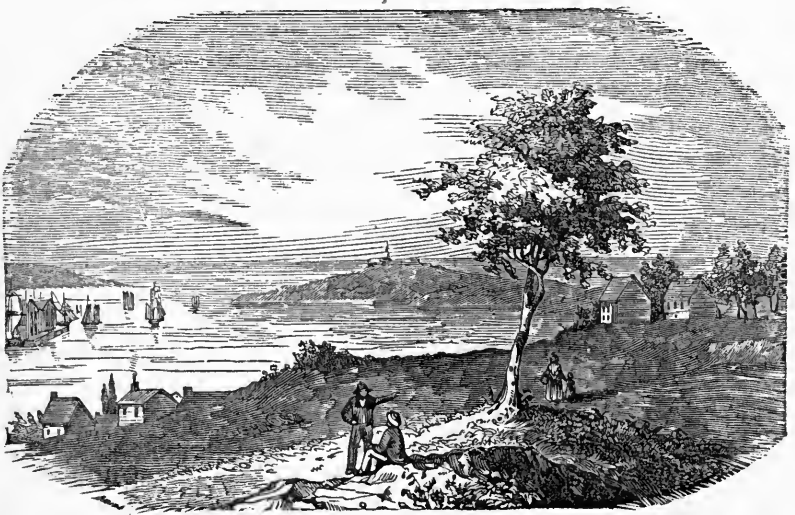
The whole force of the Americans left here, was but fifteen hundred, commanded by Brigadier General Macomb; for General Izard, a few days before, had carried off with him most of the troops to Niagara. But Macomb was equal to the emergency: his genius made up for the want of soldiers. On the 6th of September, the enemy appeared before Plattsburg. After some sharp skirmishing, Macomb retired across the Saranac, to an entrenched camp on the opposite shore, tearing up the planks of the bridge as he retreated, and with them strengthening his defences. The enemy, attempting to follow him, was repulsed. From this day, until the 11th, the British contented themselves with erecting batteries opposite Macomb's position. Meantime, the foe was busily engaged in fitting out a fleet, with the intention of capturing that of McDonough, lying in Plattsburg bay. On the 18th, the English squadron appeared in sight, and bearing down on the American fleet, began the action.

Simultaneously, the land forces of the enemy attempted to carry Macomb's position, but were repulsed at every point of attack. Finally, the British ships being captured, and night approaching, the battle ceased. As soon as darkness had settled on the landscape, the enemy precipitately abandoned the field, and began a retreat. Thus, at the head of fifteen hundred regulars, and three thousand militia, Macomb defeated an army fourteen thousand strong, composed of the very elite of the conquerors of the Peninsula. The loss of the American land forces was only ninety-nine, that of the fleet, one hundred and ten. The British squadron lost in killed, wounded, prisoners, and missing, one thousand and fifty; their army was diminished by the same casualties, at least twenty-five hundred.

In another quarter of the United States, however, an invasion of the enemy was more successful. In August, an expedition destined to act against Washington appeared in the Chesapeake, and having effected a landing at Benedict, on the Patuxent, began its march towards the Capital. The force of the British was about five thousand, commanded by General Ross. The Americans, to the number of three thousand, more than half of whom were militia, were led by General Winder, who, finding it impossible to make head against the enemy, fell back to Bladensburg, where, on the 24th, he was joined by a reinforcement of twenty-one hundred men, exclusive of Commodore Barney, at the head of his marines. Here the Americans made a stand. But the armies were too nearly equal in number to allow the invading one to be defeated by the illy disciplined levies of General Winder. The only portion of the field properly contested, was that occupied by Commodore Barney and his marines. These poured such a destructive fire into the enemy, flushed from the easy defeat of the militia, that he staggered, and was thrown into momentary confusion. A few more such brave marines, or another Barney at the opposite side of the field, would have saved the day. But General Ross perceiving the scanty numbers of these troops, poured his columns upon them, and charging them on both flanks and in front, simultaneously, gained the victory. Barney fell wounded into the hands of the foe, as did also Colonel Miller, of the marines. Meantime, the militia fled, panic-struck, in all directions, abandoning Washington to the enemy. General Ross, following up his success, entered the capital that evening, and proceeded with Vandal barbarity to burn the public buildings. The Capitol, the President's mansion, the War, Treasury, and Navy offices, shared this fate. The old excuse of the burning of Newark, in Canada, was offered for this outrage; a better one would have been that the cor-

querors. so lately from the Peninsula, had become debauched by the wars of Europe. To men brutalized by a long series of hostilities in a half savage country ; to men who had sacked Badajoz, and ravaged half of Spain ; the wanton destruction of an enemy's Capitol, appeared a slight offence against civilization and humanity. It is the proud boast of America, that under similar circumstances, and when the siege was infinitely more irritating, the public edifices of Mexico were sacredly respected.

The British retired from Washington on the evening of the 25th, and on the 29th, embarked from Benedict. Their loss in this expedition is estimated at four hundred killed or wounded ; while it is believed five hundred deserted, or were made prisoners. Simultaneously with this attack upon the Capital, two other detachments had been sent out from the fleet, one against Alexandria, the other up the Chesapeake. The attack on Alexandria proved successful, and the town was preserved from the torch only by the sacrifice of all its vessels and merchandize. The foray up the Chesapeake was more unfortunate for the British. Near Bellair, Sir Peter Parker, who led the expedition, landed to assault a body of militia, but was



FORT MC HENRY.

driven back, receiving a wound, by which he died in a few minutes. The enemy, flushed with success at Washington, now moved upon

Baltimore, where he expected as easy a triumph, and a richer prize, for it was now a maxim with the invaders only to attack for the purpose of booty. But meantime, the country was rising to its defence. In an incredibly short interval, fifteen thousand armed men had been collected at Baltimore, under the command of General Samuel Smith, an officer of the Revolution, in whom the fire of military genius had not yet suffered diminution. Batteries were hastily erected, and a ditch dug on the eastern side of the town; the only line where it was available by land. Ten thousand men were stationed to defend these works. The approach to Baltimore by water was guarded by Fort McHenry, by obstructions sunk in the channel of the river, and by two heavily constructed batteries between Fort McHenry and the city.

On the 12th of September, the enemy debarked his land forces, to the number of five thousand men, at North Point, fourteen miles below Baltimore. A detachment twenty-two hundred strong, under General Stricker, having been sent forward in anticipation of this landing, to skirmish with the enemy and impede his progress, a sort of running action began, which continued throughout the day; the Americans slowly retreating before the superior numbers of the British. During the early part of the combat, General Ross, the English commander, was killed. By evening, General Stricker had retired to within half a mile of the American entrenchments, where he rested. On the ensuing day, the enemy was seen moving in heavy masses to the right, as if intending to reach the city by a circuitous route, but General Smith, concentrating his forces in that direction, frustrated the design. Night fell, when the enemy took post within a mile of the works, intending to storm them as soon as the attack by water had succeeded.

Here, however, the British met with an unexpected repulse. The bombardment of Fort McHenry began at sunrise, on the 13th, and continued throughout that day and the succeeding night, though without reducing the fortress. Under cover of the darkness, several rocket vessels and barges ascended past Fort McHenry, but being detected, were received with a heavy cannonade. They maintained their course, however, until they arrived opposite the lesser forts, where they met such a deadly fire that they hastened to retire—one of their flotilla being sunk with all on board. When morning dawned, a consultation was held between the commanders of the English fleet and army, and the resolution taken to abandon the expedition. Accordingly, the troops retired to North Point, where they embarked the same evening, and on the morning of the 15th, the people of

Baltimore were gladdened by the sight of the English sails, whitening the bay, in their retreat. The British lost in this affair about three hundred; the Americans, two hundred and thirteen. During the whole series of operations the militia behaved with the greatest spirit, and amply redeemed the conduct of the same species of force at Bladensburg. Indeed, the whole number of regulars at Baltimore, exclusive of marines, was but seven hundred.

The enemy had projected, simultaneously with this attack, an expedition against our southern waters. Towards the close of August, General Jackson, whose head-quarters had been at Mobile since the termination of the Creek war, received intelligence that an English squadron had appeared at Pensacola, where it was harbored by the Spanish Governor. Information was also obtained that a second squadron, accompanied by ten thousand troops, was soon to arrive at Pensacola, whence a descent was to be made on some convenient point on the American coast, most probably New Orleans. General Jackson, having vainly remonstrated with the Governor of Pensacola, for receiving and granting assistance to the British, now proceeded to call on the neighboring states for reinforcements, with the intention of punishing this infraction of the law of nations. Meanwhile, Colonel Nichols, the Commander of the enemy's forces, issued a proclamation, supremely ridiculous considering the circumstances, calling on the people of Louisiana, Tennessee and Kentucky, to "throw off the yoke under which they had been so long groaning." Simultaneously, also, he attempted to enlist in his service a band of nautical marauders, half smugglers, half pirates, who had formed quite an extensive settlement at the island of Barrataria, on the coast of Louisiana. These lawless men were commanded by a person named Lafitte. This individual, instead of accepting the terms of Colonel Nichols, revealed them to the Governor of Louisiana, at the same time communicating important information respecting the designs of the British. Lafitte was offered, in return, an amnesty for himself and followers, if he would join the Americans. This proposition was accepted, and the haunt at Barrataria broken up. Subsequently, at the siege of New Orleans, Lafitte and his men rendered important services.

On the 15th of September, while General Jackson was awaiting reinforcements at Mobile, a British squadron appeared off Fort Bowyer, thirty miles below the town, and immediately began an attack. A tremendous cannonade, on both sides, was continued for three hours, when the enemy's squadron retired, having suffered immense slaughter. The flag-ship ran aground, and was set on fire



by her surviving crew ; for out of one hundred and seventy men in her, only the Captain and twenty escaped. At the moment of the naval attack, Colonel Nichols, with a force of three hundred and thirty British and Indians was debarked for a land attack ; but the fire of the fort soon destroyed all hopes of his success, and, after the retreat of the squadron, he retired to Pensacola by land. Thither, on the 6th of November, General Jackson, having been reinforced by two thousand Tennessee militia, followed him ; and immediately despatched a flag to the Governor of Pensacola, demanding redress for his late conduct. The flag was fired on and compelled to retire. On the following day, General Jackson stormed the town, and after capturing one of the batteries, forced the Governor to capitulate. In consequence of the loss of Pensacola, the British left the bay, and General Jackson returned to Mobile.

The design of the enemy to attack New Orleans having now become public, General Jackson hurried to assume the command of that important post. He left Mobile accordingly on the 22nd of November, and reached his destination on the 2nd of December. His presence was the salvation of the city. He found, on his arrival, that scarcely any preparations had been made to repel the projected invasion ; and that the most vigorous measures would be necessary in consequence, to place the town and its approaches in a state of defence. Moreover the city was full of disaffected persons, who carried intelligence almost daily to the enemy. To check these treasonable practices, as well as to give him that despotic control over the labor of the citizens, which was necessary in the emergency, he applied to the Legislature to repeal the habeas corpus act. The Legislature hesitated. As no time was to be lost, General Jackson cut short further discussion by proclaiming martial law. The inhabitants were now ordered down to the lines, to work on the fortifications, without regard to their wealth. The whole country by which the city could be approached was personally examined by the General, and defences constructed at all proper points. These preparations were increased when a fleet of gun-boats, on which the General had placed much dependence, was attacked in the lakes to the east of the city, and overcome by superior forces. In a word, General Jackson availed himself to their utmost extent of all the materials for defence within his reach ; and by his promptitude, energy, and vast resources of mind, infused confidence into both citizens and army.

On the 5th of December, the enemy had first appeared off the coast ; on the 14th he had captured the American gun-boats ; and

on the 23rd, availing himself of a pass, called the Bayou Bienvenue, which unfortunately had been left unguarded, he fell on an advanced guard of the Americans, made its members prisoners, and pushing rapidly on, reached the bank of the Mississippi at two o'clock in the afternoon. The road to the city was now open before him. In this crisis, General Jackson, instead of waiting to be attacked, resolved boldly to march out and assail the British. He arrived at their position about five o'clock. Their flank being exposed to the water, Commodore Patterson's armed schooner, the *Caroline*, was sent, under cover of the night, to assail it, which was done, the guns being aimed by the British watch-fires. This was the first intimation the foe had of his danger. Simultaneously the American land forces attacked the right, centre and left, of the enemy. His camp was carried on the right, and the slaughter along his front was excessive. But, extinguishing their watch-fires, the British rallied to the combat, when a close and well contested combat ensued. In the end, General Jackson drew off his men in consequence of a dense fog. He lay on the field all night, but thought it most prudent to retire in the morning to a stronger position, two miles nearer the city. In this action, the enemy numbered about three thousand. The loss of the Americans, in killed, wounded and missing, was two hundred and thirteen : that of the British two hundred and eighty-two. This battle may be said to have decided the fate of New Orleans. It inspired confidence among the Americans, while it forewarned the enemy that his expedition was to produce more hard blows than booty.

In his new position, which, strong by nature, was rendered stronger by art, General Jackson leisurely awaited the approach of the foe. On the 28th, the main body of the British having landed, their commander, Sir Edward Pakenham, advanced within half a mile of the American works and began a bombardment and cannonade. The American batteries replied, however, with such spirit, and were so well sustained by an armed vessel in the river, that the enemy retired with loss. On the 1st of January, another unsuccessful attempt was made on General Jackson's lines. Between this and the 8th, each army received accessions of force, so that the American numbers were raised to seven thousand, and the British to twelve thousand. On the morning of that day Sir Edward Pakenham made a grand assault on his enemy's lines ; but notwithstanding his troops were all tried veterans, and those of Jackson raw militia, indifferently armed, he was repulsed with immense slaughter. The loss of the Americans was but seventy-one in killed, wounded and

missing. The British lost two hundred and ninety-three killed, twelve hundred and sixty-seven wounded, and four hundred and eighty-four prisoners and missing. The mortality among their officers was excessive, Sir Edward Pakenham being among the killed. We cannot record his death without a reflection on the chances of fortune. It had been originally intended that the Duke of Wellington should lead the expedition against New Orleans ; and, had this happened, that great General might have perished in Pakenham's place, and Waterloo never have been won !

The British now hastened to abandon their enterprise. Embarking their troops they retired to Fort Bowyer, which surrendered to this immense force. Here they remained until the news of peace, which arrived in the following month. It was doubly fortunate for the United States that the expedition against New Orleans had failed, since, tempted by the possession of so great a prize, the enemy might have found some excuse for setting aside the treaty of Ghent. In that event a long and sanguinary war on the Mississippi must have followed, and though America would eventually have triumphed, because fighting on her own soil, the victory could only have been purchased by an immense expenditure of blood and treasure. The battle of New Orleans was the closing act of the drama. It remains for us only to notice the treaty of Ghent, before bringing this narrative to an end. Yet, preliminary to doing this, let us pass in hasty review the naval history of 1814.

Towards the close of 1812, Commodore Porter, in the frigate *Essex*, had sailed from the Delaware. Missing a rendezvous with Bainbridge, at Brazil, he proceeded, pursuant to a discretion vested in him, around Cape Horn, and began a war on the British commerce in the Pacific. He remained in this quarter of the globe for more than twelve months, during which he lived at the enemy's expense, and captured twenty vessels, carrying in all one hundred and seven guns. The value of these prizes was estimated at two and a half millions of dollars. At last, in March, 1814, while lying at Valparaiso, the British frigate *Phœbe*, carrying thirty-eight guns, and a sloop of war which had been fitted out expressly to capture Porter, appeared off the port. In a few days the *Essex*, attempting to get to sea, carried away her main-top mast. Unable to return into harbor, she anchored near the shore. The English ships now attacked her, and placing themselves out of reach of her cannonades, opened with their long guns, of which fortunately for them, their armament was composed. Disabled from manœuvring, and exposed to a fire he could but feebly return, for he had but three long twelve-pounders, Porter was finally compelled

to surrender. He lost fifty-eight killed, and sixty-six wounded; the British losing but five killed and ten wounded. This battle was fought on neutral waters, and was therefore a violation of the laws of nations; but England has never hesitated to act in a similar manner when her interest required it.

This reverse was followed, however, by numerous victories. The sloop-of-war Peacock, Captain Warrington, on the 29th of April, 1814, captured the British brig-of-war Epervier, of about equal force. In this action the enemy lost eight killed, and fifteen wounded; the Americans only two wounded. On the 28th of June, the sloop-of-war Wasp, Captain Blakely, captured the Reindeer, of slightly superior force, after one of the most hotly contested naval engagements of the war. The British lost twenty-five killed, including their captain, and forty-two wounded; the Americans lost five killed, and twenty-one wounded. On the first of September, Captain Blakely took the Avon, a sloop-of-war of twenty guns. On the 23d, he captured a British brig, the Atalanta, which he sent into the United States. From that day to this, nothing has ever been heard of the gallant Blakely, or his ship. They probably perished in a tempest.

The war was now virtually over, since peace had been concluded at Ghent, but this being as yet unknown, the naval combats continued. On the 14th of January, 1815, in gallantly attempting to get out of New York harbor, Commodore Decatur, in the President, was pursued and captured by the British blockading squadron. In this action the Americans lost twenty-four killed, and fifty-five wounded. On the 20th of February, Commodore Stewart, in the Constitution, took the Cyane and Levant—the first of thirty-four guns, the last of twenty-two. The loss of the British was seventy-seven in killed and wounded; that of the Americans fifteen. On the 23d of March, the Hornet, a sloop-of-war, of eighteen guns, commanded by Captain Biddle, captured the British brig-of-war Penguin, of nineteen guns. In this action the enemy lost forty-two in killed and wounded; the Hornet twelve.

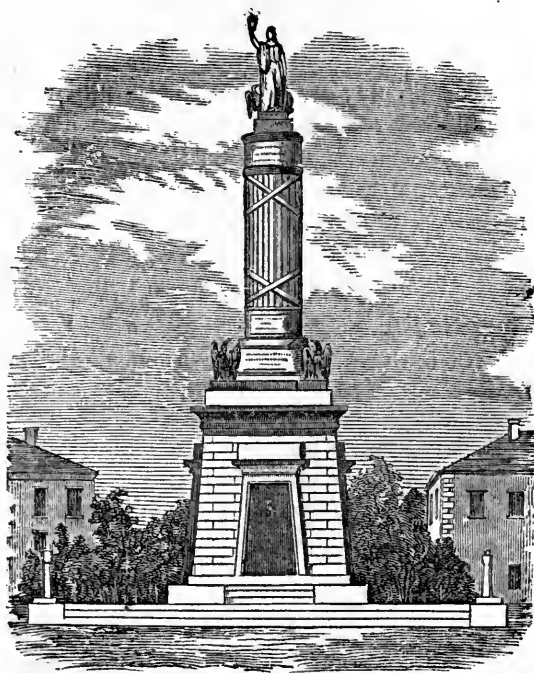
We have already narrated the offer of Russia to mediate between England and the United States; the refusal of the former to accept this mediation; her agreement, however, to appoint commissioners to treat of a peace; and the alteration in the powers of the American embassy, to enable them to act under these new circumstances. In the Spring of 1814, these powers were sent to Europe, and Henry Clay and Jonathan Russell added to the United States Commissioners. The place of meeting was first appointed at Gottenburg, but finally

changed to Ghent. The British plenipotentiaries arrived at the latter place on the 6th of August, but showed little earnestness for a treaty until after the news of Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, Plattsburg, and Baltimore. On intelligence of these events, foreboding a long, and probably disastrous war, the high tone of the English Commissioners lowered, and on the 24th of December, 1814, a treaty was finally signed. • In this document, no notice was taken of the question of impressment, which appears a singular circumstance at first sight; but we have endeavored to explain the reasons for the omission in the first book of this narrative. The articles of the treaty provided for the restoration of all possessions taken by either power, during the war, with the exception of the islands in the Bay of Passamaquoddy, whose destination was to be referred to arbitrators. Various questions of boundary were left to be decided in the same way. Both parties agreed to desist from warfare with all tribes of Indians with whom they were engaged in hostilities, provided such tribes ceased warlike operations, on being notified of the treaty. By another article, England and the United States stipulated to do all they could to abolish the slave trades. Other provisions were inserted in the treaty, but they related chiefly to prizes and prisoners, and were such as are usual on all like occasions. This treaty was ratified by England, on the 28th of December, 1814, and by the United States on the 17th of February, 1815. A commercial treaty was subsequently negotiated between the two countries during the year 1815.

Thus closed a war in which little was nominally gained, but much in reality. By it, indeed, the United States consummated their independence, which hitherto, so far as regarded England at least, had not fully existed. In other words, the war of 1812, freed the popular mind in America, from a sort of provincial reverence for Great Britain. It also removed that dread of her military prowess which had descended from the revolutionary epoch, but which was wholly unbecoming a nation so vigorous as the United States had since become. It is not too much to say that the military spirit of the Republic, which has since shone with such brilliancy, had its birth in the war of 1812.

The early misfortunes of the war, considered in this light, were not without their benefits. They forced the nation to put forth its whole strength, and thus developed a capacity, of the existence of which, even she had been ignorant. From that hour the United States took a prouder stand among the nations of the earth. From that hour her flag was respected. More than thirty years have

elapsed since the treaty of Ghent, yet England has never renewed her claim of impressment, nor is it probable that she ever will.

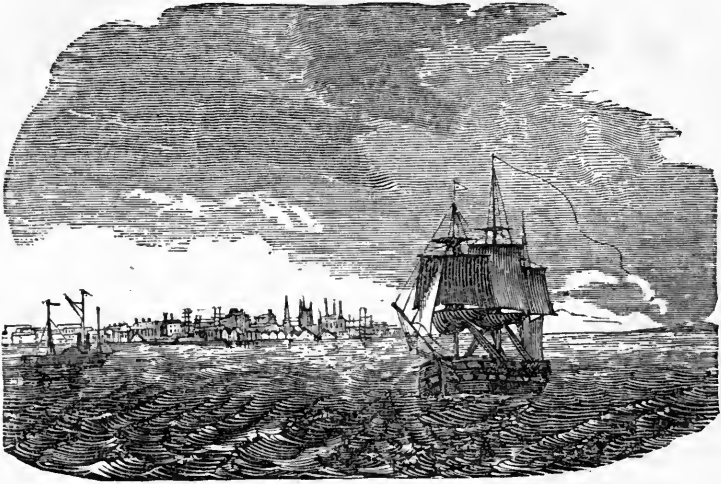




WAR OF 1812.

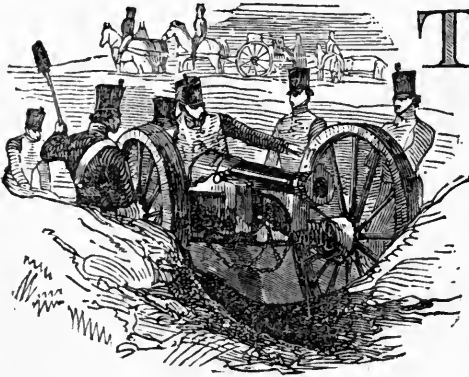






DETROIT

## WILLIAM HULL.



**T**HAT it required the wa. of 1812 to consummate our independence, is proved by the military operations which led to the surrender of Detroit. Our enterprise and sagacity in commerce was admitted; but even a portion of our own citizens laughed at our pretensions to arms. It was

said that we could not withstand the power of Great Britain for six months. An uneasy feeling of provincial weakness, and a profound awe of our old enemy possessed, in part, the public mind, and especially influenced those officers who, by their rank, services and experience, would naturally be looked to in the emergency of war. Hence, during the earlier periods of the contest, most of our Generals regarded any attempt to overthrow the veteran armies of England

as worse than useless. Mistrusting their troops, but most of all themselves, they invited defeat by their moral cowardice. In no other manner can we explain the conduct of General William Hull, in the surrender of Detroit. With his overpowering force he ought to have been confident of success. It is now apparent, that if he had put on a bold front, he would have achieved a glorious triumph; opened the war with eclat; and forced Great Britain, two years earlier, to listen to terms of peace. He was conquered by his own fears, not by the prowess of the enemy.

William Hull was born in 1753, and served, with some distinction, in the War of Independence, as an officer in the continental line. He was present in several of the hardest fought battles of that period, and distinguished himself uniformly as a soldier of spirit, industry and bravery. He rendered himself especially conspicuous on the glorious field of Saratoga, and afterwards at Stony Point. On his retirement from the army, Hull settled in Massachusetts, where, in 1796, he was chosen a Major-General of the state militia. Like others of the officers of the Revolution, he sought and obtained employment from the Federal Government; for, in 1805, he was appointed Governor of Michigan Territory. This office he continued to hold until his disgrace and ruin. When, in 1812, it became probable that war would be declared with Great Britain, an army, to be composed chiefly of volunteers and militia, was ordered to be raised on the north-western frontier, for the two-fold purpose of holding the Indians in check, and opening the expected contest with eclat. The command of this force was bestowed on Hull, with the rank of Brigadier-General in the United States army. The soldiers mustered at Dayton, in Ohio, on the 1st of June, 1812, and, after a long and toilsome march, reached the Miami of the Lake on the 30th of the month. Here Hull received a despatch from the war office, requesting him to quicken his movements. Accordingly he embarked his baggage, stores, sick and convalescent, in a vessel bound for Detroit, continuing his march with the main body of the army by land. Up to this period he had received no intimation of the declaration of hostilities, a culpable negligence on the part of our government which has never been properly explained. But the day after the embarkation of the stores, a letter arrived from the Secretary of War, written under the same date as that to which we have alluded, and which Hull had received several days before by a special messenger. He now pressed forward to the River Raisin, alarmed for the safety of his stores. Here his fears were verified. He learned that the British had received intelligence of the declaration of war, at all their

posts, in advance of himself; and that in consequence his stores had been captured in passing the fort at Malden. This disaster, so early in the campaign, like an ill omen weighed on his spirits from that hour.

Pursuing his march he soon reached Detroit, and immediately proceeded, under instructions from the war office, to invade Canada. Indeed, in the United States, the most sanguine expectations had already been formed of the result of his expedition; but these, however, were not common to all classes; large numbers, affected by the feeling we have alluded to, doubted secretly of his success. On the 12th of July he crossed the river Detroit, and pitched his camp at Sandwich, with the professed intention of marching against Malden, a post which it was of importance to reduce, since it lay in the way to intercept all supplies forwarded from the United States. There can be no doubt, if Hull had pushed forward at once to Malden, that the place would have surrendered. The fort there was in a most dilapidated condition, nor was it until a week later that it was rendered defensible; the garrison numbered but seven hundred men, of which six hundred were lukewarm militia, and indifferent savages; and, to add to the chances of success, the population of the neighborhood was very generally disaffected, and ready, as were also the Indians of the vicinity, to join whatever side promised, by a successful first blow, to gain the ascendancy. Only eighteen miles interposed between Hull and Malden. A rapid summer day's march would have brought him to the gates of his enemy. He had nearly two men where his opponent had one. Yet he lingered for three weeks at Sandwich without striking a blow. There are few things in history as inexplicable as this conduct, and nothing but the solution we have given can unriddle it.

His behavior appears the more singular when we come to follow the transactions of these three weeks into detail. During his stay at Sandwich different detachments penetrated the country sixty miles into the interior, and everywhere found the inhabitants friendly. The royal militia at Ahmetsburg, opposite Malden, was daily deserting. Nor was this all. A party of American soldiers, commanded by Colonels Cass and Miller, on the 16th of July, assailed a British outpost at the bridge over the Canard, a river but four miles distant from Malden, and drove the picket back upon the fort, where the fugitives arrived panic-struck, spreading terror and confusion among the garrison. The enemy, satisfied that Hull was advancing with all his strength, knew scarcely what to do; and had there been a sufficient force at hand to take advantage of this dismay, Malden

would have fallen before sunset. Even on the ensuing morning, when the enemy had partially recovered from his alarm, if Hull had brought up all his troops, and made a vigorous attack, the place must have surrendered. But, instead of doing this, he sharply reprehended Cass and Miller for having exceeded orders in making their attack, and directed that they should immediately return to camp, unless they were prepared to assume all the responsibility of holding their position, and that, too, without reinforcements. Perhaps age, as well as dread of British prowess, had something to do with this conduct. To quote the epigrammatic remark of another, "he who, in 1777, would have fought or died without care, in 1812, with not much of life left, was fearful of losing that little."

Yet his mind evidently vacillated, and for a space he appeared to have regained a portion of his old daring. In fact, the strictures of his younger officers had reached his ears, and he began to show a disposition for more vigorous measures. He gave out that he would lead the army directly to Malden. There seems, indeed, no reason to doubt the sincerity of his intentions. The artillery for which he had waited, was now ready. It had been proved by the affair at Canard, that the British were not invincible. His troops, to a man, were eager to be led forward. Accordingly, the ammunition was placed in wagons, the cannon fixed on floating batteries, and every other preparation for the attack made. But, at this point Hull stopped, and became suddenly irresolute. He had just received intelligence of the fall of Mackinaw, a fort situated on the island of that name, commanding the passage between Lakes Huron and Michigan, which had been surprised by the enemy, its commandant receiving the first intimation of the war on his surrender. This disastrous news was backed by information of the rising of the Canadians and Indians, both of whom, foreseeing Hull's fall in his inactivity, began to take arms for the British. The very thought that by advancing and sustaining a defeat, his army might become a prey to the savages filled his mind with horror. He countermanded his orders, and re-crossed the river to Detroit, on the 7th of August.

He had begun his career in the Canadian territory by a vaunting proclamation; he finished it by a temerity which made him the scorn even of his own troops. He had commenced with the inhabitants favorable to him; he ended by alienating them forever. Far different was the conduct of General Brock, the British commander in that region. Receiving intelligence on the 25th of June, of the declaration of war, he hastened to plan the capture of Fort Mackinaw, and his scheme having been crowned with success, his audacity in

creased, and he conceived the idea, not only of driving Hull from Canada, but of capturing him within the territories of the United States. Brock, indeed, seems to have despised his adversary as much as the latter feared Brock. In furtherance of his design, Brock superseded Colonel St. George in the command of the district, and appointed in his place Colonel Proctor, a skilful officer, obedient, active, daring, and unscrupulous. The wisdom of his choice was soon vindicated, for Hull, having sent out a detachment of two hundred men to open his rear for a convoy, Proctor, ever on the watch, fell on the party, and totally routed it, with the loss of nearly seventy men. A second detachment, led by Colonel Miller, was more successful, defeating the British, and routing their Indian ally, Tecumseh; but this body Hull refused to support after its victory, and finally commanded its return to camp, where it arrived just in time to be included in the surrender.

As Hull retreated, Brock had advanced, and on the 14th of August, took post at Sandwich, opposite his adversary's camp. Here he threw up a battery, Hull refusing to annoy him. In vain the American officers solicited permission to open a fire on their enemy; in vain they desired to be led to the charge, in order to spike his cannon. A mortal terror of his foe seemed now to have seized Hull. The vision of defeat constantly pursued him, and the sanguinary tomahawk was ever present to his fancy. He would, even at this early stage, have grasped at a truce, as the only hope of safety. "If you will give permission," said the brave Dalliba, "I will clear the enemy on the opposite shore from the lower batteries." "Mr. Dalliba," said the weak old man, "I will make an agreement with the enemy, that if they will not fire on me, I will not fire on them." Even the success of Colonel Miller's detachment could not inspire him with hope. "Nothing has been gained by it but honor," he said despondingly, "and the blood of seventy-five men has been shed in vain." A person in such a frame of mind, was ill fitted to cope with a General as enterprising and bold as Brock. It needed the impetuosity of youth in that crisis, not the drivelling caution of old age. A Croghan would have saved the day, which a Hull ignominiously lost.

On the 15th, Brock sent a boat across the river, with a summons of unconditional surrender. It found Hull in a moment of re-action, and he returned a spirited refusal. The refusal had scarcely been transmitted, however, before he regretted it. Brock appears to have read his adversary's character thoroughly. An enemy, under ordinary circumstances, would have taken some precautions, in crossing a hostile river, with an inferior force; but though the British Gene-

ral had only twelve hundred men, and Hull thirteen hundred and fifty, the former boldly embarked in broad day, under cover merely of a slight cannonade. No attempt was made to oppose his landing. The American leader had already expressed to several of his officers an opinion that a capitulation would be necessary; and accordingly when Brock drew up his troops, and marched to the assault, orders were sent to the advanced parties not to fire. The command was heard with indignation. Tears of shame and rage rose to the eyes of the men, and the officers talked of marching back and displacing their commander. But it was now too late.

The position of the army would have warranted a defence against twice the numbers of the enemy. The fort, a work of regular form and great solidity, surrounded by a wide and deep ditch, strongly fraised and palisaded, was defended by two twenty-four pounders, and a garrison of four hundred artillerists and infantry of the line. The town was held by three hundred Michigan militia, eager to defend their firesides, and well protected by the houses. Flanking the approach to the fort, and covered by a high and heavy picket-fence, were four hundred Ohio volunteers, all expert marksmen, all indignant at the retreat, all athirst for glory! To add to this, the detachment under Colonel Miller, which we have already spoken of as ordered back to camp, was within a mile and a half, stretching forward directly in the enemy's rear, with every nerve strained at sound of the cannon. Not a man in the American lines but was anxious for the contest. Only one hesitated, and he the leader! It is said that surrounded by the ladies of his family, who besought him with tears to save them from the savages by a timely surrender, he sat for a while irresolute, blushing with shame at the proposed capitulation. But at last rising with trembling limbs he ordered the white flag to be hoisted, the troops to stack their arms, and the outer positions to be given up. No council of war was summoned. No advice was asked of a single officer. For once he took all the responsibility on his own shoulders; but it was one which covered his name with eternal infamy!

The capitulation which followed was announced amid the execrations of the troops, the sullen silence of the militia, and the stinging reproaches of the women of Detroit. It was such a one as might have been expected from Hull's panic. Everything was given up, even more than was asked. Not only the territory, in its length and breadth, was yielded to the enemy, but the supplies at the river Raisin, and the absent detachment were included in the surrender. This was done, moreover, at the suggestion of Hull himself. He seemed

to be guided by a morbid desire to save blood, and to crave his antagonist's mercy by abandoning everything to him. He engaged that the militia should not serve again until exchanged. Yet he forgot to make any stipulation in favor of the Canadians who had joined his army; but sacrificed them to the anger of the enemy. In short, the whole capitulation betrayed the panic in which it had its origin. Hull's surrender, as one of his cotemporaries remarked, was the result of "an ignorance that knew not what to do; of a self-sufficiency refusing to be instructed; and of a cowardice that in its terrors, lost all sense of national interest, personal dignity and professional duty." As for Brock, he could scarcely conceal his surprise at this wonderful success. "I hasten to apprise your excellency," he said, writing to his superior, Prevost, "of the capture of this very important post. Twenty-five hundred prisoners have this day surrendered prisoners of war, and about twenty-five pieces of ordnance have been taken without the sacrifice of a drop of British blood. I had not more than six hundred troops, including militia, and about six hundred Indians to accomplish this service. *When I detail my good fortune your excellency will be astonished.*"

Yet Hull can scarcely be called a coward in the ordinary sense of the term. Cowardice is applied in military affairs at least, to physical rather than to moral terror. There are many men willing to brave death on the battlefield, who shrink from assuming responsibility in critical and uncertain emergencies. Hull had fought bravely in the revolutionary war, and would probably have fought bravely again as a subordinate. Had he been a Colonel in the north-western army, with a Jackson at its head, a portion of the inflexible character of his superior might have been imparted to him. His whole career proves that though brave enough when he could lean on others, he was not accustomed to depending on himself. Personally he had no fear of death; but he shrank from the responsibility of bringing it on others. It is probable that if there had been no Indians in the British army, he might have made a bolder stand, for dread of the savages was a prevailing feature of that day. But the conviction that England was invincible, and that it was a waste of blood and treasure to combat her, seems to have been the leading cause which produced Hull's surrender. He began the campaign with uneasy fears of her superiority, and these fears were increased by the bold and dashing enterprise on Mackinaw. It has been well remarked that, from the day that fort fell, Hull was conquered.

The news of the capitulation at Detroit was received in the United States with incredulity at first, and subsequently with curses of rage

and shame. The astonishment of the people, who had expected to hear of the conquest of all Canada, could not have been greater. A re-action from hope to despair was the consequence. Those who had been most confident became the most desponding. The cry was that the war would ruin us. The New England states, which had denounced the invasion of Canada as unjust and irreligious, pointed to the late disaster as a rebuke sent by Providence, and exhorted the militia to refuse crossing the border. Never, perhaps, since the War of Independence, and in the period immediately preceding the battle of Trenton, was the public mind so despondent. But suddenly news came of a victory, so unexpected, so brilliant, so far beyond ordinary calculation, that the nation was flung into transports of joy. We allude to the capture of the *Guerriere*. The fall of Detroit now ceased to call the blush of shame to American cheeks, for it was more than set off, in the popular estimation, by this triumph. If the flag of the republic had been trailed in the dust on the north-western frontier, the red cross of Britain had been struck down on her native element, the sea!

So great was the public indignation at Hull's surrender, that, for a while, he was regarded as a traitor, who had sold his country to the enemy. He had been carried, with his officers, to Montreal, where the English entered the city with their captives in mock procession; but subsequently, having been exchanged, he was brought to trial before a court-martial, found guilty of cowardice, and condemned to be shot. In consideration, however, of his age and past services, the court recommended him to mercy; and the President humanely suffered him to live, though not without first striking his name from the army roll. The charge of treason was abandoned as unfounded. There is one redeeming feature in the history of Hull, as connected with this transaction. He made no attempt to excuse himself before the public, by endeavoring to inculpate his officers in his crime; but stated frankly, and at once, that the whole blame should rest on himself. In summing up his character, we must regard him as a man of weak, though not despicable intellect; possessed of mere animal courage, but with little moral firmness; as a soldier, good enough for subordinate stations, but totally unequal to a superior command.

Hull endeavored to exculpate himself before the public, by printing, in 1814, a defence of his conduct. But he did not succeed. In 1824, he again appeared as an author, by publishing a memoir of the campaign of 1812, together with a sketch of his revolutionary services. He died in 1825, aged seventy-two.





MASSACRE AT THE RIVER RAISIN.

## JAMES WINCHESTER.



**J**AMES WINCHESTER, a Brigadier-General in the army of the United States, was born in Maryland, about the year 1756. He served during the war of Independence in a subordinate capacity, and subsequently removed to Tennessee, where he rose to considerable influence. Possessed of an ample fortune, conciliating in manners, and ambitious as well as brave, he became the successful candidate, in 1812, for the office of Brigadier from his adopted state. His competitor was Andrew Jackson, then comparatively an obscure man, out of Tennessee. It is said that the decision in favor of Winchester was made at the instigation of the member of Congress from his district, who feared that if Winchester was not put into the army, he might become a formidable opponent in the ensuing election.

The ignominious surrender of Hull, had, at this period, filled the whole west with grief and indignation. The best and bravest of her sons, especially from Kentucky, pressed forward to offer themselves as volunteers, and within a month from the fall of Detroit, a gallant army had assembled, breathing vengeance for the late disgrace, and resolved not to return until the British conquests had been regained. Two competitors presented themselves for the command of this force. The first was Winchester, who claimed it as senior Brigadier; the other was William Henry Harrison, who had been created a Major-General by the Governor of Kentucky, expressly to supersede Winchester. Harrison was popular with the troops; Winchester was not. In the end, the difficulty was adjusted by the Federal Government, which assigned to Harrison the chief command. Accordingly the army put itself in motion for a winter's campaign, the Commander-in-chief leading the right wing, and Winchester the left.

Winchester, after relieving Fort Wayne, in September, moved down to the site of old Fort Defiance, where a new post was established, called Fort Winchester. Here, the General, by perseverance in conciliatory measures, succeeded in gaining the popularity of his troops. After building a sufficient number of large canoes, to transport their baggage down the Maumee to the Rapids, the volunteers left this camp in November, and advanced in the direction of the enemy. The way was long, difficult, and wild. The troops, as yet, were destitute of winter clothing, though snow was on the ground and ice forming fast. Provisions soon failed, and for fourteen days the gallant Kentuckians subsisted on hickory roots, elm bark, and the beef of a few cattle killed in a state of starvation. At last a supply of warm clothing was received, and the troops moved forward with re-animated bosoms. It was at this period that an incident occurred, characteristic of the generosity of the western people. The volunteers from Kentucky were the first to receive their winter clothing, and a regiment of regulars remained for a long time afterwards with no protection against the inclement weather, except linen fatigue dresses. The brave Kentuckians insisted that this regiment should be exempt from camp duty, and be allowed to remain by their fires: and they carried their humane point.

It was on the 8th of January, when the order was issued to march to the Rapids. The snow lay twenty-seven inches deep on a dead level, and the men had to harness themselves to sleighs, in order to transport the baggage. Yet, intense as the cold was, the everlasting swamps of that region were not hard frozen. Through incalculable difficulties the troops of Winchester pressed forward,

and in about ten days reached the Rapids. In the meantime a messenger had arrived in camp from the village of Frenchtown, on the Raisin, a small stream, emptying its waters into the north-west angle of Lake Erie; the inhabitants terrified at the approach of the enemy, solicited aid from Winchester. Accordingly, Colonels Lewis and Allen, were detached with six hundred men. This little band, on the 18th of January, 1813, reached the river Raisin, and defeated a combined English and Indian force, five hundred strong, led by Major Reynolds, of the Canadian militia. The effect of this victory was electric. The inhabitants of Frenchtown were filled with exultation, and while two days before they had thought only of escaping the tomahawk of the savage, now, they considered nothing but in what way best to pursue the enemy. Nor was the excitement less at Winchester's camp. Every man there felt as if it had been the greatest misfortune of his life to be left behind when Lewis marched on Frenchtown, and all, with one voice, demanded to be led forward in order to share what there was of glory yet remaining. Little did they imagine the dark and bloody tragedy in store for them.

On the 21st of January, Winchester put his troops in motion for the Raisin. The way lay partially through the woods, where the snow was two feet deep, partially along the borders of the lake, where the ice almost blocked up the passage; these were obstructions sufficient to deter ordinary men, but the indomitable spirit of the Kentuckians was not to be disheartened. Winchester reached Frenchtown on the evening of the 21st; he found Colonel Lewis, who was an officer of experience in Indian wars, posted in enclosed gardens, with an open field on his right. The reinforcement brought by Winchester, numbered about three hundred, and was commanded by Colonel Wells, who being of the regular army, outranked Lewis, who belonged to the volunteers. Wells demanded to be posted on the right, as the station due to his superiority in rank; and to this claim Winchester yielded, placing Wells, in consequence, in the open field. Had the advice of Lewis been taken, who recommended that Wells should be stationed in some gardens on his left, the result of the day might have been different.

Meanwhile, Proctor having heard at Malden of the defeat of Reynolds, was hastening forward with all his disposable force. On the morning of the 22d, just after dawn, he prepared for the assault. Covering his right with artillery, and his flanks with Indian marksmen, he advanced at first gallantly, but when he had approached within musket shot of the pickets, was met by so galling and incessant a fire, that this part of his army fell into confusion. On the left

however, he was more successful. Perceiving the exposed situation of the detachment under Wells, Proctor hastened to concentrate all his force against it. A furious conflict ensued on this part of the field. Sharp and rapid volleys of musketry followed in succession from either side, over which occasionally rose the whoop of the Indians, or the cheers of the brave Kentuckians. But that little band, unprotected as it was, could not long hold out against overwhelming numbers. After the action had lasted about twenty minutes, Winchester saw that his position was untenable, and ordered Wells to fall back and gain the enclosures of Lewis. But at the first symptom of this retreat, the enemy redoubled their exertions, and pressed so obstinately on the Americans, that the line soon got into disorder. A panic now seized the men, who had just defended themselves so bravely, and mistaking the command to fall back, for a direction to retreat, they rushed to the river, which they crossed on the ice, and began to fly through the woods, in the direction of the Rapids. Exhilarated by victory, the British gave pursuit, the chase being led by the savages, who tasted, in anticipation, the blood of the fugitives. In vain Winchester, riding among the men, endeavored to rally them; in vain Colonels Lewis and Allen, hurrying from their enclosures, with a company of fifty men each, struggled to check the torrent of defeat. Nothing would avail. Allen fell bravely fighting in the desperate attempt; while Winchester, with Lewis and other officers, were taken prisoners. And now the rout became a massacre. On sped the panic-struck troops, on came the Indians, like tigers who had tasted blood. Some fell by merciful rifle-balls, some were reserved for the hatchet, some were scalped alive, and left to perish by degrees. Of the whole of that chivalrous band which had left the Raisin with Winchester two days before, all were slaughtered, except forty who were taken prisoners, and twenty-eight who were miraculously saved. To this melancholy catalogue must be added the two companies under Lewis and Allen, who had made the sortie we have spoken of in favor of their companions.

We have already seen that Proctor had been repulsed from the enclosures in the earlier part of the day. In that abortive attack he had lost one-fourth of his men, and would probably have now been glad to retire, satisfied with his partial victory, if he had not heard that Winchester was among the prisoners. His fertile mind immediately suggested a stratagem by which he might yet, perhaps, capture the whole American force. Sending for Winchester, he enlarged on his large number, on the ruthlessness of his savages, and on the impossibility of the remaining portion of Winchester's command being

able to make good their defence. "I can set fire to every house in the village," he said, "and this my duty will compel me to do. Think of the innocent women and children who will be massacred by the Indians in consequence. You alone can avert this terrible calamity. Order your subordinate to surrender, and these miseries will be spared."

Instead of replying indignantly to this brutal threat, Winchester suffered himself to be deceived by Proctor's sophistry, or by his own humanity, and sent word to the garrison that it was his advice they should surrender. The message, however, was basely perverted, for when Proctor's aid-de-camp was introduced to Major Madison, on whom the command had now devolved by the capture of Colonel Lewis, the latter was informed that "he and his followers had been surrendered prisoners of war, by General Winchester, to the arms of his Britannic Majesty." But Madison, refusing to acknowledge the right of a captured General to make a capitulation for his troops, declared his determination to perish where he stood, with his gallant Kentuckians, unless more favorable terms should be granted. "We prefer selling our lives as dear as possible," he said, "rather than be massacred in cold blood." At last a solemn stipulation was entered into by Proctor, that all private property should be respected; that sleds should be sent, next morning, to remove the sick and wounded to Ahmetsburg, opposite Malden; that, meantime, a guard should be left to protect them from the savages; and that the side arms of the officers should be restored to them at Malden.

On these conditions, Major Madison surrendered, though reluctantly. He would still have rejected all proposals for a capitulation, and held out to the last extremity, but for a scarcity of ammunition. That night the prisoners, about six hundred in number, were marched to Ahmetsburg, where they arrived on the evening of the 23rd. Here they were penned up in a muddy and confined wood-yard, exposed to a pelting rain, without sheds, tents, or blankets, and with scarcely sufficient fire to keep them from freezing. The men, on first hearing of their surrender, had broken their muskets across the pickets in rage; and now they spent the night in muttering execrations on their captors for this inhuman treatment. But their fate was merciful compared to that of the sick and wounded who had been left behind. These, by the terms of the capitulation, were to have been conveyed to Ahmetsburg in sleds, on the morning of the 23rd. But instead of the sleighs came two hundred savages, painted in the most hideous manner, who, rushing upon the houses where the wounded lay, first plundered them of every valuable, and

then surrounding the habitations, set them on fire. As the flames roared and crackled to the sky, the savages danced around with yells of fiendish delight. Some of the victims, staggering from their beds, endeavored to fly, but their merciless enemies drove them back with exulting whoops. When the fire smouldered into ashes, the bones of sixty-four brave men lay charred among the embers.

Nothing can excuse Proctor's agency in this affair. He broke his plighted word in not detailing a sufficient guard to protect the wounded. Moreover, one of his own officers, a half-breed named Elliot, on being told that most of the American Surgeons had been killed, and that there were not sufficient to attend to the wounded, answered inhumanly, and with prophetic meaning, "the Indians will be found excellent Doctors." The rage and despair of the prisoners at Ahmetsburg, all of whom had left friends, and some brothers behind, when they heard of this massacre, exceeded all bounds. In this disastrous battle, and in the bloody scene that followed, so many of the best sons of Kentucky were sacrificed, that it was said the whole commonwealth was plunged into mourning. The sacrilegious neglect of the American dead was another part of the conduct of Proctor, as disgraceful, though not, perhaps, as criminal as his perfidy to his prisoners. The corpses were formally denied the rights of sepulture, and left a prey to the hogs and dogs of the village. Some time afterwards friendly hands were found to lay them piously in the ground; but when the American army passed that way, in the ensuing summer, the relics were again seen exposed. They were buried once more, and thenceforth slept in peace. For his success in defeating Winchester, Proctor was made a Brigadier-General; but not a word of disapproval was uttered by his government in reference to the massacre.

The history of Winchester, after this unfortunate defeat, ceases to be of interest. He survived several years, respected in private life for his mild and generous heart; but suffering, in his public capacity, under the odium of this disgraceful and fatal repulse. His career is a warning to popular governments, that a man without real capacity for command, should never, whatever his influence or fortune, be entrusted with the lives of his fellow men.



## ZEBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE.



**Z**EBULON MONTGOMERY PIKE, a Brigadier General in the United States army, was born at South Trenton, in New Jersey, on the 5th of January, 1779. He was an officer of industry, ability and promise, though he perished at too early an age to fulfil all the high expectations that had been formed of him. He was a strict disciplinarian, and adroit in the

management of men. His courage was bold and dashing. Fond of his profession, ambitious of distinction, and with many qualities to ensure success, it was the melancholy burden of his thoughts, as he lay on his untimely death-bed, that he perished too soon for glory!

Pike was destined for the army from his earliest years, his father being a Major in the regular service. He served, when quite a youth, as a cadet in his parent's corps, and on the 3rd of March, 1799, received his first commission, that of an Ensign, in the second regiment of infantry. In little more than a year he was promoted to the rank of First-Lieutenant. His assiduity soon attracted the notice of his superiors, and in 1805, he was appointed, by General Wilkinson, to command an expedition to explore the head waters of the Mississippi. The detachment, consisting of a Serjeant, a Corporal, and seventeen privates, beside Pike himself, left St. Louis on the 9th of August, 1805, and was absent eight months and twenty-two days. During this period it visited numerous tribes of Indians on the upper Missouri, and was the first to carry the flag of the United States into those remote regions. Pike found the savages generally suspicious of this republic, though acknowledging the prowess of its citizens in war; and it soon became evident to him that for these opinions they were indebted to the intrigues of the English traders in that direction. During the war of 1812, the sentiments, thus sown, bore bitter fruits, some of these very savages marching fifteen hundred miles to join in the contest against us.

The admirable manner in which Pike executed his task in this expedition, induced Wilkinson to despatch him on an exploration to the head waters of the Arkansas and Red Rivers. The primary object of the enterprise, as appears from his instructions, was to restore certain Osage captives, recently rescued from the Potawatamies, to their homes on the Grand Osage; the second was to effect a permanent peace between the Kansas and Osage nations; and the third was to establish a good understanding with the Yanctons, Tetans, or Camanches. If there were other, and more secret purposes of the expedition, they have never come to light. Pike started from St. Louis on the 15th of July, 1806. His party consisted of a Second-Lieutenant, a Sergeant, two Corporals, sixteen privates, and an interpreter. A professional gentleman, Dr. Robinson, accompanied the party as a volunteer. The Indians carried out by the expedition, were fifty-one Osages and Pawnees.

The enterprise proved disastrous. Near the head of the Arkansas River, Pike lost his way, and wandered about for a month without gaining a day's journey on his original encampment. The winter set in severely; the snow lay thick on the ground; provisions failed; and many of the men became frost-bitten, and had to be left on the road. At last Pike reached what he supposed to be the Red River, and began to erect a fortification there, his intention being to leave

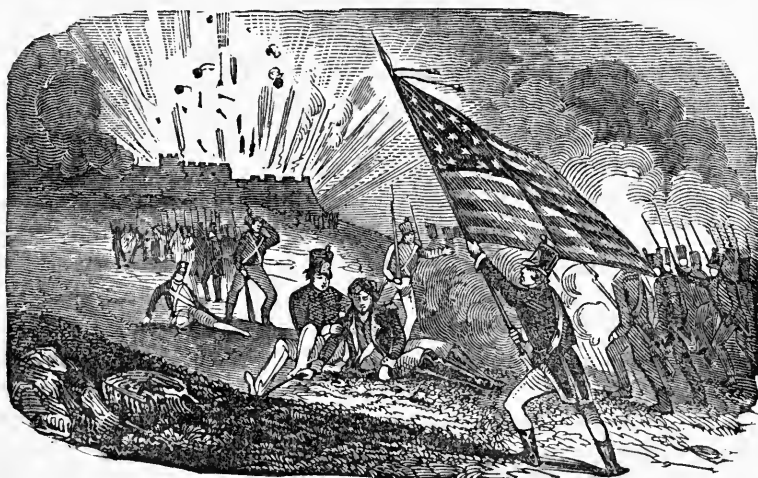


four or five men in this place, when completed, and, with the remainder, to return for those of his party he had been compelled to abandon. In a few days, however, he was visited by a party of Spanish dragoons, the commander of which, first informing him that he was within the boundaries of New Mexico, and on the Rio del Norte instead of the Red River, ended by civilly requesting his company at Santa Fe, which was but two days march distant. Under the circumstances there was no resource but to accede to a request, which, if refused, would evidently be enforced as a command. Accordingly Pike accompanied the officer to Santa Fe, first stipulating that a party should remain at the fort, in order to await the men for whom he had sent back. On reaching Santa Fe, the cause of his arrest was explained, in the notoriety which Burr's exploded designs on Mexico had attained. The Spanish Governor had, at first, supposed Pike to be one of Burr's emissaries. On discovering his mistake, however, he allowed Pike to return to the United States, though not until he had taken away his papers. Pike's homeward journey was pursued through what is now Texas. In the ensuing year, he published the results of his observations, in a work entitled, "Geographical, Statistical, and General Observations on the Interior Provinces of New Spain;" and shortly after, made a report to the government of his expedition up the Mississippi. The most flattering testimonials, from both the Secretary of War and the President, were received by him for his conduct in these explorations. He appears indeed to have possessed every required qualification except being a man of science.

After his return from Mexico, Pike was raised to the rank of Captain; in 1809, to that of Major; and in 1810, to that of Lieutenant-Colonel. When the War of 1812 broke out, he was advanced to the post of Colonel. In the ensuing year, when General Dearborn planned his attack on York, the command of the expedition was given to Pike, who had meantime been nominated for Brigadier. It was on the 27th of April, 1813, that the tragical assault was made. The defenders numbered about eight hundred, half regulars; and half militia and Indians, commanded by General Sheaffe. An adverse wind prevented the landing of the Americans where they had intended, and accordingly it became necessary to pass some thick woods before reaching the works. These woods were occupied by a strong party of the enemy, who poured in a destructive fire as the troops approached the shore. The first who landed were the riflemen under Major Forsythe. One of their number, an especial favorite, falling almost as soon as he sprang on the beach, the whole

corps became inflamed with a thirst for revenge, which lent the most terrible effect to their fire. Immediately taking covert behind the trees, they picked off the troops of the British one by one, Forsythe, it is said, passing up and down the line behind his men, and pointing out those who presented the surest mark. The slaughter was terrible. Yet the enemy resolutely held his ground, until Pike, with the main body, had effected a landing.

Quickly forming his men, Pike dashed on in pursuit. After threading the wood we have spoken of, he came to an open ground, at the further end of which appeared the redoubts of the enemy. One of these soon yielded to the impetuous attack of the Americans. But the other holding out, it was resolved to halt the column until a battery could be established of some light artillery, beneath the cover of the conquered redoubt. The troops being fatigued, the leading regiments were allowed to seat themselves on the ground, Pike himself, surrounded by his staff, imitating their example. In this position they were awaiting the effect of the artillery, when sud-



DEATH OF GENERAL PIKE.

denly an explosion occurred, shaking earth and sky. Instantly every man looked around in horror. The explosion was seen to proceed from a magazine of the enemy, a huge stone building,

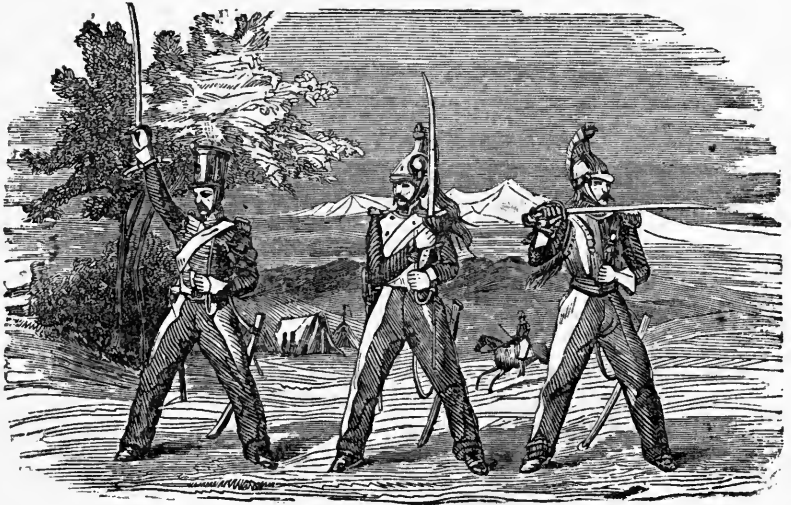
which had caught fire by some untoward accident. The Americans were all within a compass of a few hundred yards, right in the track of this terrible volcano. An instant or two elapsed between the stunning report and the fall of the destructive missiles. The sight is described as having been awful. At first a jet of flame was seen shooting to the sky, followed by thick puffs of white smoke, from the midst of which huge fragments of the wall went spinning aloft, and then fell, thick and fast, over the field around. The gigantic masses, as they poised a moment before descending, seemed like some black cloud obscuring the heavens: then, with a rushing sound, they came to the earth, bruising, maiming and destroying wherever they touched. In some places the fragments fell with such force as to bury themselves several feet in the ground. Over three hundred individuals, by that fearful descent, were hurried into eternity, or else wounded or maimed for life.

Pike was one of the sufferers. Seeing the huge masses in the air, and knowing that escape was impossible, he did not attempt to rise, but stooped his body forward instinctively. A piece of the wall struck him on the back as he bent in this position, and gave him a mortal injury. Just as he was lifted from the ground, he heard a shout, and inquiring what it was for, was told the enemy's flag was coming down. He smiled proudly on hearing this. He lived but a few hours, just long enough to be taken on board the fleet. Here he desired the captured banner might be placed under his head. He died thinking of his wife and children, and regretting that his career was cut so short. His wife was a woman who shared all his ambitious longings, and would have incited him to glory, if he had been less athirst for it himself. She heard of her loss with the fortitude of a Roman matron, and lived thereafter to cherish his memory, as a sacred deposit.

The death of Pike, and the explosion of the magazine, threw the Americans into momentary confusion, which General Sheaffe availed himself of to abandon his fortifications, leaving the authorities of York to make the best terms of surrender they could. Offers of capitulation were immediately made, but while they were being entertained, the enemy set fire to a public vessel on the stocks, and to a magazine of military and naval stores. The loss of the British in this affair was five hundred, in killed, wounded and prisoners; that of the Americans, in killed and wounded, three hundred and twenty, and most of these were in consequence of this explosion.

Pike was but thirty-four at the period of his death. His loss was

deeply regretted by the nation, which had formed a high estimate of his ability. In the army, but especially in his own regiment, the grief for his premature fate was long and heart-felt.





HENRY DEARBORN.



HENRY DEARBORN, a Major-General in the army of the United States, was another example of a revolutionary officer who failed to maintain his old reputation. But as there are grades in unfitness as in other things, Dearborn has the merit of being less incapable than either Wilkinson or Hull. His fault was that of all the earlier Generals of the war of 1812. Age had damped his ardor, and weakened his energy: instead of being the first to lead, he was content to delegate this task to others. Forty years had

completely changed his character. In 1776 he had been distinguished for promptitude and fire ; in 1812 he was remarkable only for inactivity.

Dearborn was a native of New Hampshire, where he was born in the year 1751. He received as good an education as the colonies could then afford, and at the age of manhood, settled as a practitioner of medicine at Portsmouth, in his native state. Among one of the most ardent supporters of the colonial rights, he did not hesitate, when the trial of arms came, to devote his sword and life to his country ; and on hearing of the battle of Lexington, marched, with sixty volunteers, to Cambridge, a distance of sixty miles, within twenty-four hours. He was present at the battle of Bunker Hill, where he held a Captain's commission, in Stark's regiment. He subsequently accompanied Arnold to Canada, where he was captured, and at first closely confined ; but was afterwards liberated on parole, and, in March, 1777, exchanged. He was now attached to the army of Gates, with the rank of Major, and shared, with his companions, the glories of Saratoga. In the campaign of 1778, he distinguished himself at the battle of Monmouth, in a manner to win the personal commendation of Washington. In 1779, he formed one of the expedition, under Sullivan, against the Six Nations. His military career in the War of Independence, closed at the siege of Yorktown.

After the conclusion of peace, Dearborn returned to private life. On the elevation of Washington to the Presidency, he was appointed marshal of the District of Maine. Subsequently he was twice elected to Congress from Maine. In 1801, on the formation of the Jefferson administration, he was appointed Secretary of War, an office he held until 1809. He was rewarded, on his retirement, with the collectorship of the port of Boston, at that time the most lucrative post, of its character, in the country. When the war with Great Britain was declared, he was made a Major-General, partly on account of his influence, and partly for his reputation earned during the revolutionary struggle. His first operation in the autumn of 1812, signally failed. But, as the army was as yet only partially prepared for action, better auspices were drawn for the future.

The plan of campaign for 1813, on the northern frontier, was sketched by General Armstrong, the Secretary of War. He proposed the reduction of Kingston and York, on Lake Ontario, and of Fort George, on the Niagara, in the order named. It was the opinion of Armstrong that the most important of the posts, Kingston, ought first to be attacked, since its fall would paralyze the operations

of the British throughout Canada ; and in arriving at this decision it must be confessed, the Secretary of war evinced more than his usual judgment. The force of Dearborn was thirteen thousand men, and that of the enemy but three thousand, so that if numbers could secure victory, the Americans had nothing to fear. Besides, Chauncey was on the lake, with a fleet, ready to co-operate with Dearborn. On a consideration, however, of the Secretary's plan, Dearborn and Chauncey decided to assail the weakest point of the enemy first, thus displaying another instance of that exaggerated dread of the English armies, and a mistrust in our own, which led to most of the disasters during the first two years of the war. Accordingly the expedition against York was undertaken.

This post fell into the hands of the Americans after a feeble attempt at resistance. It was here that the brave Pike lost his life by the explosion of a magazine ; and in consequence of this calamity a portion of the enemy escaped, for Dearborn not being present on the field, and Colonel Peirce, who succeeded Pike, having received no orders, a pursuit was not undertaken. The next movement was against Fort George, which was abandoned by its garrison on the approach of Dearborn. But here also the inactivity, or want of foresight of the American General, permitted the escape of the enemy. If, instead of concentrating his whole force on the water-side of the British defences, he had sent a sufficient detachment across the Niagara, below Queenstown, he could have cut off all escape. Even when, on the flight of the garrison, Colonel Winfield Scott, on his own responsibility, gave pursuit, Dearborn recalled him, and thus allowed the enemy to secure a safe retreat. Afterwards, by taking the wrong road, he lost two days in following the foe to Burlington heights ; and finally closed this series of blunders by detaching an insufficient force, which was attacked at Stony Brook, in the night of the 5th of June, and completely defeated. These failures the prophetic eye of Pike had foreseen before his death. "Our country is again doomed to defeat," he is reported to have said, "if the operations now meditated by the General are attempted to be accomplished."

Dearborn's want of success, during the twelve months he had been in command, had now led to a very general demand on the part of the public, that he should be recalled. Not only had he signally failed in his attempt on Canada in the autumn of 1812, but afterwards, when full time had been allowed to discipline his troops, and when the government had given him the most unlimited discretionary powers, his campaign had presented only a series of disasters.

With an army never less than thirty-five hundred men, he had been foiled by an enemy rarely numbering a thousand. After the defeat of Chandler and Winder at Stony Brook, Dearborn had withdrawn his forces to Fort George; and the enemy, though much inferior in numbers, emboldened by these signs of fear, had advanced in the direction of that post, in order, as the British General wrote in his despatches, "to circumscribe the range of the American troops, and compel them to live on their own resources." Aroused by these encroachments, Dearborn determined to send out a detachment to attack the enemy. A last opportunity to redeem himself was here presented; but he wanted either the sagacity or energy to avail himself of it. If he had despatched Scott and Miller, both known to be active and able officers, with fifteen hundred men each, he might have crushed the British; but instead of this he chose Colonel Boerstler, an officer proved by no particular service, with but five hundred and forty men, to operate, beyond sustaining distance, against a rapid, practised and vehement foe. The consequences were such as might have been foreseen. Boerstler was surrounded and compelled to surrender.

When intelligence of this last disaster reached the city of Washington, Congress was in session, and an informal committee was immediately appointed, to wait on the President and solicit the recall of Dearborn. Madison complied, and the order was despatched that day. In consequence of this removal, the operations of the northern army were suspended, for General Boyd, the second in command, was ordered to do nothing until the arrival of Wilkinson, Dearborn's successor. In justice to the retiring General it must be stated that he had been ill for more than a month before his removal; that his army was becoming rapidly thinned by sickness; and that he had been left almost entirely without regimental officers. Moreover, about this period, the command of the lake was temporarily lost. But Dearborn, nevertheless, appears to have been wanting in the requisites of a successful General; for he displayed a torpor and indecision, which, whether resulting from age or natural incapacity, produced the most unfortunate results.

After his recall, Dearborn was ordered to assume command of the military district of New York city. His subsequent life presents few incidents worthy of record here. In 1822, during the administration of Monroe, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Portugal; but he did not long hold this honorable post, being recalled, two years later, at his own request. He survived only a short period, dying in 1829, at the age of seventy-eight.





## JAMES WILKINSON.



**W**AMES WILKINSON, a Major-General in the army of the United States, had distinguished himself in the revolutionary war, but failed in the present contest to maintain his former reputation. He was, in fact, disqualified for a supreme command, though capable of discharging with credit the duties of a subordinate. The disgraceful termination of the attempt on Canada, in the autumn of 1813, is to be

attributed chiefly to him. At the head of the most imposing force which had yet been concentrated on the northern frontier, he had

advanced to a convenient distance of Montreal, when suddenly he abandoned his design, and retired to French Mills, to the chagrin of all his abler officers. His excuse for this conduct, was the want of concert on the part of General Hampton. But this is an insufficient justification. The battle of Williamsburg, in which the enemy had met a check, left the road to Montreal comparatively open, and it needed only a bold and vigorous push to carry that important place. But there was nothing heroic about Wilkinson. He was a gentleman of polished address, and a methodical officer, but not a great General. He was fitted to follow rather than lead. His pompous manner, his affectation of military knowledge, and his jealous spirit, all marked the second-rate man, attempting to conceal his deficiencies by noise and bluster.

Wilkinson was born in Maryland, in the year 1757. He was educated for a physician, and began his medical career in 1775, but the War of Independence breaking out in that year, he yielded to a partiality he had always experienced for the military life, and repaired to the camp at Cambridge. In March, 1776, he was rewarded with a Captain's commission. He served in Canada under Arnold, and subsequently in New Jersey, under Washington. At first, his advance was rapid. In January, 1777, he was elevated to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. When General Gates was appointed to the northern army, he offered Wilkinson the post of Aid-de-camp, a flattering tender, which the young soldier accepted, resigning for that purpose his commission in the line. Appointed Adjutant-General by his patron, he served with industry and ability, until the surrender of Burgoyne, when he was despatched by Gates to inform Congress of the capitulation. Wilkinson stopped so long at Reading, on his way to Philadelphia, that the felicitous news reached the capitol before him; but notwithstanding his laggard pace, Congress was so delighted with the intelligence, that he was rewarded with the rank of Brigadier. A keen rebuke, however, was administered by Roger Sherman, who, in seconding the motion, proposed to amend it, by voting the messenger a whip and a pair of spurs. When Gates became President of the Board of War, Wilkinson was appointed his Secretary. Having been implicated in the cabal against Washington by the conduct of Gates, a rupture occurred between the patron and pupil, and Wilkinson, in consequence, resigned his post as Secretary, as also his brevet of Brigadier. He was, however, subsequently appointed Clothier-General of the army.

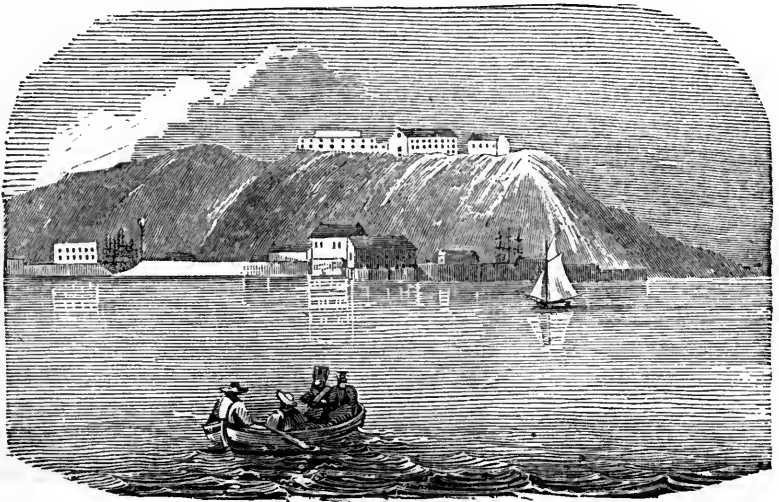
At the close of the war, Wilkinson settled in Kentucky, where he embarked in trade; but soon becoming disgusted with commerce, he

returned to the army, and was employed on the frontier. When the purchase of Louisiana was effected, under Jefferson's administration, Wilkinson was joint commissioner with Governor Clairborne, to receive that territory from the French authorities. He was now in command of the southern department. A few years later, Burr conceived the design of invading Mexico, and Wilkinson, still at the head of the southern department, appears to have lent, at first, a favorable ear to the dazzling scheme. Subsequently, however, induced either by patriotism or interest, he refused to give his countenance to the enterprise, and became, indeed, one of the most active and even virulent witnesses against the prisoner. In this conduct, there is such an absence of magnanimity, as leaves no very favorable impression on the mind of the historian. Nothing, in fact, can vindicate Wilkinson from the imputation of having sought his own personal advancement by the ruin of his former friend. He was well acquainted with the real intentions of Burr, and had been a party to them; but when the popular cry was raised, he became one of the first, not only to desert his late associate, but to seek his destruction. The most partial eulogists of Wilkinson's behaviour in this affair, are forced to admit, that either he shared in Burr's ambitious plans, or else played the spy on him from the beginning.

Wilkinson continued in command of the southern department until 1811. In 1813, he was ordered to the northern frontier, to assume the chief command of the army there, made vacant by the recall of General Dearborn. The failure of the preceding campaign had led to the resignation of the Hon. Wm. Eustis, Secretary of War, and the advancement of General Armstrong to that place. The new officer had no sooner assumed his post, than he planned a bold and comprehensive campaign against Canada, the reduction of Kingston, the enemy's chief depot, being laid down as the first step to be taken, and preliminary to the conquest of Montreal and Quebec. The campaign was to have been opened on Lake Ontario, by the first of April, or as soon as that lake was free from ice; and on the St. Lawrence by the 15th of May, or earlier if the navigation would permit. Had this plan been vigorously carried out, there is little doubt but that the whole of Canada would have fallen. But there seems to have been a lamentable imbecility, not only in those entrusted with its execution, but in the Secretary of War himself, who, later in the season, repaired to the scene of action in person. In the early part of the spring, General Dearborn was in command of the northern department, but instead of opening the campaign by an attack on Kingston, he moved against York, where victory

afforded no reward commensurate with the trouble. Had he assailed Kingston at once, it is now apparent that he would have succeeded, and in so doing, struck a deadly blow to the British in Canada. His mistake at the beginning of the campaign, led to the inactivity of his army during the whole summer, for in July he was recalled, and by direction of the Secretary of War, every thing was left to await the arrival of Wilkinson, his successor. Meantime, however, Armstrong renewed the original plan of the campaign, which, on Wilkinson's arrival, was communicated to that General. The seizure of Kingston, and the destruction of the British fleet there, the Secretary said would give Wilkinson command of Lake Ontario, and strike at the vital parts of the enemy. In conjunction with this enterprise, the Secretary proposed a movement from Lake Champlain on the St. Lawrence, and the troops destined for this service, about four thousand men, were entrusted to General Hampton.

Wilkinson arrived at Albany in the early part of August, 1813,



KINGSTON.

and despatched, on the 16th of that month, his first orders to Hampton. The latter General, who had imagined his command an independent one, was jealous of this new superior, and immediately

tendered his resignation, but the Secretary succeeded in persuading him to retain his post until the close of the campaign, though not in wholly eradicating his disgust. The consequence was that the operations, which ought to have opened in the spring, and which were now about to begin at last in the autumn, commenced with a feud between the General-in-chief and his second in command, an event generally ominous of failure. However, the campaign was at once begun. Wilkinson arriving at Sackett's Harbor, hastened to call a council of war. At this assembly it was resolved to rendezvous the troops at that post, and after a bold feint on Kingston, to slip down the St. Lawrence, and in conjunction with General Hampton, capture Montreal. The army at Wilkinson's disposal, was already seven thousand four hundred men, which, in a month, could be raised to nine thousand. This, it was believed, would outnumber the disposable force of the enemy, and ensure certain success to the contemplated campaign. In order that nothing might be left undone to obtain victory, the Secretary of War transferred his department from Washington to Sackett's Harbor, believing that his presence at the scene of operations would add to the celerity of the army, and compose the jealousies of Wilkinson and Hampton. But in this expectation, as might have been foreseen, he signally failed. His appearance rendered Wilkinson as jealous of the Secretary, as Hampton had before been jealous of Wilkinson. Where there should have been but one controlling head, there were now three. A general distrust between the Generals was the consequence. As a late writer has powerfully said, "that deplorable campaign was a monster with three heads, biting and barking at each other, with a madness which destroyed them all, and disgraced the country. Discord was a leprosy in the very marrow of the enterprise, worse than all its other calamities. Armstrong was on good terms both with Wilkinson and Hampton till it failed, but thenceforth the enmity became as bitter between him and both of them, as between the two themselves."

On the 21st of October, Wilkinson at last set his army in motion; Commodore Chauncey, having, as a preparatory measure chased the English fleet into harbor, and obtained command of the lake. The troops were embarked at Grenadier Island, near Sackett's Harbor, in three hundred boats, under convoy of a part of Chauncey's squadron, but more than a fortnight elapsed before they cleared the lake, and reached the St. Lawrence. This delay is attributable to the advanced season. Now was seen the error of putting off the campaign to this late period of the year. Autumn proved particularly inclement; there was almost constant rain, with occasional snow

storms; while the gales that swept that inland sea, lashed it into short, wild waves, that were more dangerous even than those of the ocean. One third of the boats were wrecked in this perilous navigation. The troops, crowded into the remainder, and unprovided with proper clothing, were continually drenched to the skin. To add to all provisions were scanty and unwholesome. In consequence, large numbers, both of officers and men, fell sick, and the spirits of the rest became materially impaired. Nor did the enemy omit any opportunity to harass and distress the expedition, but frequently assailed it from their batteries, which were posted at various points along the shore. At last, on the 6th of November, the Americans arrived opposite Prescott. The main body of the troops was now debarked, only a small portion being left with General Brown, to whom was entrusted the charge of carrying the fleet of boats past the English fortification. This task, that daring and skilful General effected in the night, without loss, though in the midst of a furious cannonade. The army and its flotilla having once more united, the expedition advanced on its way. At Ogdensburg, Wilkinson heard from Hampton, who expressed his conviction that the campaign was at an end, and renewed his desire to resign. Wilkinson, in reply, announced his present position, declared his intention of marching on Montreal, and demanded Hampton's co-operation to carry out the objects of the campaign. The progress of the main army down the St. Lawrence was now continued.

During the whole voyage Wilkinson had been ill, and for most of the time confined to his bed. Secluded in his boat from the view of the men, his own spirits appear to have sunk as fast as theirs, if the diary which he kept of the proceedings of the army, is any criterion of his feelings. As early as the 24th of October, he writes in the most despondent strain. With each succeeding day, this deplorable want of confidence seems to have increased. Every new storm, every additional obstruction added to the depression of the General, when they should have been only increased inducements to renewed enterprise and perseverance. If Greene, when at the head of the southern army in the Revolution, had given way to the thousand difficulties that surrounded him, the Carolinas never would have been liberated; but, though suffering for most of the time under disease, and though pursued by infinitely greater obstructions than Wilkinson, he manfully bore up against all, and came out victorious. The test of military genius is to conquer in spite of fate. Second-rate men always fail in difficult emergencies, but the first order of minds succeed by bending destiny to their will. Napoleon was never

greater than in his Italian campaign, where, nevertheless, he was always inferior in force to the Austrians. Washington, when retreating across the Jerseys with three thousand men, while the British with twenty thousand, thundered in pursuit, is one of the noblest spectacles in military history, because he was conqueror in defiance of odds. Neither the sickness of Wilkinson, nor the inclemency of the weather can be admitted as a justification of his failure. The fact was, he held a post above his ability. He was unfitted to command.

We have said that the British had omitted no occasion to annoy the Americans. Undismayed by the superior numbers of the invaders, they had attacked, whenever an opportunity offered, with a bravery and resolution which extorts admiration. Indeed, the effect of the preceding campaign had not worn off from the public mind in either country. The British, were, in consequence, always confident of victory; the Americans, distrustful of their own powers and expecting defeat. On the 9th of November, a fleet of the enemy's gun boats, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Morrison, cut off a large quantity of provisions and stores, with two pieces of ordnance, from the rear of the Americans. Flushed with this success, Morrison on the following day pressed so close upon the invaders, that the Brigade under Boyd, which was nearest to him, turned and gave him battle. Had Wilkinson been a General of spirit, he would have concentrated all his forces, and crushed his assailant. But reduced by illness to spend the day on his pillow, he was so thoroughly destitute of the necessary energy, that, on hearing the distant cannonade, he merely enquired how the day was going, and was contented when he heard his troops had not been utterly defeated. The battle was thus left wholly to General Boyd, who had but sixteen hundred men, while his adversary commanded a force at least equal, if not superior. The conflict raged for two hours, and was obstinately contested. Both the British and American Generals exhibited the greatest skill and intrepidity, so much so, indeed, that the English commander paid his adversary the compliment of declaring that the battle was in these respects, the handsomest affair of the war. In the end, the British were driven from their positions, with a loss to the Americans of one hundred killed, and two hundred and thirty-six wounded, the enemy losing more by our account, less by their own. The desperate character of the fight is shown by the loss, which, in Boyd's brigade, amounted to one-fourth of the whole number. Had this detachment of the Americans been sustained by the whole disposable force of our

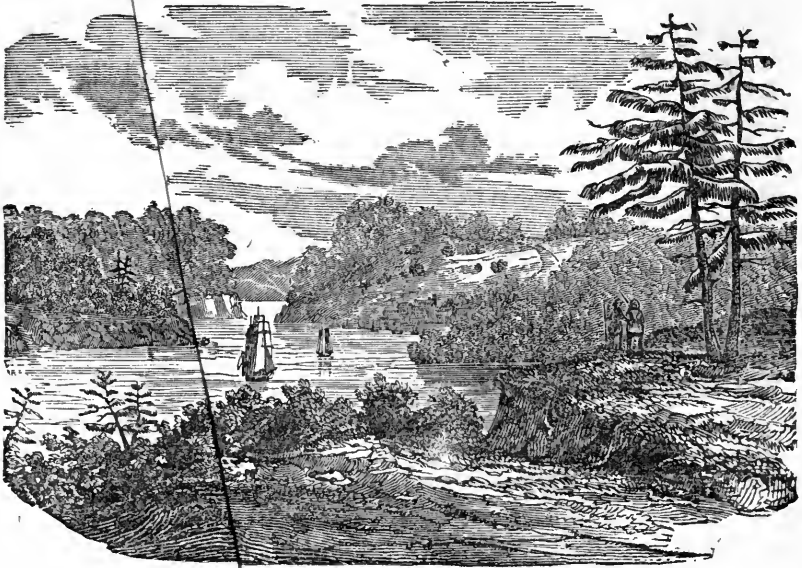
army, there can be no doubt but that a glorious and decisive victory would have been won. This battle has been known as that of Williamsburg.

Wilkinson had now achieved three-fourths of his journey. His forces were greatly superior to those of the enemy; the road to Montreal was comparatively open; and the season was approaching which, notwithstanding the cold, is more favorable to military operations in Canada than either the autumn or spring. His advance was commanded by General Brown, a bold and gallant officer, who felt confident of the success of the campaign. Serving under Brown was a young officer, since the conqueror of Mexico, Colonel Winfield Scott, who had just routed a party of the British, eight hundred strong, at Hoophole Creek, and who was equally confident of victory. Had Wilkinson listened to the advice of these more heroic spirits, he might yet have achieved successes that would have crowned his name with glory. But, instead of this, he took counsel of his own morbid fears. At every step he considered he was further from his base, and, expecting defeat, lamented the distance that separated him from a secure place of refuge. While in this miserable condition of mind he received a letter from Hampton, on the 12th of November, refusing peremptorily to join the expedition. This decided Wilkinson. He saw a chance to shift the responsibility on another, and relieve himself of his suspense. His brow, which had been so long clouded, cleared up; eagerly snatching at this refusal of Hampton as an excuse, he resolved to retreat, and calling in the advance, set out, the very next day, for French Mills, on Salmon River. This resolution was heard with grief and dismay by the younger officers. Thus failed an expedition, undertaken at the head of the best appointed army which had yet been sent out by the United States. No palliation, or but little, can be offered for the conduct of Wilkinson. It was not criminal, perhaps, but it was not heroic. A man of more ability, a Jackson, a Taylor, or a Scott, would have entered Montreal in triumph. Wilkinson was tried by a court-martial, and acquitted, of course, since neither treachery, nor any other glaring error could be proved upon him. But the popular verdict was against him, and in questions of this kind the robust common sense of the people is generally right.

We cannot close the narrative of this disgraceful campaign without alluding to the loss of Fort George and of Fort Niagara. The former was situated on British soil, and had been the only conquest remaining to us, when its Commander, Colonel Scott, eager to share in the expected glories of Wilkinson's expedition, left it in charge of



General M'Clure of the New York militia. During the period of his absence, the British, twelve hundred strong, headed by General Drummond, advanced to the siege of the place. Alarmed at this imposing force, a council of war was called in the fort, and its abandonment resolved upon, though the place was fully competent for a



QUEENSTOWN.

defence. The post was accordingly dismantled. But, not content with dilapidating the fort, the retiring Americans set fire to the neighboring village of Newark, alleging that otherwise it might afford a shelter to the enemy during the approaching winter. By this inhuman act, four hundred women and children, deprived of their homes, were thrust out into the open air to endure all the horrors of a Canadian winter. Nor did the savage cruelty of the militia end here. Finding that the British sought shelter in the neighboring village of Queenstown, red hot shots were fired at that place, to deprive the enemy of a refuge there. For these acts of Vandalism, a terrible and speedy retribution was taken by the British. Crossing the river at the head of five hundred men, Colonel Murray, of the

English army, surprised and carried Fort Niagara, putting sixty-three of its garrison to death with the bayonet, before he would grant quarter. This bold act was followed up by the burning of the villages of Lewistown and Manchester, and subsequently by the sacking and conflagration of Black Rock and Buffalo. We do not pretend to defend either of these barbarities. The British, in the campaign of the preceding year, had acted so ruthlessly as to exasperate the Americans; and to this, in part, is the burning of Newark and Queenstown to be attributed. But the Vandilism of one party should never excuse that of another. It ought to be the proud boast of Americans, that while they make war like heroes, they conduct themselves towards defenceless women and children, with the tenderest humanity. Such, indeed, had been their character up to this period. It is lamentable to consider that this fair fame was lost through the instrumentality of cowards, who, incompetent to defend their post, set an example of barbarity that was fearfully retaliated in the sack of Buffalo, and subsequently in that of the capital of the nation.

Wilkinson, having arrived at French Mills, waited until his army was established in winter quarters, and then requested leave of absence, in order to recruit his health. He directed Hampton to be brought to a court-martial, and, in the spring, that General resigned. Wilkinson afterwards requested a court-martial on himself. This body met in 1815, and acquitted him of all blame. However, on the new organization of the army, after the peace, he was not retained on the establishment, an ominous hint as to the popular opinion of his conduct. He availed himself of the leisure thus afforded him, to give to the world, in 1817, three large octavo volumes entitled "Memoirs of My Own Times." This work is not without value, but is marked by too much personal prejudice.

Having become possessed of large estates in Mexico, Wilkinson removed to that country soon after leaving the army. He survived there until the 28th of December, 1825. His death occurred in the vicinity of the capital, and he lies buried in the parish of St. Miguel.



JOHN ARMSTRONG.



**A**LTHOUGH Armstrong was not present in any battle during the war of 1812, yet, as Secretary of the War Department, and the projector of the campaign of 1813, he merits a place in this series. It can scarcely be said that he was a very able, or a very fortunate leader. None of his projects were crowned with success. Though he removed his department from Washington to the northern frontier, in order to be nearer the scene of operations, he gained nothing from the step but the envy of his Generals. Neither in arranging the plan of

this campaign, nor in endeavoring to reconcile the jealousies of Wilkinson and Hampton, did he exhibit any evidences of a superior intellect. In short, he was better at criticising others than at performing great deeds himself. A caustic writer, a good hater, prejudiced, vindictive and vain, he presents the spectacle of a man, who, unable to rise to a first position himself, detracted from all others who aspired to it.

Yet it would be improper to speak of Armstrong in a tone of unqualified censure. He experienced many things to exasperate him, and to leave upon his mind the stinging impression of injustice and undeserved insult. The failure of the campaign of 1813 was far from being entirely his fault. In fact the very errors which led to that failure, he had early warned the commanding Generals against; and the removal of the department to the northern frontier was projected in hopes to prevent, by his presence, unnecessary delays. Moreover, he was not properly seconded in any of his plans by the President. Madison and Armstrong had not agreed from the first; and as the war progressed, the mutual distrust widened. None of the Generals whom the executive had most confidence in, and who were consequently appointed to the chief commands, were, in the Secretary's opinion, competent for their posts. It was Armstrong's favorite belief that victory would never attend our banner, until the old Generals were weeded out of the army, and new and more vigorous ones appointed in their place. The result certainly verified his views. His retirement from his office was attended by circumstances which favored his assertion at the time, that he had been unjustly treated; for, when the capture of the capitol covered him with undeserved odium, instead of endeavoring to shield him, the President hinted that it would be best for him to be absent for a while. The truth was that it was Madison and not Armstrong, who was the real cause of the capture of the capitol. The President insisted that Winder should command the troops, and Armstrong objected. But the will of the President prevailed, and the imbecility of Winder caused a defeat. In the end, the popular clamors demanded a victim, and Armstrong, though the least criminal of all, was disingenuously sacrificed to public opinion. Indignant at this treatment he threw up his office. His own generation blamed him for the fault of another; but it is the duty of the annalist to reverse this decision.

John Armstrong was the son of General John Armstrong, a distinguished officer of the Revolution, and was born at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in the year 1758. At the age of eighteen, contrary to the wishes of his parents, he absconded from his studies and entered the

army as a volunteer. He was present at the battle of Princeton in the capacity of Aid-de-camp to General Mercer ; and after the conflict assisted to bear the wounded and dying hero from the field. Subsequently, he was invited by General Gates to become a member of his military family, and in this situation, with the rank of Major, he continued until the close of the war. He was the author of the celebrated Newburgh addresses which raised such a ferment in the army in 1782, and which Washington publicly denounced as improper, factious, and dangerous to the country. They were written with great ability, and having something of justice as a foundation, were eminently calculated to exasperate the officers against Congress. It was with difficulty that even the Commander-in-chief could allay the storm. The writing of these letters was, in later life, a source of obloquy to Armstrong. Attempts have been made accordingly to defend his conduct. But though we can see some slight palliation, we cannot discover any legitimate excuse. The verdict of Washington in reference to these letters, pronounced many years subsequent to their publication, is, perhaps, the most impartial that can be given. This judgment exculpated Armstrong from intentional error, but censured the means he employed. "I have since," wrote Washington, "had sufficient reason for believing that the object of the author was just, honorable and friendly to the country, though the means suggested were certainly liable to much misunderstanding and abuse."

After the conclusion of peace, Armstrong was Secretary of the state of Pennsylvania, during Franklin's administration. He was subsequently a member of the old Congress. In 1789 he married a sister of Chancellor Livingston, of New York, and removed to the latter commonwealth to reside. In 1800 he was elected a Senator of the United States. In 1804 he was appointed, by Jefferson, Minister to the court of France. He continued to reside in Paris, discharging the duties of his mission, and acting also as ambassador to Spain, until 1810, when, at his own request, he was recalled, his health and his private affairs requiring his attention at home. On the declaration of war in 1812 he was appointed a Brigadier ; but he had scarcely entered on his duties, when the resignation of Dr. Eustus as Secretary of War, opened his way to that high post. The President, it is understood, selected him with reluctance, but considered the choice the best that could be made under the circumstances ; while Armstrong, on his part, accepted the post with misgivings, for he found, almost on his first interview, that Madison and himself differed as to the Generals to be employed. "The old commanders have lost all ambitious aspirations," said the new Secretary, "while they

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

have forgotten all they ever knew, and are ignorant of the later improvements in military science." In the end, this difference of opinion, as we have already seen, led to the comparative alienation of the President and Secretary, and to the resignation of the latter in disgust.

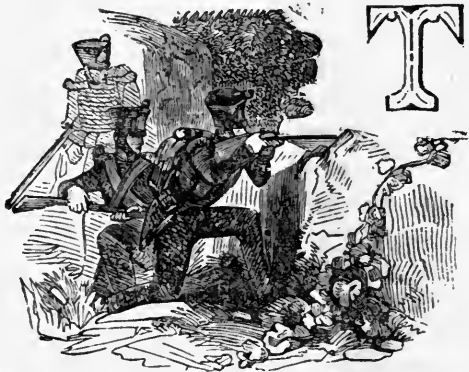
It was in February, 1813, that Armstrong assumed his new office. He immediately drew up a plan for the invasion of Canada, predicated on the capture of York, Kingston and other posts, and the obtaining command of the St. Lawrence, before the ice should leave that river, and recruits arrive from England. Had this scheme been executed with promptitude and vigor it is probable that Montreal would have fallen into our hands, and perhaps the whole province been triumphantly overrun. But Dearborn, then in command at the north, trifled with the precious moments, and the navigation was opened before anything could be effected. At last, the expedition against York was undertaken, a gallant exploit, but an almost useless one, since it was beginning at the extremity, instead of striking at the heart. Annoyed at these delays, Armstrong insisted that Wilkinson should be sent to supersede Dearborn, and that the war office should be changed to the north in order that he might personally inspect and hasten operations. But the campaign, though begun again under these happier auspices, proved a total failure. Armstrong revenged himself, however, by abusing both his subordinates, thus proving that, if he was not a great war minister, he had at least a caustic pen. He continued in office until August, 1814.

Armstrong, after his retirement, amused himself with literary labors. He wrote a sharp review of Wilkinson's Memoirs; numerous short biographical notices; a treatise on gardening, and another on agriculture, both considered admirable; and a work in two volumes, entitled, "Notices of the War of 1812." The latter publication is strongly tinged with the author's prejudices and acrimonious feelings; but displays a large share of military knowledge; and is written in a very effective style. Indeed, Armstrong is decidedly the best military author America has produced; and it is to be regretted that he did not live to finish a history of the Revolution, which he is understood to have begun.

He retained his health in almost full vigor to the 84th year of his age. Towards the close of 1842 he began to waste away, and sinking into a rapid decline, died on the 1st of April, 1843.



GEORGE CROGHAN.



THE first gleam of success in the north-west was the heroic defence of Fort Sandusky, by Major Geo. Croghan. This affair occurred on the 2d of August, 1813, and exhilarated the public mind in proportion to its former depression. A more gallant act it has never been the province

of the historian to record. Croghan was born at Locust Grove, Kentucky, on the 15th of November, 1791. He received the best

education the grammar schools of his native state could afford ; and entered the college of William and Mary, in Virginia, in his seventeenth year. In July, 1810, he graduated, and immediately began the study of the law. In the autumn of 1811, however, the discovery of an Indian confederacy under Tecumseh, became public, and a large portion of the more spirited of the young men of Kentucky, resolved to offer their services in this emergency to their country. Croghan was one of this number. He first entered as a private for the campaign up the Wabash, but soon attracting the notice of his superiors, was made Aid-de-camp to General Boyd, the second in command. This promotion was a short time preceding the battle of Tippecanoe. For his behaviour in that stoutly contested field, he received the thanks of the commanding General, and was presented with the commission of a Captain in the provincial army, directed to be raised in the spring of 1812.

In August of that year, Croghan accompanied the detachment under General Winchester, which marched from Kentucky to the relief of General Hull. As is well known, the premature surrender of Hull rendered the advance of these reinforcements unnecessary, Croghan continued with Winchester, until, in the succeeding winter, that General moved upon the Rapids, when our hero was left in command of the fort just erected at the juncture of the Miami and Au Glaize rivers. In consequence of this arrangement, he escaped being made a prisoner with the rest of his comrades at the Raisin. He now joined Harrison at the Rapids. This was previous to the erection of Fort Meigs. On the completion of that work, Croghan was one of those besieged in it, with the commanding General ; and Harrison frequently afterwards expressed the confidence he had reposed in his subordinate's judicious arrangements during that leaguer. On the occasion of the sortie of the 5th of May, Croghan commanded one of the companies under Colonel Miller, and, for his courageous deportment, was again noticed in general orders. In 1813, Croghan was advanced to the rank of Major. The command of Fort Stephenson was now entrusted to him, and the consequence was that brilliant exploit which will enshrine his name to the latest posterity.

A large body of Indian auxiliaries having assembled at Malden, in the spring of 1813, Proctor, to give them employment, resolved to attack Fort Meigs, and subsequently Fort Stephenson, at Lower Sandusky. His design, in assaulting these places, was two-fold. By making a demonstration against Fort Meigs, he hoped to induce the commander, Colonel Clay, to leave his entrenchments, and meet



himself and Tecumseh in the open field. This was his first object. His second was by seriously alarming Harrison, then at Lower Sandusky, for the safety of his out-posts and stores on the Miami, to induce that General to hasten to their defence, by which means the British leader thought the capture of Forts Stephenson, Cleveland, and Presque Isle, would be rendered comparatively easy, since no longer sustained by the army of the Commander-in-chief. Accordingly, these being the plans of his campaign, Proctor, on the 22d of May, advanced against Fort Meigs. But speedily discovering that his designs against that post promised little success, he raised the siege six days after, and dismissing a portion of his force to Malden, and sending another portion to watch Harrison, he hastened with the residue, twenty-two hundred, white and red, to assail Fort Stephenson.

Meanwhile, Croghan, the commander of that place, was in a most perilous condition. Harrison, having determined to retreat, had sent word to him to abandon the fort, and repair to camp; but the young officer taking the order as a discretionary one, resolved to hold the position. The fort, however, presented few inducements to encourage resistance. Injudiciously placed, and badly constructed, neither finished nor furnished—stripped of a part even of its usual armament, and garrisoned by only one hundred and fifty men, it was scarcely worthy the name of a military work, and would have been considered untenable by four out of five ordinary officers. But the men who occupied that little post, as well as their heroic commander, were made of no common stuff. The disgrace of the preceding campaign had caused their cheeks to burn with shame, and they longed, one and all, for an opportunity to redeem the glory of their country, now suffering a sad eclipse. Accordingly, when notice was given of the approach of the enemy, there was but one opinion in the fort as to the course to be pursued. "We will repel the foe," was the cry, "or perish in the attempt."

The instructions of Harrison had been that Croghan should abandon the fort on the approach of Proctor, provided a retreat should then be practicable. The disposition of the British force, however, rendered a retrograde movement difficult, if not impossible. Proctor's first object had been to surround the place with a cordon of Indians. This movement showed that he considered the retreat of the garrison so certain, as to render some precautions necessary to secure his ground. Having thus, as he thought, provided against the only contingency by which his enterprise could fail of complete success, Proctor despatched Captain Elliot, the half-breed, who had figured

in the massacre at the Raisin, to summon the fort to surrender. The demand was seconded with a threat of indiscriminate slaughter in case of refusal. Croghan's answer was short and heroic: "Go back to your leader," he exclaimed, "and tell him that brave men do not surrender without blows. We will defend the fort to the last extremity." With these words, he turned on the messenger, and regaining his companions, prepared to make good his words by a desperate defence.

Yet, to have seen the scanty means at his disposal, would have made the heart of any man less brave, sink within him. The works were shamefully weak, and but a single cannon constituted the armament. These things, however, had all been known before, and duly considered by that little garrison. The resolution to defend the place had not been the Quixotic impulse of an hour, but the settled determination of days of calm deliberation. Croghan felt that it was better the whole garrison should be cut off, than that, by its retreat, hundreds of miles of frontier, with thousands of innocent inhabitants should be thrown open to the merciless savages. Moreover, he knew well the perfidy of Proctor. The very messenger the British General had sent had been ominous of massacre. The Americans, in consequence, resolved, like the heroic defenders of the Alamo in a similar emergency, to rely on their own stalwart arms and unerring aim, rather than on the word of a treacherous enemy, choosing to perish, if death must be their fate, in the noble effort to defend their flag, and not unresistingly under the scalping knife and tomahawk of the savage. A resolution worthy of freemen, and fortunately crowned with success!

Proctor, though fully expecting a surrender, had not, however, intermitted his preparations for a siege, and by the time his messenger returned with a defiance, had landed his artillery, and placed it so as to support his gun-boats. A fire was immediately opened on the fort. Soon the balls began to strike the works, knocking the splinters in every direction. The day, meanwhile, departed, but darkness was not allowed by the eager enemy to retard his operations. All through that mid-summer night cannon shook the neighboring shores with their roar, and flung a lurid blaze across the gloom. It was no time for slumber, consequently, in the American camp. Every man was at his post, or convenient to it; every cartridge box was seen to be supplied; every musket was examined, and the point of every blade tried, that they might be sure to do their work. Croghan passed and re-passed among his troops, in order to convince himself that nothing was omitted. Now and then, perhaps, as he or

his soldiers looked out on the plain below, and beheld the thick masses of the enemy, revealed every few minutes by the flashes of the cannon, their thoughts might revert to the terrible chances against them on the morrow, and, in fancy, memory would return to the homes they had left, and the lovely faces that made those homes so dear, never, perhaps, to be seen again. But feelings like these were not suffered to unman them. On the contrary, at every such thought, the musket was grasped more tightly, and a silent vow taken to fight as if those distant ones were looking on. Occasionally, between the sound of the explosions, wild noises would come up from the flanks of the enemy, which the soldiers too well knew to be the shouts of the savages, as their braves boasted of the scalps they should take on the morrow; and, once or twice, there were those who saw, or fancied they saw, the figures of painted Indians dancing, the scene blazing out an instant in the blue and ghastly light of the cannonade, like a vision of fiends at their orgies.

Morning came slowly and wearily to the besiegers, but with wings of lightning to the besieged. As the grey dawn melted into the rosy hues of sunrise, many a brave man within that fort looked up for the last time, as he thought, to heaven, but still with no unmanly fear; only with that sad feeling which the boldest will experience when he sees himself about to be immolated. Such a feeling perhaps, crossed the heart of Leonidas, when he fastened on his buckler, and waited for the Persian thousands. Croghan was in the front of his men, calm in that hour of extreme peril. But it soon became evident that the enemy did not intend an immediate assault, for he had established a new battery, consisting of six pounders, within two hundred and fifty yards of the pickets. A respite was thus gained for the defenders. But it was a respite allowing no repose, and only a protraction of their suspense. The fire of this new battery soon began, and the air shook with concussions. The balls hurtled around the fort, or bounded from the ramparts. The surface of the ground in the line of fire, became covered with smoke, which, every few minutes, would rend asunder, and a ball come whistling along. Thus the morning passed. Noon came, but the roar of the cannonade was undiminished. And even when the hot August sun began to decline in the west, the blaze of artillery still went on, and the suspense of the besieged continued.

At last the fire of the British was seen to be concentrated on the north-west corner of the fort, and now Croghan no longer doubted as to the point where the attack was to be made. He accordingly hastened in person to the threatened spot. Every man that could be

spared from other quarters, was put in requisition, and all the bags of flour and sand that could be found, were hurriedly collected, and arranged to strengthen the angle. The solitary cannon, the only hope of the defenders, was charged with grape-shot, and placed so as to enfilade the assailants. Then each soldier took his post. A profound silence succeeded within the fort. This lasted for perhaps, two minutes, at the end of which the enemy was seen advancing through the smoke, his troops formed in one compact column, and marching with the steady tread of assured victors. When Croghan gave the order to fire, such a rattling volley was poured in by the garrison, that the enemy reeled and fell into disorder. But, at this crisis, Lieutenant-colonel Short, who led the British in the assault, sprang to the head of his soldiers, and waving his sword, called to them to follow, bidding them with oaths, to remember that no quarter was to be given. A savage shout answered this address,



DEFENCE OF FORT STEPHENSON.

and the ranks recovering their order, the head of the column rushed forward, and leaped down into the ditch, which was soon densely crowded.

This was the moment for which Croghan had waited. Another minute, perhaps, would have given the fort to the foe; but that minute many of his best men were destined never to see. The

single cannon of the garrison, placed so as to rake the assailants, now bore full on the masses of soldiery in the ditch, and the mask being suddenly removed, the whole fearful contents of the piece swept the solid ranks before it. There was a gush of flame, a stunning explosion, and the hissing sound of grape—then, as the white smoke floated back on the besiegers, the prospect was, for an instant, hidden. But when the veil of battle blew aside, a scene of horror was exhibited, such as those who witnessed it have described as one of the most awful on record. At first a lane, perceptible to every eye, and extending right through the densest portion of the assaulting mass, marked the path traversed by the shot, but as the distance from the gun increased, and the grape scattered, this clearly defined line disappeared, and a prospect of the wildest confusion ensued. One third of those who had entered the ditch, lay there a shapeless, quivering mass. In many instances, the dead had fallen on the wounded, and as the latter struggled to extricate themselves, the scene resembled that depicted in old paintings of the Final Judgment, where fiends and men wrestle in horrible contortions. Groans, shrieks, and curses more terrible than all, rose from that Golgotha! The few who retained life and strength, after the first second of amazement, rushed from the post of peril, leaped wildly upon the bank, and communicating their terror to the rest of the column, the whole took to flight, and buried itself in the neighboring woods. As this occurred, such a shout went up to heaven from the conquerors as never had been heard on that wild shore before. And well might the Americans exult—for it was against ten times their own number they had achieved a victory.

In recompense for this gallant exploit, Croghan was elevated to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. His name was eulogized in Congress, and hailed with applause throughout the country as that of one, who united in himself the prudence of the veteran, and the courage of the hero. His military genius, indeed, had been proved by his uniform conduct, to be of a very high order. During his campaign under Winchester, he became celebrated among his companions for the judicious selection he made of his ground wherever the army encamped, and for his throwing up some slight fortifications, even when the stay was to be but for a night. He was remarkable also for a manly and open character, for chivalrous sentiment, and for an intellect of more than ordinary force. In 1835, Congress presented him a gold medal, in commemoration of his defence of Fort Stephenson.

Croghan made an unsuccessful attempt after the battle of the Thames to recover the post of Mackinaw. On the conclusion of

peace, he was retained in the army, but resigned in 1817. Soon after he was appointed Post-Master at New Orleans. In 1825, however, he returned to the army, and accepted the post of Inspector-General, which he still worthily fills. He joined the army in Mexico on the march to Monterey, and was present at the assault of that place. During the crisis of one of the three days fighting, when a Tennessee regiment shook under a tremendous concentric fire, Croghan rushed to the front, and taking off his hat, the wind tossing his grey hairs, he shouted: "Men of Tennessee, your fathers conquered with Jackson at New Orleans—follow me!" The stirring words were received with a burst of cheers, and the troops re-animated, dashed on. In the list of brevets subsequently conferred for gallantry in this action, his name was, however, by some oversight, overlooked, and he was unwillingly recalled soon after to the United States.

Croghan died at New Orleans, on the 8th of January, 1849. With the evening gun of that memorable anniversary, his spirit passed away.





## WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.



HARRISON was one of the successful Generals of the last war. It was under him that the first victories were gained over the British in the

north-west; and his name will go down to posterity indissolubly connected with the battle of the Thames. He is even more honorably remembered for his Indian wars, however: and as the hero of Tippecanoe has gained a fast hold on the

public heart. Perhaps, critically speaking, he was inferior, in military

genius, to both Jackson and Brown. He wanted the terrible energy, the almost reckless boldness which characterized these two leaders. He belonged to a different school altogether. His was the policy of Fabius, rather than of Marcellus; and this not from necessity, but from choice. The bent of his mind was to be prudent, economic of means, willing to listen to advice.

William Henry Harrison was the son of Benjamin Harrison, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was born at Berkley, the residence of his father, in the county of Charles City, Virginia, on the 9th of February, 1773. He received his education at Hampden Sydney College, in his native state. At the age of seventeen he graduated, and turned his attention to the study of medicine. His father dying, however, in the succeeding year, he abandoned all thoughts of this profession, and solicited an Ensigncy in the United States army. In 1791, accordingly, he received a commission, and was immediately ordered to his regiment, then stationed at Fort Washington, where the city of Cincinnati has since been built. The war which raged with the western Indians gave the young soldier numerous opportunities to distinguish himself; and he was, on more than one occasion, mentioned in flattering terms by his superior officer. Promotion rapidly followed. In 1792 he was raised to the rank of Lieutenant. In 1794, on the victory of Wayne, he became a Captain. Soon after, peace having been concluded with the Indians, he was honored with the command of Fort Washington. During the whole of this period he had resided, without intermission, in the west, and had now become so thoroughly identified with its interests, that it needed but little temptation to induce him to make that his permanent home.

Accordingly in 1797 he resigned his commission in the army, in order to be appointed Secretary of the north-western territory. The vast district, then known under this name, comprised what are now the states of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Illinois. In 1799, when the territory sent its first delegate to Congress, Harrison was chosen the representative. His career as a legislator was distinguished by practical sense and an untiring endeavor to benefit his constituents. Among other measures, he procured an alteration in the law providing for the sale of public lands. Up to that period, the smallest portion of land which the government would dispose of to one individual was four thousand acres. This practice, though convenient for the government, was injurious to the west, and unjust to the people. It was, in fact, holding out inducements to the wealthy speculators, and virtually excluding the poorer classes, who composed



the real settlers, from being purchasers. Harrison procured the passage of an act which provided that the public lands should be sold in alternate sections and half sections, the former comprising six hundred and forty acres, and the latter three hundred and twenty acres each. This change proved highly beneficial. The settlers of comparatively humble means were no longer at the mercy of the land speculators, and as a consequence, emigration to the west tripled itself within a few years.

When Indiana, in 1801, was erected into a distinct territorial government, Harrison was appointed its Governor, with extraordinary powers. His administration was so popular with the people, that, at their solicitation, he was re-appointed to this office, by both Jefferson and Madison, down to the year 1813. His knowledge of Indian affairs rendered him, during all this period, prominent in every transaction with the savages. In 1803, Jefferson had appointed him a "commissioner to enter into any treaties which might be necessary with any Indian tribes north-west of the Ohio, and within the territory of the United States, on the subject of their boundaries or lands." In his capacity of commissioner, under this appointment, he executed no less than thirteen treaties with different tribes. By his sagacity and wisdom the western border was preserved, for many years, in a state of comparative security. As the impression of Wayne's victory began to wear away, however, the Indians, always restless, thirsted to take up the hatchet. The instigation of England, whose emissaries increased with the probabilities of a war between her and the United States, assisted to fan the flame of discord. But peace might, perhaps, still have been preserved but for the exertions of Tecumseh, an Indian chief, who had conceived the design of uniting all his race in one great league against the whites, and thus endeavoring to recover the lands and hunting grounds of his ancestors.

Had Tecumseh been a Roman, and successful in his design, his name would have been immortalized by this gigantic plan. He knew by the traditions of his people, that scarcely three centuries had passed since the white man first landed in America; and patriarchs were still living among his tribe, who could recollect when the Alleghanies formed the boundary to civilization. He himself had seen how, year by year, the great tide of population rolled westward, obliterating forest, village and wigwam, like the sea gaining steadily upon the shore. Where once the smoke of the council-fire curled up amid the boundless wilderness; where once the hunter roamed fearless, knowing that, far as he went, the land was all his own; where once the Indian girl sang her love-song, the Indian wife

plaited her mat, or the Indian children gambolled before the cabin door, now rose the tall chimney of the furnace, now surged along the dense population of cities, now was heard the clatter of the mill-wheel, the roar of manufactories, and all the other noisy accompaniments of civilized life. Each year the Indian saw his territory decrease, and his white neighbor crowd him further towards the setting sun. Is it to be wondered at that Tecumseh regarded the Americans as his natural enemies, that he vowed against them eternal hostility, and that he sought to unite all the red tribes in one immense league against these natural foes of his race? Yet even he must, at times, when revolving his stupendous plans, have felt how impotent would be resistance against what seemed to be the inevitable decree of Providence.

Tecumseh was assisted in his enterprise by his brother, who was known by the name of "the Prophet." Together these two labored to excite the savages against the United States. Their designs at last began to attract the attention of government. Murders and other outrages became of frequent occurrence. Some great movement against the whites was obviously in preparation. Determined to take the initiative, the United States assembled a force of regulars and militia in 1811, and placing it under the command of Harrison, directed him to march against the Prophet's town of Tippecanoe, and demand the restoration of such property as had been carried off by the Indians. If his request was refused, he was to proceed and enforce the claim. Accordingly, Harrison, losing no time in delay, arrived before the town on the 6th of November. Here he was met by messengers from the Prophet, deprecating hostilities and promising that all differences should be adjusted on the morrow. Relying in part on this stipulation, yet alive to the treachery of the Indian character, Harrison was perplexed what to do, since to seem to doubt the foe might produce the very danger he wished to avoid, while to trust implicitly to him might insure destruction. He resolved, finally, to encamp for the night on an elevated piece of dry oak land, situated between two prairies, a position affording the best means of defence in the vicinity.

His mistrust of the enemy was so great, however, that he encamped his men in order of battle, and directed them to rest on their arms; hence, if attacked in the night, they would be ready instantaneously for the contest. The line was formed also with great skill. The front and rear were composed of infantry, separated on the right about ninety yards, and on the left about twice that distance. The front line contained a battalion of the fourth regiment of regulars, com-

manded by Major Floyd; the rear line was formed of another battalion of the fourth, under Captain Baer. On the rear of the left flank was posted a company of sixty dragoons; and in the rear of the front line another more numerous. The left flank was defended by about one hundred and fifty mounted riflemen, under General Wells, of Kentucky; and the right flank by Spencer's company of mounted riflemen, in numbers about eighty. Two companies of militia flanked the right of Major Floyd, and on his left Captain Baer's line was flanked by four companies of militia under Lieutenant-Colonel Decker. Thus judiciously posted, the little army lay down to slumber.

Before daybreak, however, on the morning of the 7th of November, the soldiers were startled by the sound of the war-whoop close to the lines. Instantly every man sprang to his arms. Louder and nearer rose the yells of the Indians, followed by the rapid dropping of shots; and speedily the pickets, driven before overwhelming numbers, came pouring into the camp. Never were the high qualities of the American soldier more gloriously displayed than in this emergency. Though surprised, and scarcely yet awake, each man knew at once what to do. The first weight of the assault fell on Captain Barton's regulars and the mounted riflemen of Captain Geiger, and with such impetuosity did it burst, that a few savages actually cut through the ranks and penetrated into the camp. But this spectacle, instead of creating a panic, only roused the soldiers to the most desperate exertions. Reinforcements were hurried to the front. The Indians in the camp paid for their temerity with their lives. But suddenly, while the attention of the General was thus occupied, a tremendous fire was opened in another quarter, to the left of the front, on the companies of Baer, Prescott and Snelling. At the same time the savages appeared in great force among some trees a few yards in advance of the front. The flashes of their guns followed each other in rapid succession, and soldier after soldier fell beneath their unerring aim. Yet not a man flinched. The regulars died where they stood; the mounted men were decimated unmoved; and the volunteers, regardless of their fast thinning ranks, still bravely faced the foe.

In this emergency, Major Davies, who had been posted in the rear of the front line, was ordered to charge the enemy with his cavalry. Calling to his men to follow, he dashed gallantly forward, but almost immediately received a mortal wound; while his troops, unable to withstand the close and well directed fire of the savages, fell back in disorder. The yells of the Indians now redoubled, and in this part of the field rose triumphant over the rattling of the mus-

ketry. Captain Snelling was next ordered to charge with the bayonet. The command was received with a cheer, the long line of glistening steel was levelled, and the little phalanx of regulars was launched like a thunderbolt on the foe. The Indians gave way in affright. But this success crowned only one portion of the field. On all the others the savages still maintained their positions, and continued to pour in heavy and destructive discharges. The light was still too faint to detect the situations held by the Indians, except when the flashes of the guns lit up their dark forms in the back-ground, or a sudden burst of yells betrayed them in some near locality. The whole camp, however, was occasionally girdled with fire. Spencer's mounted riflemen and the right of Warrick's company appeared to be especial marks for the foe. The slaughter among these brave men was awful. Captain Spencer was killed, as was also his first and second Lieutenant; Captain Warrick fell, mortally wounded; and the men dropped from their ranks continually. The Americans could do nothing until morning broke, except maintain their posts, and keep up an intermitting round of volleys. This they did effectually. One rolling discharge after another shook the solid ground and hurled its missiles of death against the foe, until the smoke of the pieces grew so thick, that it increased the darkness and thus prolonged the danger.

At last the dawn broke, and soon, in the increasing light, the position of the foe became distinctly defined. The exact locality of the savages on the left was now reconnoitred for the purpose of a charge; and Major Wells, in the most brilliant manner, leading his men down the slope, broke the line of the enemy. The Indians were no sooner perceived to be retreating, than a detachment of cavalry was hurled among them. Their consternation on this became general. Driven furiously by the horsemen, who cut them down almost unresistingly, and as fast as the sabre could be plied, they rushed wildly forwards, crowding and treading on each other in their terror, until they finally plunged themselves into a marsh where the cavalry could not follow. The victory in this quarter was complete. Simultaneously the companies of Captain Cook and Lieutenant Lrabie were ordered to advance against the savages on the right, sustained by the mounted riflemen. The movement was executed with great gallantry. The Indians broke and fled. Our troops pursued, throwing in the bayonet, wherever it was possible, the cheers that rose from every part of the field, stimulating them with assurances of a complete victory. The enemy was now flying, indeed, in all directions. Harrison had gained a decisive triumph.

In the battle of Tippecanoe the inherent courage, combined with the intelligence of the American soldier, was strikingly exemplified. Rarely has any body of troops been attacked under circumstances more discouraging to the assailed. The numbers and position of the foe were unknown; the darkness prevented aggressive measures; and nothing remained but to stand firm until dawn, a mark for the concentric fire of the enemy. The scattered nature of the Indian forces magnified their strength, lessened the mortality of our fire, and assisted to dishearten the soldiers. During the greater portion of the battle there was no opportunity for the exercise of generalship, or of any quality in either officers or men, except passive courage. Yet nobly did the American soldier vindicate his blood. When morning dawned at last, and the positions of the savages could be made out, how readily, and with what splendid courage he came to the assault! The loss of the Indians was excessive, considering the caution with which they hazard life; it was one hundred and fifty. That of the Americans, in killed and wounded, was one hundred and eighty-eight.

The victory was immediately followed up by vigorous measures against the offending tribe. On the 9th, two days after the battle, Harrison burned the Prophet's town. He next proceeded to lay waste the contiguous districts. The Indians, struck dumb with astonishment at their unexpected defeat, and finding themselves powerless to resist their foe, now sued for submission. Perhaps if Tecumseh had been present, the contest would have been more protracted; but that indomitable chieftain was in the south, engaged in stirring up the Creeks to war. Having completed all the purposes of the campaign, Harrison now set out on his return. Everywhere, as he traversed the inhabited country, he was received with enthusiasm. The people hailed him as the preserver of beauty from the tomahawk of the savage; as the defender of civilization against barbarian inroads; as the hero whose sword carried victory upon its point. No man, in the whole west, was more popular.

Accordingly when, in the succeeding year, the capture of Hull aroused the nation to the necessity of a more active prosecution of the war, the public voice at once fixed on Harrison as the only man capable of leading the army to success and glory in the north-west. When the news of the fall of Detroit reached Kentucky, Harrison was on a visit to that state, and was almost immediately invested, by the Governor, with the rank of Major-General. This was done although Harrison was not a citizen of Kentucky, in order that he might rank Winchester, a Brigadier. Some difficulty, in consequence

of this irregularity, ensued between the two Generals in reference to which should hold supreme command ; but it was terminated by the President, who assigned it to Harrison, and made Winchester second in authority. Before this, however, and immediately on receiving his appointment from the Governor of Kentucky, Harrison had marched to relieve the frontier posts, at the head of a body of militia, hastily collected. He left Cincinnati on the 29th of August, 1812, and on the 3rd of September arrived at Piqua. His force now amounted to about twenty-five hundred men. Believing that an autumnal campaign held out prospects of success, he lost no more time at this place than was absolutely necessary to complete his arrangements and receive his military stores.

On the 6th he marched for Fort Wayne, situated at the head of the Miami of the Lake, a river formed by the confluence of the St. Mary and St. Joseph. This post had been invested, for some time, by Indians, but, at the approach of the Americans, they fled in haste. On the 12th, Harrison arrived at Fort Wayne, and was followed, on the 19th, by Winchester, with reinforcements. The difficulty with respect to the rank of the two Generals not having been yet adjusted, Harrison yielded the command to Winchester, and started for his own government, at the head of a body of mounted men, intending to operate against the Indian settlements in that quarter. He had proceeded, however, but a short distance, when an express from Washington overtook him, with a notification that the disputed point had been decided in his favor. He accordingly returned to Fort Wayne, but found that Winchester had set out for Fort Defiance, the preceding day. This latter General arrived at Fort Defiance on the 30th, after a toilsome march. Here, on the 3rd of October, Harrison overtook him ; but left on the 4th, to bring up the centre and right wing. He first, however, despatched General Tupper, with a thousand men, on an expedition against the Rapids. Owing to the defection of the Ohio militia, as well as to a disagreement between Tupper and Winchester, the enterprise was never carried into effect. The autumn was consumed in a series of petty attempts upon the foe ; but no great movement was undertaken ; for the dearth of supplies frustrated any attempts of magnitude. Michigan did not afford even forage for the horses. "To get supplies forward," wrote Harrison to the department at Washington, "through a swampy wilderness of near two hundred miles, in wagons or on pack horses, which are also to carry their own provisions, is absolutely impossible." In consequence of this difficulty an autumnal campaign was abandoned.

But Harrison was still sanguine that, in the winter, he should be able to strike a successful blow at Malden. His plan of operations did not vary much from that projected for the autumn : it was to occupy the Rapids of the Miami, and having collected a sufficient quantity of provisions there, to advance towards Detroit, make a feint against that place, and then suddenly passing the strait upon the ice, invest Malden. His whole effective force was about six thousand three hundred men, divided into three detachments, one at Fort Defiance, another at Fort M'Arthur, and a third at Upper Sandusky. The different divisions were to concentrate at the Rapids. Winchester, who commanded at Fort Defiance, was the first to arrive at the rendezvous. Here he began to form a fortified camp. Having been induced to send forward a portion of his force to Frenchtown, in order to protect the inhabitants of that place from the savages, a victory was the consequence, which so elated the troops left behind, that they insisted on marching to share the glory of their comrades. Accordingly, Winchester, at the head of the remainder of his detachment, advanced also to the river Raisin, where the united forces sustained that terrible defeat, followed by a massacre, which we have narrated in its proper place.

Harrison had arrived at Lower Sandusky on his way to the place of rendezvous, when he heard of the party sent forward to Frenchtown by Winchester. The intelligence paralyzed the older officers of the army. Alarmed for the consequences, Harrison hastened his march, and reaching the Rapids, discovered that Winchester, deceived by the delusive victory, had pushed on in person to the Raisin. The force under Harrison's immediate command did not amount to quite seven hundred men, yet he decided at once to follow his subordinate, hoping to overtake him before it would be too late. He had left the Rapids but three miles behind him, however, when he heard of the disastrous defeat of Winchester. A hurried consultation now took place, when a retreat towards Sandusky was decided on. This decision was hasty. To have advanced against fifteen hundred victorious troops, with a force less than twice that number would, indeed, have been madness ; but it did not follow that a post, already partially fortified, should be dismantled, its provisions destroyed, and the garrison withdrawn. Such, however, was the decision of the council. The unnecessary haste of this measure was atoned for partially in the ensuing month, when Harrison advanced again to the Rapids, and began to fortify the post anew, under the name of Fort Meigs. Meantime, however, he had retired to Carrying River, about midway between this place and Sandusky. With this retreat, Har-

arrison's winter campaign terminated. It had been even less successful than the autumnal one.

The ensuing spring opened with more eclat. Proctor, at the head of a combined force of regulars and savages, twenty-two hundred strong, advanced against Fort Meigs about the middle of April, hoping to capture it before the arrival of Harrison's reinforcements and supplies; for in consequence of the term of service of a large portion of the troops having expired, the American army was comparatively weak, and anxiously awaited the appearance of General Clay, from Cincinnati, with the new levies, amounting to twelve hundred men. Incessant rains prevented Proctor from opening his batteries before the first of May. The garrison, however, though little over a thousand, was not intimidated. The fort was strong and well supplied with cannon; and the men relied even enthusiastically upon their leader. Moreover, the time had been judiciously employed in throwing up a grand traverse, twelve feet high and three hundred yards long, which effectually covered the besieged. On the 5th of May, a small party sent forward by General Clay, arrived. Harrison now conceived the plan of making a sortie against the enemy, to be sustained by General Clay's detachment. The attack of General Clay was, at first, made with spirit, but finally failed, principally because of the imprudence and insubordination of the troops. The sortie from the fort, under Colonel Miller, was more successful, though, in consequence of General Clay's repulse, it was rendered abortive in the end. It is disgraceful to record that the cruelties visited on their prisoners by the savages, and this too in presence of the British officers, was such as to make humanity revolt at recording them. Proctor, notwithstanding his partial success in this engagement, soon found that he neither could make any impression on the works of the batteries, nor hope to carry the place by storm; accordingly, on the 9th of May, four days after the battle, he raised the siege and began a precipitate retreat, carrying off with him his artillery. The Americans did not, however, molest him. The garrison lost about two hundred and sixty in killed and wounded during the siege, principally in the affair of the 5th. The repulse of Proctor from Fort Meigs obliterated, in a measure, the misfortunes of the preceding winter and autumn, and the name of Harrison was once more regarded, especially in the west, as a sure presage of triumph.

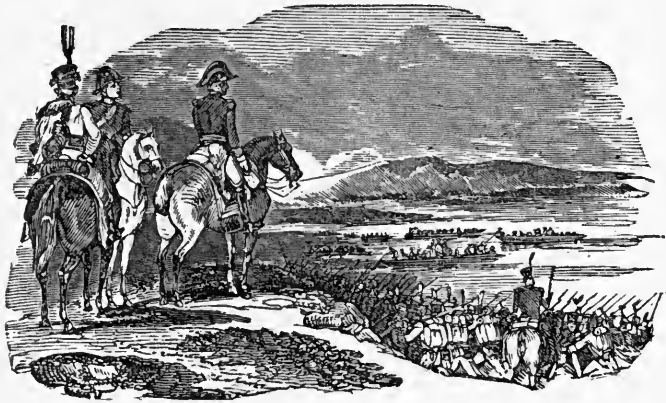
And, in justice to Harrison, it must be said that the failure of the autumnal and winter campaigns cannot wholly be attributed to him. Though not a bold man, he was sufficiently brave, and would have



succeeded if prudence had not forbidden him to risk too much. He has been charged with excess of caution; but it was better to err on this side than on that of rashness. His troops, moreover, were undisciplined, and scarcely fit to cope with British regulars. But the great defect of both campaigns was the attempt to reduce Canada without first obtaining the command of Lake Erie. As we have seen, the supplies of the army had to be carried a distance of two hundred miles, principally on pack-horses, and consequently at an enormous expense. The drivers of these pack-horses were generally of the most worthless description, who, by their carelessness, broke down their animals and destroyed the goods. Wagons were so difficult to obtain, that when used, the teams were valued at an excessive price, which operated as a bounty to induce the owners to drive them to debility or death, in order to get the price. No bills of lading were used, nor accounts kept with the wagoners, and of course the plunder of the public goods went on without restraint. The immense sums thus squandered in supplying the army almost surpasses belief. "From my knowledge of the cost of transportation," wrote Harrison to the Secretary of War, in December, 1812, "I do believe that the expense that will be incurred in the course of six weeks in the spring, in moving the provisions of the army along the roads leading from the Rapids to Detroit, would build and equip all the vessels necessary to give us the command of the lake." Hence, Harrison urged on the government the construction of a fleet on Lake Erie. His advice was finally adopted, and suitable vessels built in the summer of 1813. The victory of Perry over the English squadron, on the 10th of September in that year, followed, and laid open, at once, the whole of that portion of Canada to invasion.

Harrison lost no time in availing himself of the fruits of this naval triumph. He immediately embarked his army, and on the 27th of September, landed on the enemy's shores. Meantime consternation had seized Proctor. Abandoning Malden, notwithstanding the reproaches of Tecumseh, the British General began an ignominious flight. Harrison, now reinforced by Colonel R. M. Johnson, at the head of one thousand mounted Kentucky men, pressed forward in pursuit; and, on the 5th of October, overtook the fugitives on the banks of the Thames, and gained a decisive triumph. The victory was won chiefly by the regiment of Johnson, who pressed forward with such impetuosity that the terrified enemy threw down his arms before the American infantry could get into action. By this glorious event, the direct result of Harrison's foresight and skill, all the territory surrendered by Hull was recovered; a vast quantity of small

arms and stores was captured ; and what was, perhaps, of even more importance, the disgrace of that event was wiped from our arms, and the Indian confederacy under Tecumseh broken forever. Among the trophies were three pieces of artillery which had been taken



GENERAL HARRISON'S ARMY CROSSING LAKE ERIE.

from the British at Saratoga, and had subsequently reverted to their original possessors by the surrender of Hull.

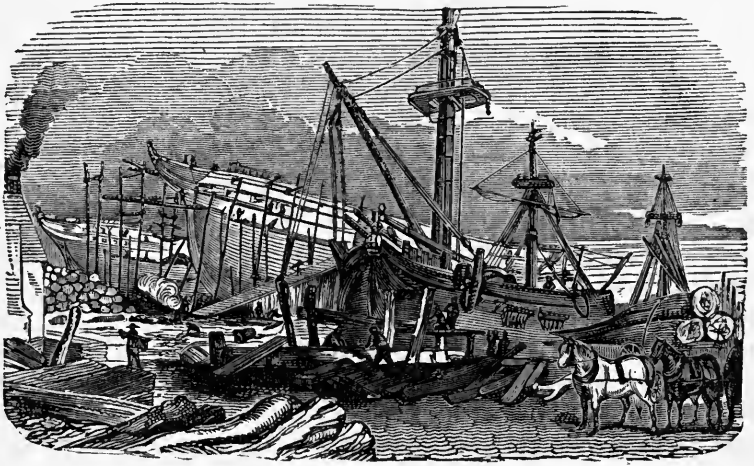
Harrison, having taken possession of Detroit, and finding himself without orders from the war department, resolved to proceed in the fleet to Buffalo. Here he arrived on the 24th of October, and from this place marched to Newark, where he received orders to send McArthur's brigade to Sackett's Harbor, accompanied by an intimation that he had leave to return to his family. Harrison received this declaration as a hint to retire from his command. He obeyed the order, however, but soon after sent in his resignation. Armstrong, then Secretary of War, from whom the order proceeded, has charged Harrison with imbecility in his command, asserting that his successes were the result of good fortune and not of plans well conceived. After the narrative we have given of Harrison's military career, it is impossible to coincide in opinion with the vindictive Secretary. Harrison was not a Wayne nor a Jackson ; he belonged, as we have said, to a less dashing school ; but he was an infinitely better officer than Armstrong, or than most of his cotemporaries. After Brown, Jackson and Scott, he ranks pre-eminent.

The remainder of Harrison's career was chiefly political, and we

shall, therefore, dismiss it with a rapid summary. In 1814 he was appointed with General Cass and Governor Shelby, to treat with the north-western Indians; and in 1815 to treat with numerous other tribes. In 1817 he was elected a representative to Congress from Ohio, having, at the close of the war, purchased a seat at North Bend, below Cincinnati. During his term he demanded an investigation of certain reports to his disadvantage, in relation to the management of the commissariat department in the army under his control. A committee being appointed, his character was fully vindicated by their report. He voted, during this session, to censure General Jackson for having seized the Spanish posts in Florida. Having been elected a member of the Ohio Senate in 1819, he now transferred his counsels to that body. In 1824 he was chosen a United States Senator from Ohio. His career in that body was marked by his endeavors to procure the passage of a just and proper pension law, for the benefit of those who had shed their blood in the battles of their country. In 1828, Harrison was appointed Minister to the republic of Columbia, but was recalled by Jackson, on the elevation of the latter to the Presidency in 1829. He now retired to private life. His farm and his books employed his time; and his table was ever ready for the calls of hospitality. He ultimately found, however, that his income was not adequate to the support of his family; and accordingly, in 1834, accepted the office of Prothonotary of the court of Hamilton county, Ohio.

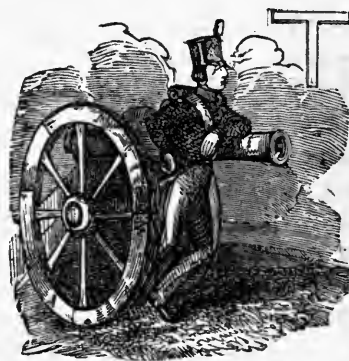
In this office he continued until his election to the Presidency in 1840. He was first made a candidate for that high office in 1836, but defeated, the successful candidate, Mr. Van Buren, receiving one hundred and seventy of the electoral votes, while Harrison obtained but seventy. At the next trial, however, in 1840, he was chosen President by a larger majority of votes in the electoral college than has ever yet been bestowed on any man; for he received two hundred and thirty-four votes out of the whole number of two hundred and ninety-four. He was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1841. One month later, to a day, he breathed his last, after a short but severe illness, being the first President to die in that office. His decease was caused principally by the excitement of his new position, and the manner in which he was harassed, day and night, by applicants for office. Popular in manners, and too easy of access, his frame worn down by exposure and years, he gave way beneath the exactions to which he was subjected. He died thinking of his country. "The constitution—the constitution," were the words that were

continually on his lips. The demonstrations of grief at his decease were universal; party rancor was forgotten for awhile; and the nation, as one man, united to deplore its loss.





## RICHARD M. JOHNSON.



**T**HE state of Kentucky, so fertile in great men, had the honor of giving birth to Colonel Richard M. Johnson. The early life of this distinguished warrior was passed in the midst of Indian alarms. While still an infant he was sent with his mother to take refuge in a frontier fort, against an inroad of the savages, his father being absent in Virginia. The fort was successfully defended by thirty men against five hundred Indians. Similar perils inured the young Kentuckian to danger; while his active life hardened his frame.

His education was simple, as in all new countries. A common

school at first, and subsequently a grammar school prepared him for the study of the law. At nineteen he began to practice this profession. At twenty-two he was elected to the legislature of his native state. Little more than two years later, he was sent to Congress, as a member of the House of Representatives, having just attained the age required by the Constitution. Here he was called on to vote for a war against England, which he did promptly, and immediately afterwards prepared to sustain his opinion in the field.

When, after the successful defence of Fort Stephenson, Governor Shelby, with four thousand men, marched to the assistance of Harrison, Colonel Johnson commanded a regiment of mounted Kentuckians. The force of Shelby arrived at head-quarters on the 17th of September, 1813, a few days after Perry's victory. The men were all in the highest spirits. The despondency of the preceding year had passed away, and nothing was expressed but the most confident belief in victory. Johnson's mounted regiment comprised the whole cavalry of the Kentuckians; the rest of the force, owing to imperative circumstances, acting as infantry. It was partly in consequence of this that his command played so prominent a part in the approaching campaign.

The victory of Perry had opened a new road for the invasion of Canada, and one that ought to have been conquered a year before. Instead of having to march through a wilderness, the Americans had now only to embark on the lake, and be wafted by favorable breezes, in a few hours, to their destination. Accordingly, on the 27th of September, seventeen days after Perry's victory, the Americans with the exception of Johnson's regiment, which was to proceed by land to Detroit, were embarked under convoy of the fleet, and before night reached the Canadian shore. The landing was effected without resistance, no enemy appearing in sight. Harrison pushed rapidly forward to Ahmetsburg, where his troops bivouacked for the night. This was the place where, on the preceding winter, the prisoners captured at the Raisin had been huddled into a pen, and where with tears of rage and despair, they first heard of the inhuman massacre of their brothers, relatives and friends who had been left wounded on the field of battle. As the recollection of this crowded on the Americans, many a bitter vow of revenge was taken. In sad memories like these the night was passed.

But in the morning it became known that Proctor, after dismantling Malden, and burning the barracks and navy-yard, and stripping the surrounding country of horses and cattle, had begun a precipitate retreat, early on the 26th. In fact, the British General had suddenly

become a prey to terror. Like all who are brutal, he was a coward in heart, and shook at the shadow of disaster. His spies had magnified the number of the Americans to fifteen thousand, and declared them to be made up chiefly of Kentuckians sworn to avenge the murders at the Raisin. The fear of falling into the hands of his enemies completely unnerved him; and he resolved by a speedy retreat to save his pitiful life. In vain his officers pointed out to him that there was still a chance of defending his post. In vain it was represented that the larger portion of his Indian allies would abandon him on the first symptoms of a retrograde movement. In vain the heroic Tecumseh, who was above deserting even a coward in extremity, strove, by bitter taunts, to arrest his purpose. "Father," said the bold chief, "listen to your red children. They are standing all around, ready to fight and die for you. Do not forsake, do not alarm them. In the old war your fathers deserted ours. Will you do it again? You invited, encouraged, supplied us with arms, to war on the Americans! Ever since you desired it, we have fought at your side; and when did we turn our backs on the foe? Listen to us now, father. The ships went out to fight on the lake—you made them go out. Where are they? We do not know what happened: we heard the great guns. They sounded loud and far, and since we have seen you tying up bundles to carry away. You told us always you would never run away: that the English never do. Will you now run before you have even seen the enemy?" But nothing could allay the panic, or alter the resolution of Proctor. He fled, and with such precipitancy, that he did not even stop to destroy the bridges behind him.

When Harrison arrived at Malden, accordingly, he found that place only a smouldering ruin. The embers of the conflagration were still smoking; and the neighboring country looked as if just ravaged by an invader. The barns were empty, the farms were plundered of their stock, and the few miserable inhabitants remaining bore the sad aspect of famine. At first, Harrison despaired of overtaking the fugitives; and on the 27th he wrote in that strain to the Secretary of War. "I will pursue the enemy to-morrow," were his words, "but there is no possibility of overtaking him, as he has upwards of one thousand horses, and we have not one." But, pushing forward to Sandwich, he there met to his inexpressible satisfaction, Johnson's mounted regiment of Kentuckians, winding along the other bank of the Detroit. During the march of this force a circumstance had occurred which greatly inflamed them against the enemy. Their way had led them by the scene of the massacre

at the Raisin, where they found the bones of the victims which had been piously interred in the preceding June, brutally exposed. The Kentuckians paused to consign them once more to the earth. While engaged in this sad duty, an express from Harrison reached them, urging them to hasten forward. The scene they had just witnessed inflamed the Kentuckians to madness. They were more eager than ever to overtake the enemy; and pressing rapidly forward, joined Harrison, as we have seen.

The combined forces now marched in pursuit of Proctor. Never, perhaps, had a greater number of gallant men, who were not professional soldiers, left their homes and peaceful associations to avenge the blood of their slaughtered relatives. There was Crittenden, and Barry, and Wickliffe, names since conspicuous among the highest in the councils of the nation. There was Perry, with the wreath of victory still green on his brow: Clay, whose services and bravery in the preceding campaign had won him merited renown: Cass, already celebrated for that courage and ability, which still, after nearly forty years, survive for the benefit of his country. There, too, was Governor Shelby, one of the heroes of the Revolution, who had fought at King's Mountain, and who now came, with a head silvered by age, to fight in a new and scarcely less holy cause. One common sentiment pervaded every bosom. To overtake the enemy, to avenge the blood shed at Raisin, was the sole thought of those gallant Kentuckians! The pursuit was pushed with the greatest vigor. At every step new proofs of Proctor's panic met the eye. Here were stores abandoned in bulk, there arms scattered along the highway: here despatches left to their fate, there ammunition itself cast away. The road grew rougher as the army advanced; there were morasses to be threaded and rivers to be crossed; but unintimidated by any obstacle, the Americans pushed resolutely forward, still thirsty for vengeance. For three days the pursuit continued. At last, on the morning of the 5th of October, the army of Harrison came up with Proctor, and immediately preparations for a battle began.

The victory that followed was won chiefly by the regiment of mounted Kentuckians, under Johnson, though to Harrison is due the credit, in the capacity of leader, of directing their mode of attack. On approaching the enemy, he was found arrayed on a narrow strip of dry land, having the river Thames on his left, and a swamp upon his right. The savages, of whom there were about twelve hundred, under Tecumseh, occupied the extreme right on the eastern margin of the swamp. The infantry, eight hundred in number were posted between the river and swamp, the men drawn



up, not close together, but at some distance apart, in open order as it is called. Harrison had already made arrangements for attacking with his infantry, but perceiving this position of the British regulars to be favorable for a charge, he sent for Johnson, and asked him if he would undertake it. "I have accustomed my men to it from the first," was the reply. "Then charge!" said Harrison. Instantly galloping to the head of his regiment, Johnson informed the men of the duty before them, and the whole vast squadron, more than a thousand strong, went thundering over the solid plain. In the whole range of modern warfare, perhaps, there is no charge which can be compared to this for reckless and romantic courage, for the men were armed only with guns, hatchets, and knives, and had no sabres, that most necessary of all weapons in a melee. As they swept down towards the foe, leaving the infantry of the army half a mile behind, Johnson perceived that the ground on which the regulars were drawn up, was too confined for the manœuvres of his whole regiment, and determined to divide his force, leaving to one half the attack on the British infantry, while with the other he resolved to go and seek the Indians under Tecumseh. In taking this bold resolution, in the absence of his commanding officer, he assumed the whole responsibility of victory or defeat. Accordingly, dividing his force, he consigned to Lieutenant-Colonel James Johnson, his brother, and second in command, the task of charging the regulars, while he himself turned off towards the swamp, to assail an enemy even more formidable.

The detachment under Lieutenant-Colonel James Johnson, advanced at a rapid pace, and was soon close upon the foe, who, at once, opened a heavy fire. The men came onward, in four columns of double files, and at this volley the heads of the column halted. "Forward, Kentuckians!" shouted Johnson, at this juncture. Ashamed of their momentary hesitation, the men again shook their bridles, and with a wild hurrah the solid masses of horsemen galloped on the enemy, and in the face of a rapid fire, penetrated his ranks. Wheeling rapidly, as soon as the British line was passed, the Kentuckians poured in a destructive volley on his rear. The battle, in this spot, was over in less time than we have taken to describe it, for when the regiment wheeled, it found the enemy crying loudly for quarters. This was immediately granted. A force was then sent in pursuit of Proctor, who was understood to be further in the rear; but that General had already fled, having scarcely waited to see the defeat of his soldiers. He left behind him, however, his carriage, sword, and papers. His subsequent career furnished a merited, though late retribution for his preceding cruelties. Arriv-

ing at Burlington Heights, he was met by an angry Governor-General. He whose cruelty and rapacity had been overlooked in victory, now found himself, like many another tool of power, made to expiate his faults in consequence of defeat. Publicly disgraced for avarice and cowardice, Proctor, from that moment became as much an object of scorn, even in his own country, as he had before been one of dread in ours.

The attack of Johnson himself on Tecumseh, was, if possible, executed with even more gallantry. Putting his squadron to a rapid trot, he charged into the midst of the savages. On their part, the Indians met this assault with unflinching bravery. For five or six minutes nothing was heard but the sharp ringing death-shot, and the shouts of the Kentuckians, answered back by the war-whoop of the savages, and the crack of their unerring rifles. Making right for the spot where the voice and dress of a chief seemed to betoken the presence of Tecumseh, Johnson strove to bring him to personal combat, and, by his fall, to end the day. As he advanced, the melee grew terrific. His men were falling on all sides around him; he was himself wounded in three places. The smoke grew so thick as almost to blind the eye. But still the Kentuckians pressed on around their leader, and still the Indians, gathering by Tecumseh, answered with shot and yell. The rifle-balls whistled thickly past. Yet onward the Americans pressed. At last the dark form of Tecumseh, who had all along been animating his troops, fell prostrate, and, at the sight, a panic seizing his followers, they fled on every side. By whose hand the chief died, has never been satisfactorily ascertained. The credit of the deed, however, has always been Johnson's.

In 1832, Johnson was elected Vice President, and again in 1836. He died in 1851.



ISAAC SHELBY.



HE enthusiasm with which the volunteers of Kentucky rallied to the defence of their country in the summer of 1813, is to be attributed in a great measure to the influence of Isaac Shelby, the venerable Governor of that state. He joined the army of Harrison with four thousand Kentuckians, and fought in person, at the age of sixty-three, in the battle of the Thames. For

his valuable services in this campaign, Congress, on the 4th of April, 1818, voted him a gold medal.

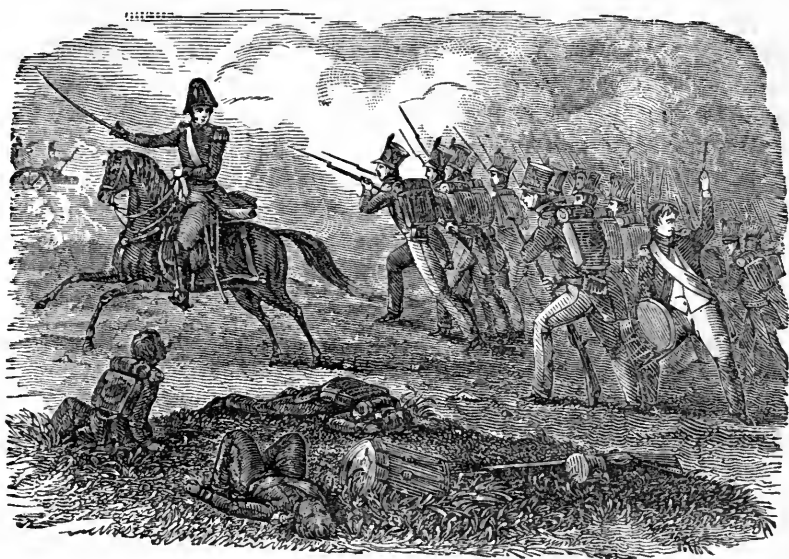
Shelby was born on the estate of his family, near the North Moun-

tain, in Maryland, on the 11th of December, 1750. His father, General Evan Shelby, was a distinguished soldier in the Indian wars, and under his command the son served a first campaign against the savages on the Scioto river, in 1774. He was in the awful battle of Kenhawa, fought during that year. The conflict raged from sunrise to sunset; and when the struggle was over, the ground along the Ohio was strewed, for nearly half a mile with the bodies of the slain.

In 1776, Shelby was appointed Captain of a body of minute-men in Virginia. He was not, however, called into service, and in 1777, he became attached to the commissary department. When, by the extension of the boundary line of North Carolina, Shelby's estate became included in the latter colony, he was appointed a Colonel of militia by Governor Caswell. He was absent in Kentucky, laying out some lands he had purchased there five years before, when he heard of the fall of Charleston, and instantly abandoning his private affairs, he hurried to offer his sword to his country. Placing himself at the head of a body of militia, he took part in several subsequent skirmishes between the Americans and British. At last, on the 7th of October, 1780, the battle of King's Mountain was fought, in which the English leader, Major Ferguson, at the head of his riflemen, was beaten, and that, too, in a position from which he had vauntingly declared, "God Almighty could not drive him." Shelby was one of the commanders in this conflict. By a vote of the North Carolina legislature, he and his brother Colonels were presented with elegant swords for their behavior in this action. After serving two years longer, chiefly under Marion, he retired from the army.

In 1783, Shelby returned to Kentucky, where he settled at Boons borough. He was the first person in that State who took up a pre-emption grant for the purpose of cultivation; and at his death, forty three years after, was the only individual residing on his own settlement and pre-emption. In 1812, he was elected Governor of Kentucky. During the next year he organized a body of four thousand volunteers, and marching with them to the support of Harrison, participated in the victory of the Thames. In 1817 he was offered the War Department, but declined it in consequence of his age. He survived until the 18th of July, 1826, when a stroke of apoplexy terminated his useful and glorious life.

Shelby was brave to a fault. He could endure exposure and fatigue without flinching. He was remarkable for a sound common sense, which rendered his opinion more practically useful than that of more brilliant men. In manners he was courteous.



GENERAL BROWN AT THE BATTLE OF CHIPPEWA.

## JACOB BROWN.



It was reserved for the middle states to be the first to rally the drooping spirits of the country, in the war of 1812. While New England held coldly aloof from the contest, and the south as yet had scarcely roused herself for action, New York and Pennsylvania, then as now the two greatest states of the confederacy, came gallantly to the rescue. It was on the soil of New York, and principally by New York troops that the first repulse was given to the British. It was a Pennsylvania General that won the

victory. We allude to the defeat of the enemy at Sackett's Harbor by a combined force of regulars and militia under General Brown.

Jacob Brown, a Major-General in the American army, and perhaps the ablest commander in the war of 1812, was born in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, in the year 1775. His ancestors, for several generations, had been members of the society of Friends. His father was originally a farmer, but having embarked in trade, very soon lost the whole of his property; and his progeny, among them Jacob, were thrown on the world to seek a subsistence, while still children. This happened when the subject of our memoir was but sixteen. Having an ordinary English education, he resolved to make it useful as a country schoolmaster, and accordingly acted in that capacity at Crosswicks, New Jersey, from his eighteenth to his twenty-first year. At this period the tide of emigration was just beginning to set towards Ohio, and young Brown, eager to improve his fortunes, resolved to move out to that territory. He accordingly went to Cincinnati, and obtaining employment as a surveyor, remained two years in that vicinity; but finding the reality of western life less alluring than he had been led to expect it, he returned to the eastern states. In 1798 he was teaching school in New York. He continued at this, however, but a few months. He next turned his attention to the law, but finally abandoned this also. He now purchased a tract of land in Jefferson county, New York, for he had acquired some property in his various pursuits, and, in 1799, he removed to his new possession, then a wild clearing in the heart of the wilderness.

The district, however, rapidly improved; and with the rise of its fortunes rose those of Brown. Here on this exposed border, he began to show those qualities of mind, which subsequently raised him to the head of the American army, and which would have enrolled his name among the most renowned of military commanders, if a wider sphere had been found for their exercise. Bold, sagacious, brave to a fault; persevering, industrious, full of resources; firm and decided in character; never shrinking from assuming the responsibility of an action which his judgment approved, he was just the man to acquire influence among the rough, but shrewd borderers with whom he was now thrown into contact. He soon took the lead among his fellow-citizens, and was looked up to upon all occasions. In 1809 he was appointed to command a regiment of militia, and in 1811 elevated to the rank of a Brigadier-General. When the war of 1812 broke out, he found himself at the head of a brigade, and with the charge of defending two hundred miles of exposed

frontier. But this novel and responsible position found him full of resources to meet the exigency. On the 4th of October, 1812, at the head of four hundred men, he repulsed the British, eight hundred strong, in an attack on Ogdensburg. His term of service having expired shortly after, he returned home and resumed the plough.

The administration of Mr. Madison, appreciating his services and ability, now endeavored to secure his aid permanently during the war; and accordingly offered him a Colonel's commission in the regular army. This, however, he declined, not from unwillingness to serve, but from a resolution not to take a lower rank than he already held. He felt that he was fitted for great emergencies, and was content patiently to wait until he should be better appreciated. If that never should occur, he was satisfied to remain in his peaceful avocation as a farmer. But never was there a truer saying than that talent always finds its level, or never was it more forcibly exemplified than in the cases of Jackson and Brown. Both were refused the commissions they sought, in the beginning of the conflict; yet both subsequently forced them, as it were, from the country, by their genius for war. Both were emphatically heroes of the people. Both started to life, robust and armed, military commanders full born. Both only needed a wider sphere of action to have become among the most celebrated professors of the military art. With the field that opened itself before the Marshals of Napoleon, Jackson would have rivalled Ney, and Brown surpassed Macdonald.

The residence of Brown was in the neighborhood of Sackett's Harbor, at that time the chief depot for stores on the lake. Here was collected the plunder of York; here were building the vessels destined to annoy the enemy; and here were stowed the munitions of war that had been transported, at great expense, from the Atlantic to the shores of Lake Ontario. Though it was scarcely thought probable that the British would venture to attack this place, the value of the prize rendered it possible that the attempt might be made; and Colonel Backus, who had been left in command of the post, was instructed, in case of any such expedition, to summon General Brown to his assistance. It was not long before the contingency, thus provided for, arrived. To retaliate for the capture of York, Prevost conceived the design of attacking Sackett's Harbor. This idea was adopted during a visit to Kingston, where he heard that General Dearborn had withdrawn most of the garrison to assist in the expedition against Fort George. Accordingly, on the 27th of May, 1813, Prevost began his movement at the head of nearly a thousand men; his troops embarking in small boats, and under convoy of the fleet commanded by Sir

James Yeo. It was his intention to reach Sackett's Harbor in the night, and at daybreak to assault and carry the place by surprise. The winds proved adverse, however, and it was not until ten o'clock on the evening of the 28th that he reached his destination. At daybreak of the 29th he made his attack. Meantime, his fleet had been seen on the lake, and notice promptly carried to the harbor. The guns of the fort gave the alarm to the surrounding country. The people rose. By noon of the 28th, six hundred militia had rallied to the defence of the place; and at their head came Brown, summoned in this emergency, like Cincinnatus, from his plough. An express had found him at his farm, eight miles from the harbor, and instantly mounting, he had hurried to the scene of action, rousing the militia as he came. His every movement marked the man born to command. The crisis found him, cool, ready, inexhaustible. It was one of those emergencies in which a bold and intrepid genius like his, finds its true element, while minds of less power sink under the responsibility.

During the whole of the 28th the Americans were preparing for the attack. Brown, being thoroughly acquainted with the neighborhood, was at no loss to know the point where the enemy would probably land. His dispositions were made accordingly. He placed the militia and volunteers in the first line, and assigned to them the task of meeting the enemy on his disembarkation. Midway between the shore and village, and on ground rendered difficult of approach by an abattis, he arranged the second line, which was composed of regular troops, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Backus. A few artillerymen were charged with the custody of the forts, where, in case of a defeat, Brown had prepared to make a last desperate stand. The location of the front line was partially altered, almost at the moment of attack, in consequence of the enemy changing the point of his disembarkation, when he saw the stubborn preparations of the Americans. The troops, however, had full time to take their new position before the enemy could land. Brown himself superintended their line of battle. "Hide yourselves," he said, "as much as possible, and do not fire until you can see the buttons of the enemy. If you are forced to retire, by superior numbers, throw yourselves into the wood, rally, and assail the foe in flank. If you cannot then stop him, retire on the left and rear of Colonel Backus, and wait for further orders. Only be cool and resolute and the day is our own."

He had scarcely delivered these words when the British were seen close at hand, their numerous boats apparently crowded with soldiers. The day was partially clear, with a slight mist hanging around; and the glitter of the enemy's arms, perhaps, magnified his



numbers. None of the militia or volunteers had been in battle before; and awe of the British regulars' skill haunted the popular mind; hence, when the front line of the Americans beheld the imposing array of the enemy, it lost its self-possession, and began to fire too soon, and in a desultory manner. At such a crisis it is astonishing how few can infect the whole mass. One or two at first discharged their pieces, and this spread alarm in others, so that, in less than a minute, the whole line had delivered its fire. As might have been expected, the men overshot their assailants, and scarcely one of the enemy was seen to fall. The inefficiency of their fire increased the perturbation of the volunteers; each looked for countenance in his neighbor and found none; a panic was the consequence; and the whole body, breaking ground, took to flight ignominiously. In vain their officers strove to rally them. Once thoroughly frightened, nothing could allay their terror. Forgetful of Brown's orders to collect again in the wood, forgetful of the direction afterwards to gather in the rear of Colonel Backus, forgetful of everything but their own alarm, they hurried frantically onward, some even throwing away their guns, a mortifying and cowardly spectacle. Two companies, however, resisted this general consternation. They were headed by Captains M'Nett and Collins, and gallantly rallied to the fight.

With inexplicable chagrin, Brown saw the flight of the militia and volunteers; but his second line still stood firm, and to this he now devoted all his attention. By the disgraceful retreat of the front line, the position of the regulars, however, was rendered untenable. But this did not disconcert Brown. Falling back, step by step, disputing every inch of ground, he took shelter in some log huts which had been prepared for the winter accommodation of the soldiers, and here prepared to resist the now overpowering numbers of the enemy. This new post he soon rendered impregnable. In vain the British, flushed with their first victory, advanced with loud cheers to the assault. A sharp and well aimed volley checked their steps. Brown did not give them time to recover, before he threw in another volley. At this moment, however, flames were seen rising from the place where the stores were collected; for the officer left in their charge, seeing the flight of the front line, had deemed the day lost, and hastened to execute his orders. Soon dark volumes of pitchy smoke began to roll upwards to the sky, relieved here and there by forky tongues of flame, leaping about in the wildest confusion. Animated by this sight, the British raised a second shout, and rushed forward, under cover of a heavy fire. But the American regulars,

with the heroic Backus at their head, stood immoveable. For a few minutes only the result was doubtful. The volleys of the enemy rattled without intermission, and the scanty front of the Americans was enveloped in sheets of fire. Soon the British began to waver. At this moment Backus, while cheering on his men, received a mortal shot, and fell in the arms of victory. Brown, meantime, had hastened to the rear, and succeeded in rallying three or four hundred of the militia, with whom he advanced to cut off the enemy's rear. But the British, alarmed at this demonstration, now began to retire on all sides. Indeed, to have remained longer, a mark for the deadly fire from the block-house and battery, would have been madness, even if their retreat had not been threatened. Accordingly, Prevost drew off his men, and forming them on the east of the hill proceeded immediately after to re-embark. As they hurried to their boats, mortified and enraged at this unexpected result, their sight was cheered by a spectacle, which, in part afforded a grim satisfaction for their disgrace. It was the burning barracks and store-houses. These buildings were now a sheet of flame, and being filled with highly combustible materials, the roar of the conflagration was heard far and near. By that stern music the enemy re-embarked.

The intelligence of this victory was hailed with rapturous applause throughout the Union, and by universal consent Brown rose at once to a first place in the public opinion. The government showed its grateful appreciation of his conduct by creating him a Brigadier. Both friend and foe acknowledged, as if by secret instinct, that a military leader of ability had arisen at last in this country. An opinion which heretofore had been breathed only in whispers, was now boldly proclaimed: it was said that the incompetency of the old Generals had been endured long enough, and that it was full time that abler commanders, fresh from the people, should have their places. From this period, indeed, we may date an improvement in the character of the leaders, and a more daring spirit of enterprise in the management of the war. The days of the Hulls, Wilkinsons, and Dearborns, were nearly over; that of the Browns, Scotts, Jessups, and Jacksons, was approaching. The spirit of the people which had begun to despond, from this hour rallied; enthusiasm took the place of want of confidence; and headed by leaders whom it could love, the army went gallantly from victory to victory. Chippewa and Lundy's Lane followed upon Sackett's Harbor, and the brilliant spectacle closed at New Orleans in a blaze of glory!

The letter in which Brown modestly announced his victory, is

worthy of being preserved: it is terse, unaffected, and eminently characteristic of the man. There is nothing of exaggeration, nothing of bombast about it. In reading it, we perceive that victory has not destroyed the even balance of his mind.

“MAY 29TH, 1813.

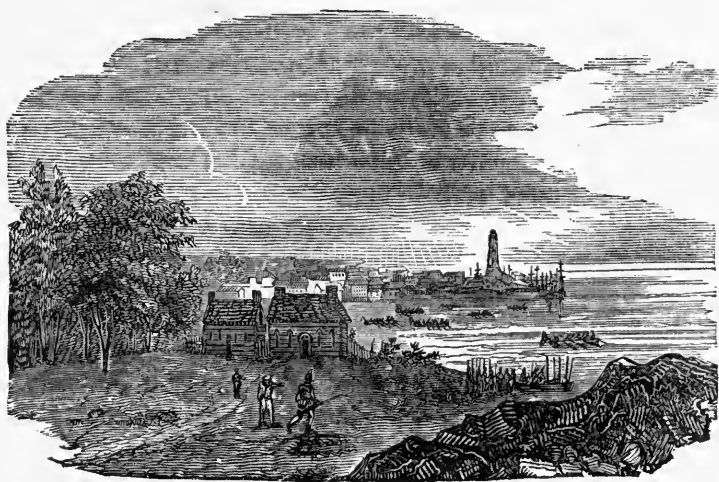
We were attacked at the dawn of this day by a British regular force of at least nine hundred men, most probably twelve hundred. They made their landing at Horse Island. The enemy's fleet consisted of two ships and four schooners, and thirty large open boats. We are completely victorious. The enemy lost a considerable number of killed and wounded on the field, among the number several officers of distinction. After having re-embarked, they sent me a flag, desiring to have their killed and wounded attended to. I have made them satisfied on that subject. Americans will be distinguished for humanity and bravery. Our loss is not numerous, but serious from the great worth of those who have fallen. Colonel Mills was shot dead at the commencement of the action; and Colonel Backus, of the first regiment of light dragoons, nobly fell at the head of his regiment as victory was declaring for us. I will not presume to praise this regiment; their gallant conduct on this day merits much more than praise. The new ship, and Commodore Chauncey's prize, the Duke of Gloucester, are safe in Sackett's Harbor. Sir George Prevost landed and commanded in person. Sir James Yeo commanded the enemy's fleet.

In haste, yours, &c.,

JACOB BROWN.”

On receiving a commission in the regular army, Brown at once abandoned his farm, and devoted himself to the service of his country. He accompanied Wilkinson, in the ensuing autumn, in his expedition down the St. Lawrence. Being the officer of the day during the passage of the British fort at Prescott, the direction of that difficult and somewhat perilous enterprise devolved on himself, a task which he performed with signal skill and resolution. At French Creek he repulsed, with his brigade, an imposing force of the enemy. He moved continually in advance of the main army and was already several miles ahead of Wilkinson, pressing on to Montreal, when he received, with undisguised chagrin, the order of that officer to fall back, since the expedition was to be abandoned. The army now retired to winter quarters. Wilkinson, on the plea of sickness, left the camp, and the other seniors of Brown being also absent, he now found himself at the head of the army. Early in the year 1814, he was promoted to the rank of Major-General.

The new campaign accordingly opened under the happiest auspices. The elevation of Brown to the chief command at once inspired confidence. His gallantry at Sackett's Harbor, and his courage under Wilkinson, were the theme of every tongue. His officers were in the highest spirits, and the men relied on victory. Meantime, he left no preparatory measures untried which could assist in securing success, particularly devoting himself to the thorough discipline of his troops. In this task he found a valuable assistant in Scott, then just elevated to the rank of a Brigadier. That officer established a camp of instruction at Buffalo, where, adopting the



BUFFALO.

system of Napoleon's army, the officers were first rigorously drilled, without regard to rank, by the commanding General; and then these officers in turn, instructed the rank and file under their immediate eye. It was in fact renewing the scenes of Valley Forge, when Baron Steuben first made soldiers of the raw levies of Washington, and with the same effect. The one trained the men, who, a few months later, drove the British grenadiers at Monmouth; the other instructed the future conquerors of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane.

Having become satisfied with the proficiency of his troops, Brown resolved to cross the Niagara, and begin the aggressive. Accordingly, on the 3d of July, 1813, the brigade of Scott was sent over to the British shore, below Fort Erie, and was followed, on the same

day by that of Ripley, which landed below. Fort Erie, being thus invested, surrendered without firing a shot. Leaving a small garrison in the captured fort, Brown now pushed forward in the direction of Chippewa, where the main body of the British was known to be encamped. The enemy's force was commanded by Major General Riall, and was estimated at three thousand. The brigade of Scott moved in advance of the rest of the American army, with orders to drive in any outlying parties of the British it should meet. The day was that glorious one in the history of our country, the fourth of July. As the troops marched, the national air greeted their ears at frequently recurring intervals, amid prouder bursts of music; while the soft summer breeze that floated by, dallied with the flag of America, making the stars dance and quiver in the morning sunbeams. Every man felt inspirited by the scene, by the music, and by the associations; and with quickened steps marched on. It was not long before a detachment of the British army, consisting of the one-hundredth regiment, came in sight. This body was commanded by the Marquis of Tweedale. A sharp action immediately ensued, which continued for some hours, being maintained as a running fight, the Americans advancing, and the English falling back. At last, after a retreat of sixteen miles, the enemy reached the Chippewa river, across which he hastily retired. Dusk was now gathering around the landscape. On the opposite shore, however, could be discerned through the gloom the dark masses of Riall's army, protected by heavy batteries, in the midst of which the one hundredth regiment had taken refuge. To have maintained the pursuit at that hour, and under the circumstances, would have been madness. Accordingly, halting his troops, Scott resolved to await the arrival of the main body, and his men, in consequence, pitched their camp about two miles from that of the enemy. So close were the two armies, and so calm and still was the night, that as the hours wore on, the troops in either army could distinguish the various noises of the enemy; and many a brave soldier, as he bivouacked on the bare ground, heard these sounds in dreams, where mingling with thoughts of home, they produced a strange medley of sad and sweet images.

The morning dawned close and sultry. Not a cloud obscured the sky, and scarcely a breath of wind stirred, ominous signs these of a hot and dusty day for the battle that impended. The British lay behind the Chippewa, commanding a bridge that led across the stream and debouched into a comparatively open plain. This plain, at its opposite extremity, was bounded by another small stream,

called Street's Creek, behind which the American army had taken up its position the night before. On its two other sides this plain was skirted by the Niagara River, and by a belt of heavy woodland. Nature appeared, indeed, to have constructed the piece of ground expressly for a field of battle, and both commanders, sensible of this, seemed to have made up their minds here to try their fortunes. Brown was already preparing to leave his position, cross into the plain, and attack the enemy in his lines at Chippewa, when the videttes announced that Riall was beginning to appear in force on the plain himself, as if eager to seek the proffered contest. This news was soon followed by the sound of firing, showing that the advanced posts of the two armies had begun to skirmish. The wood which we have mentioned, and which was on the American left, now began to swarm with the militia and Indians of the enemy, which, gaining ground as the day advanced, by noon were able materially to annoy the American pickets. Brown, on this, despatched General Porter with the volunteers and militia, by a circuitous route, to get in the rear of the Indians, and cut them off from the main body. At the same time he ordered his advance to fall back, in hopes thus to draw them on. In about half an hour, however, Porter came suddenly upon the light parties of the enemy in the wood. A heavy fire succeeded from each of the opposing detachments, and was maintained for some time, when the British irregulars gave way, and began to retire on Chippewa. The retreat, however, had not progressed far, when it was checked by the arrival of the main body of the enemy on the field. The British irregulars now rallied, and with exulting cheers, deeming the day their own, bore down on the American line. For a moment the latter withstood the shock, but soon intimidated by the imposing front of the enemy's regulars, which now extended far and near they broke and fled. Every effort of General Porter to check their dismay, was in vain.

Brown himself had been in the wood with Porter, when the noise of firing in the direction of Chippewa attracted his attention, and immediately he knew by the clouds of dust rising in the distance, that the enemy was advancing. It was now four o'clock. The sun, declining in the western firmament, threw a yellow haze across the plain; and a myriad of particles, seemingly of fine gold dust, formed a canopy over the British army. Occasionally, a light breeze, drifting aside this veil, disclosed the flashing arms, the blackened banners, and the confident step of Riall's veterans: for the regulars of that General were no common troops, but men disciplined on many a

hard fought field, and proud of their frequent victories. Now and then a puff of white smoke, looking in the distance as if from a solitary gun, would shoot out from this gilded curtain, and immediately afterwards, a faint report came struggling up to the ear. Perhaps never did any General gaze on a more splendid spectacle. But not a moment was to be lost, and so, putting spurs to his horse, Brown galloped, with his suite, in the direction of the bridge, which, crossing Street's Creek, in front of the American camp, was the only outlet for our army into the plain beyond. Just before he reached that spot, he met General Scott, who, in ignorance of the advance of the British, was moving his brigade in that direction, in relief dress, merely for the purpose of a drill. Brown drew in his rein, and pointing with his sword across to the plain, said to his subordinate: "The enemy is coming up—you will have a fight—move on, and cross the bridge." Having pronounced these words, he passed hastily to the rear, to put Ripley's brigade in motion, and to re-assemble the light troops behind Street's Creek.

In an instant every man in the brigade of Scott was aware of the order, and with an alacrity that showed they had not forgotten the triumph of the day before, they moved towards the bridge. It was not until he reached this spot that Scott could obtain a sight of the foe. He then saw the British veterans, however, displayed on the plain, their masses of infantry intermixed with dragoons and artillery, extending far away to right and left, without a perceptible gap in the whole of that long front. A battery of nine pieces, within point blank, opened its fire on the bridge as soon as the Americans appeared. Scott did not hesitate a moment, however, but immediately crossed, and in perfect order, though not without loss. As soon as the first and second battalions, led by Majors Leavenworth and McNeilly, had reached the plain, they promptly formed a line in front, which brought them opposite, respectively, to the left and centre of the enemy. When the third battalion, which was commanded by Major Jessup, had traversed the bridge, Scott moved it off obliquely to the left, in order to prevent the British from outflanking him in that direction. This left the spaces between the battalions of considerable size; but no other resource remained. The artillery under Captain Towson, was stationed to the right, resting on the Chippewa road. No sooner had it got into position, than the guns were promptly unlimbered, and soon opened with terrible effect on the columns of the enemy. Meantime, the two armies continued to advance on each other, the troops halting to fire, and then pushing on, until the space between became packed with

smoke. The English officers had been told that Scott had nothing but militia with him; but when they saw the coolness with which his troops came into action, one of them exclaimed: "If these are militia, God keep the regulars from us!"

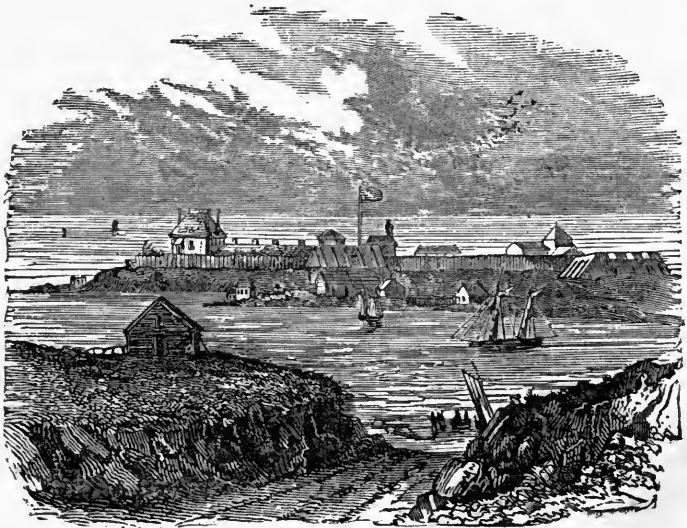
The right of the British had been pushed so far, in the hope of outflanking the Americans, that it had actually entered the forest, and thither Major Jessup following it, according to his orders not to be outflanked, it became finally separated from the main body. This gave the British a new right flank on the plain, threatening to effect the very purpose that Jessup had been sent to defeat. Scott, perceiving this, hastened to throw forward the left flank of O'Neil's battalion, which brought it obliquely to the enemy's front, and, in turn, outflanked him a little. All this time the two armies had continued to approach each other, keeping up a constant and heavy fire. Scott, just before, noticing that Towson overshot the enemy, galloped down the line to the battery, and seeing its gallant commander so enveloped in smoke, that neither he nor his men could see the British any longer, had pointed them out. Instantly changing the direction of his pieces, Towson prepared to load them for a final discharge, while Scott returned back to the battalions on the right, where he executed the movement by which he outflanked the foe. At this crisis, the enemy was not more than eighty paces distant. It was the moment for decisive action. To have waited an instant, would have given Riall the opportunity, perhaps, to extend his flank, and recover the advantage he had just lost. But this instant Scott did not allow him. Turning to M'Neil's battalion, he pointed with his sword towards the enemy, and in a voice that rose, loud and distinct over all the uproar of the strife, shouted: "Men of the eleventh! the enemy say we are good at a long shot, but cannot stand the cold iron. I call on you to give the lie to that slander. Charge!" At the word, the bayonets of that veteran battalion were levelled, and they rushed upon the foe, a bristling wall of steel. Instantaneously, too, Leavenworth's battalion, which held an oblique position on the enemy's right, sprang also to the charge, and thus crushed, as it were, between two moving phalanxes, the British, with a wild cry of horror broke and fled. The final impulse to their panic, if any had been wanting, was given by the fire of Towson's pieces, which, at this critical moment, sent their tempest of grape through and through the enemy's ranks. Almost simultaneously too, Major Jessup, in the wood, had advanced his men to a new and more secure position, where their fire proved so hot and quick, that the foe there were forced to retire also.



While the brigade of Scott had been achieving this victory, that of Ripley had not been inactive. Brown had no sooner left Scott than he placed himself at the head of these battalions, and advanced with them on the left, behind the woods, hoping to gain the rear of the enemy's right flank. But by the almost instantaneous success of Scott, the foe was in full retreat before this could be effected. The whole of the American army, now uniting, however, advanced with loud cheers, the bands playing in triumph. It is said to have been a magnificent spectacle. The sun hung on the very verge of the horizon, and the dust that floated over the plain was more golden than ever, while here and there were particles of smoke that lit by a stray beam, gleamed out like frosted silver on the scene. As the victors pressed on across the plain, they found it everywhere strewn with the dead and dying, proving how destructive had been their fire. As soon as the British gained the sloping ground descending towards Chippewa, they broke and ran to their trenches. The pursuit was not stopped until the enemy had thrown himself across the Chippewa, and found a secure covert within his entrenchments. By this time Brown had arrived in person, and ordered the ordnance to be brought up, intending to force the works, but their strength, and the lateness of the hour, induced him to abandon the attempt. The sun had now gone down. One by one the stars appeared in the sky, but notwithstanding this, the darkness increased; for the clouds of dust settling but slowly, still hung over the plain, and added to the gloom of the hour. All things seemed gradually to assume a look and voice of foreboding. The wind was heard wailing in the recesses of the neighboring forest; the Niagara surged mournfully along; and from the plain rose up a low, confused, but melancholy murmur, for there, nearly a thousand men lay, moaning in suffering, or looking up with dead, pale faces, to the stars! As the night deepened, however, that ominous mingling of sounds grew fainter and fainter, as soul after soul went up to its Maker. Humane steps at last were heard on that plain, and the wounded were borne off and succored. Finally a death-like silence fell on all the landscape. The two armies, in their respective camps, slept in deep slumber after the fatigues of the day, and no sound broke the profound stillness, except the occasional cry of a sentry, or the hoarse murmur of the Niagara.

The second day after this battle, the Americans crossed the Chippewa, the British burning their barracks, abandoning their position, and retiring to forts Niagara and George. Brown followed in pursuit. The expectation of receiving some heavy guns from

Sackett's Harbor, delayed his movements for the next fortnight ; but, on the 25th of July, having received an express from General Gaines, advising him of the blockade of that port, by a superior force, he was compelled to abandon his designs against the forts at the mouth of the Niagara, and seek success in some other enterprise. His active mind was not long in fixing on its prey. He determined to disencumber the army of baggage, and march directly on Burlington Heights. But in order to conceal this intention from the enemy, as well as to obtain a supply of provisions from Schlosser, he fell back on Chippewa. Meantime, however, Lieutenant-General Drummond, mortified at the repulse of the British by an inferior force, had hurried up from York, bringing with him all the troops he could collect at that and other posts on the peninsula. Assuming command of the army in person, he advanced boldly against the Americans. This was just at the period when they were falling back on Chippewa. Brown, being advised of the movement of Drummond, halted. That same evening he received a communication from the American shore, apprizing him that the enemy had landed a



FORT NIAGARA.

thousand men at Lewistown, nine miles below the Chippewa, for some object not understood. Alarmed for the stores at Schlosser, Brown determined, by threatening the forts at the mouth of the

Niagara, to recall the British. Accordingly, he ordered Scott, with all the troops he could collect on the moment, to advance. In twenty minutes, Scott was in motion. He carried with him his own brigade, Towson's artillery, and the dragoons and mounted men, in all about thirteen hundred combatants.

The battle that ensued, is known by the names of Queenstown, Lundy's Lane, and Niagara, indiscriminately. It was in fact, two separate conflicts. In the first, the enemy was driven from his position, and then, taking up a new one, the struggle began again, and was continued until midnight. In the earlier conflict, Scott's brigade fought nearly alone, and was terribly cut up. In fact, this General, when he went into action, supposed that he was about to meet the same force he had already met at Chippewa, and no more, whereas it had been strongly reinforced by Drummond. Scott stood his ground, however, until Brown could bring up the brigade of Ripley, when his shattered troops were drawn off, though, later in the night, they came again into action. The enemy was finally beaten. Before the victory, however, was complete, Brown had received two wounds, and was so reduced by loss of blood, that he had to be supported on his horse from the field. Scott having been also wounded, the command devolved on General Ripley. This General had been ordered by Brown to begin the action again early in the morning, but failed to do so, in consequence of which the English remained masters of the field, and a retreat to Fort Erie became necessary. It was his conduct in this emergency which induced Brown to pronounce Ripley an officer, not wanting indeed in physical bravery, but sadly deficient in moral courage, or the nerve to assume responsibility in critical circumstances.

Not possessing confidence in Ripley, one of the first acts of Brown was to send for General Gaines, who, as senior officer, on his arrival, would supersede Ripley in the command of Fort Erie. Here Gaines won unfading laurels by his gallant repulse of the enemy from before its walls. But having received a wound from a shell, the fort again fell in the charge of Ripley, and the anxiety of Brown became so great, that early in September, as soon as his wounds were sufficiently healed, he repaired in person to Fort Erie, and assumed the direction of its defence. He found the place in a critical emergency. The besieging force was more than double that of the garrison, and was continually increasing. Although reinforcements had been ordered up from Lake Champlain, they were yet far distant, and some time must necessarily elapse before they could appear. Meantime the fort might be stormed successfully by overwhelming

numbers. In this perilous condition of affairs, the bold and decided genius of Brown was the salvation of the garrison. After waiting from the 2d until the 17th of September, daily suffering more and more from the fire of the enemy, the American General, noticing that a new battery was about to be erected, resolved on a sortie. The works of the besiegers consisted of two lines of investment, supported by block-houses, in the front of which, at suitable points, batteries were erected. The camp of the enemy was nearly two miles in the rear of their works. Brown noticed that a brigade of twelve or fifteen hundred men usually occupied these works, and was relieved, in turn, by two other brigades of equal strength. Brown's plan was to issue forth suddenly with as powerful a force as he could muster, storm the batteries, spike the cannon, and, if possible, cut to pieces the brigade on duty, before assistance could be summoned from the camp. The scheme was hazardous perhaps, but with such a General to lead the troops, at least promised success.

Accordingly, on the morning of the 17th, the garrison was ordered to parade at noon, in readiness for the sortie. The volunteers, led by General Porter, the riflemen of Colonel Gibson, and Major Brooks, with the first and twenty-third infantry, accompanied by a few dragoons, acting as infantry, were instructed to move from the extreme left on the right of the enemy, by a road which had been secretly opened through the woods for the purpose. The command of General Miller was ordered to station itself in the ravine between the enemy's batteries and Fort Erie, by passing in detachments through the skirts of the wood. The twenty-first infantry, under General Ripley, was directed to post itself, as a reserve, between the new bastions of Fort Erie. All these troops, by these arrangements, would be kept under cover, and out of view of the enemy, until the moment for decisive action. Then, all at once, they would burst on the foe.

When the signal was given, the troops rushed forward from their respective stations with the greatest impetuosity. The left column, led by General Porter, began the action. These brave men had stolen forward through the wood on the enemy's right, until they arrived, unperceived, close to his entrenchments: then, at the word of their commander, they raised a shout, and advanced at quick step upon the foe. Hearing the report of the musketry, Brown, who had remained in the ravine, knew that the action was begun on the left, and accordingly ordered Miller to advance and pierce the enemy's entrenchments between the two batteries in front. This division also sprang to the assault with cheers. The astonished

enemy, at first, lost his self-possession, but soon recovering himself, rallied to the defence of his battery. A deadly fire accordingly greeted the Americans. But unintimidated, the gallant assailants rushed forward, cleared the ramparts, drove the enemy from his works, and planted their flag on the embrasure of the captured fortification. In less than thirty minutes after firing the first gun, the Americans were masters of the field, two of the enemy's batteries, his line of entrenchments, and his two block-houses being in possession of the storming parties. The victors then hastened to spike the cannon. The magazine of the batteries was blown up. The enemy still, however, maintained a desultory, though stubborn resistance, as he retreated; and the reserve, which had been ordered up, was brought into action, while a portion of the remaining troops proceeded with the work of demolition. The object of the sortie having been accomplished, the Americans were now drawn off, and retired to the fort. The victory had been signal and complete. In a single hour the labor of fifty days on the part of the besiegers had been utterly destroyed. About four hundred British had been taken prisoners, and as many more wounded or killed. The moral effect of the sortie was even greater. The enemy recognized in this bold and brilliant stroke, the hand that had dealt him such terrible blows at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, and from that hour, abandoning all hopes of reducing the place, lent his thoughts only to the best means of effecting a safe retreat. A few days after, he raised the siege, and retired behind the Chippewa.

These series of successes on the part of Brown, beginning with Sackett's Harbor, and ending with Fort Erie, surrounded his name with an éclat similar to that which, about the same time, was won by Decatur on another element. Indeed, the career of this General is a forcible illustration of what genius alone can do. During the two preceding years of the war, our arms on land had met with an almost constant succession of disasters, though, at that time, they were not opposed by any of the veteran English troops, such as in 1814, appeared in the field. But when the peace in Europe had disengaged the conquerors of the peninsula, our troops, instead of being utterly annihilated before these renowned soldiers, suddenly began to achieve victories, and that too, against superior numbers. The nation could scarcely believe the first reports of the victory of Chippewa. It had been supposed that if Brown could manage to engage a smaller force than his own, his ability and courage would, perhaps, obtain a triumph; but this astonishing success transcended every hope. The result was chiefly owing to the genius of the General.

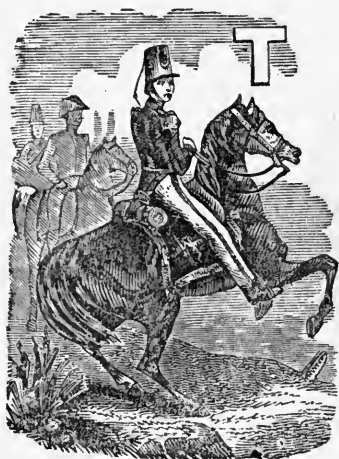
His sagacity in adapting his means to his end, was well known to the troops, and inspired them with a confidence that whatsoever he undertook he could carry through; besides, by a thorough discipline of his men, he rendered them the equals of Wellington's veterans. With such soldiers, and such a leader, victory was certain.

The war terminated, at least in the north, with the campaign of 1814. After the peace, Brown was continued in the army, and assigned the command of the northern military division. His life, however, was paid a forfeit to his services, for he had contracted a disease at Fort Erie, which was an almost constant source of suffering to him, and which, in the end, produced his death. But he lived first to reach the elevated post of senior Major-General, and Commander-in-chief of the army of the United States. This happened in 1821. On the 24th of February, 1828, he died in Washington City, where he had resided since he rose to the chief command.





## ELEAZER W. RIPLEY.



**T**HE real hero of Lundy's Lane was General Winfield Scott. But that officer having been wounded, was forced to retire from the field, and General Brown, the Commander-in-chief, being also disabled, the direction of affairs devolved upon General Ripley. This gentleman was a leader of spirit and discipline, but not equal in ability to either of his superiors. He wanted their resolution, though not their courage, and, perhaps, shrank from assuming responsibility in critical and uncommon emergencies. Among the earlier Generals of the war, he would have shone

superior. But it required pre-eminent qualifications to win distinction by the side of Brown and Scott.

Eleazer Wheelock Ripley, was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, in the year 1782. On his maternal side, he was descended from the celebrated Captain Miles Standish, the hero of the early Plymouth settlers. Young Ripley received an excellent education, graduating at Dartmouth College, in his eighteenth year, with the highest honors. He subsequently studied law, and settled at Winslow, in Massachusetts. In 1807, we find him a member of the legislature of Massachusetts. He was already prominent as a man of influence, and gave his voice, as early as 1808, in favor of a war with both England and France, provided those two powers did not cease their aggressions on this country. In 1811, he was elected to succeed the late Hon. Joseph Story, as speaker of the House of Representatives in Massachusetts. In 1812, he came out boldly for a war with Great Britain, and this too, in opposition to the general sentiment in his adopted state. His patriotism was rewarded by the commission of a Lieutenant-Colonel in the army of the United States. He was appointed to the command of a sub-district, extending from Saco to the eastern frontier, and to his other duties was soon added the superintendence of the recruiting service. In a short time he had obtained sufficient recruits to form a regiment, which was called the twenty-first, and placed under his command.

Ripley was one of the first officers to introduce that exact and rigid discipline into our armies, which subsequently rendered the American soldiers a match for the veterans of Wellington. The winter of 1812, Ripley spent at Burlington, Vermont, engaged in perfecting his regiment, which now became a model for all others. In March, 1813, he repaired to Sackett's Harbor, where the army was collecting for the attack on York. Ripley shared in that enterprise, and received a wound from the explosion. He was present also at the capture of Fort George. In July, he returned to Sackett's Harbor, where he was occupied until October, in perfecting the discipline of the large body of recruits collecting at that depot. He took part in the descent of the St. Lawrence, in November of that year, and afterwards, retiring to Sackett's Harbor, remained in winter quarters there until the spring of 1814. On the 15th of April of that year, Colonel Ripley was created a Brigadier-General, and joined the army of Brown, about to begin the glorious campaign of that season, on the Niagara. He was present with his command, at the battle of Chippewa, on the 5th of July. Subsequently, on the 24th of the same month, he played a prominent part in the battle of



Lundy's Lane, certainly the most hotly contested, if not the most splendid action of the war.

On the afternoon of that day, Brown received a note from a trustworthy source, informing him that the British had thrown a thousand men across from Queenstown to Lewistown, nine miles below Chippewa. The American General, conjecturing that the enemy's object was to capture our stores at Schlosser, and intercept supplies coming down from Buffalo, immediately determined to recall him from this design, by threatening his forts at the mouth of the Niagara. Accordingly, Scott's brigade was detached with this purpose. Scott had proceeded about two miles in the direction of the forts, when, from a hill, he discerned some British officers near a mansion about a mile distant. Advancing, he learned that the enemy was in some force on the other side of a wood ahead. The command of this spirited young officer consisted of thirteen hundred men; but, as he believed that half of Riall's brigade had been thrown across the Niagara, he did not hesitate to push on. "We whipped them at Chippewa," he said to his soldiers, "and we can do it again, my lads!" Having hurried off a messenger to Brown, announcing the vicinity of the foe, he prepared to pass the woods, in front of Forsyth's house, the mansion where the officers had been seen just before. What was his astonishment, however, to perceive directly in his front, drawn up in Lundy's Lane, a force, which his practised eye knew to be superior to that he had encountered at Chippewa. As he wheeled in their front, the clatter of musketry, and the roar of artillery, simultaneously crashed upon his ears, and, for a moment, his men recoiled before the fire with which they were thus unexpectedly greeted.

The crisis was one to try the courage of the boldest. The enemy were evidently in very strong force, and admirably posted. Scott, in reality, was in a trap. To have retreated, under the circumstances, would have been the course of an ordinary leader; but this gallant young commander was too spirited for this, and besides, he knew that to fall back, would create a panic in the reserve, then coming up, and which had never yet flushed itself in battle. His determination was instantaneous and heroic. "We will all die here," he said, "but never yield an inch." And, ordering the troops to deploy into line, at a distance of but one hundred and fifty paces from the foe, the sanguinary struggle began. The sun was only half an hour high, and already the western sky was tipped with purple tints. Soon the thick smoke that rolled upwards from the field, darkened the prospect. Near by was that eternal cataract, which,

pouring the waters of four lakes down its gigantic abyss, keeps up, night and day, the same unceasing roar : and continually, between the sharp explosions of the platoon firing, that deep bass rose like a grand symphony.

Lundy's Lane is a ridge, nearly at right angles with the Niagara river. Here, the enemy was posted, his left being in a road parallel to the stream, and hence at right angles to the lane. A space of two hundred yards covered with brushwood, extended between the two positions of the British army. Scott, with prompt genius, availing himself of this separation, ordered Major Jessup, under cover of the approaching twilight, to steal along these bushes, and turn the enemy's left. The order was quickly executed. So unexpectedly did Jessup burst on that portion of the British line, that it gave way on the instant before him, and General Riall, with other officers, was taken prisoner. To have kept the position, however, would have been impossible. Hence, with loud cheers, Jessup's command charged back, cutting off a portion of the enemy's left wing, and renewed its position in the line under Scott's immediate command.

The British now made an attempt to turn our right, but this was promptly met by Scott, who detached Major M'Neill, with his battalion, to drive back the enemy. A furious conflict ensued. The shame of being baffled by an inferior force, seemed to transport the British to madness, and they fought, at this point, with even more than the desperate valor they had shown at Badajoz, Ciudad Rodrigo, and San Sebastian. But the Americans, stimulated by the glory of repulsing such veterans, met them with a blaze of musketry that almost blinded the sight. Then was seen what men will do and suffer when inflamed by the rage of battle. The soldiers, on either side, appeared to think no more of the deadly balls flying about than Italians do of the missiles at a carnival. The soldier fell in his ranks; the officer died at his post. The detachments were reduced fearfully in numbers, yet still each line was alternately a blaze of fire, and both seemed resolved not to give way. Finally, the British, completely exhausted, fell back. Our flanks were safe.

The strife had raged for two hours. The sun had long since set; even the twilight had departed; and the moon, at first shining calmly over the scene, was now obscured by smoke. The struggle was continued solely by the flashes of the guns. The left of the enemy had been turned and cut off; his right had been hurled back from its assault on our flank. But his centre still stood firm. It was securely posted on the right, at the head of Lundy's Lane, and was supported by nine pieces of artillery, admirably secured. Between

this portion of the enemy's army, and the front of our own, the contest waxed more desperate at every moment. It was at this point of the battle, when the darkness completely hid the enemy from sight, that Captain Brooke, taking a lantern wrapped in cloth, stole onward until he had discovered the exact ground occupied by the foe, and then, climbing a gnarled tree, deliberately fastened the light in the line of fire. After this deed of chivalric courage, he returned safely to his company. The struggle now grew more deadly. It was supported, on our side, by the battalions of Brady and Leavenworth, sustained by Towson's artillery. The enemy replied with equal obstinacy, long sheets of flame running across the height, like lightning shooting in the edges of a cloud. Yet the Americans were not to be driven from their position. Wide gaps were discerned in their line, but not a man of that heroic brigade flinched. All through that terrible night, for the battle raged until twelve o'clock, the men stood to their posts, determined to die there if necessary, but never to fly. Messenger after messenger had been sent off by Scott, to hasten the approach of Brown; and, at last, the ammunition began to give out. Then it was that an incident occurred so characteristic of the indomitable spirit of the American soldier, that it alone throws more light on the victory that followed, than would pages of scientific description. As the cry for ammunition passed along the line, a soldier fell shot through the heart. Clapping his hand to his side, he cried, "cartridges in my box!" Scott, who was but a few paces distant, ran to the man, but he was already dead. His last breath had been exhausted in telling his fellow soldiers that they would find cartridges on his corpse.

When Brown finally reached the scene of combat, to which he had hurried as soon as he could concentrate his forces, he found the brigade of Scott nearly cut to pieces. He resolved instantly to withdraw it to the rear, where it might recruit its exhausted ranks, while he brought up Ripley's fresh troops to maintain the contest. Being now in force to make a serious attempt on the foe, Brown determined to carry the battery at the head of the lane, that being the key of the British position. Accordingly, Colonel Miller was directed to storm this height in front; while to Ripley was entrusted the task of driving the infantry that supported it. When the American commander, riding up to Miller, asked him if he could take the battery, the heroic answer was, "I will try!" Piloted by Scott through the darkness to the foot of the ascent, Miller rushed up the height, and seized the guns almost instantaneously. As Scott returned from performing his duty as guide, he saw that Ripley and

the British infantry had come into action, at only twenty paces distant; and, for a moment, he paused to witness the terrible strife. The enemy's line far outflanked the Americans, but nevertheless, the latter stood stubbornly to their ground. Ripley never fired until just after his adversary, choosing to wait for the flash of the British muskets in order to take aim: thus, the volleys from either side followed, like alternate claps of thunder. The night was intensely dark. The blue smoke lay thickly packed between the hostile lines, and, at every discharge, was lit up by a sulphurous glare, like the ghastly flame burned by magicians at their incantations.

The enemy, having been reinforced in the meantime, now made a desperate attempt to regain the height. But, after a fierce struggle he was repulsed. Again he returned to the charge, and again was driven back. Scott's brigade, which had now been re-formed, participated in this rebuff. A third trial was made, but with like ill success. The American army, prior to these struggles, had taken up a new position, being drawn up with its back to the river, and at right angles to the lane. During the successive combats that took place for the possession of this ground, Scott had twice formed portions of his brigade into column, advanced, charged the enemy's line also advancing, penetrated it, and driven it in disorder back. Wherever he called on his men to go, they followed, inspired by his heroism. Twice he had horses shot under him. He was wounded in the side; but still kept the field. At last a musket ball disabled his left shoulder, and he sunk fainting to the ground.

It was eleven o'clock when Scott was carried off the field, and shortly after, Brown being also severely wounded and compelled to retire, the chief command devolved on Ripley. But the action was nearly over. Once more the British attempted to drive the Americans from their position, but were gallantly repulsed; and then, with the approach of midnight, the struggle ceased. Rarely had a battle been so fiercely contested. The Americans lost eight hundred and sixty; the British rather more: each side about a third of its numerical force. Finding that the enemy no longer molested him, Ripley determined to return to camp in order to recruit his men: accordingly he fell back towards Chippewa, but without bringing off the captured artillery, in consequence of its being dismantled. When he reached head-quarters, Brown sent for him, and ordered that the troops should be put into the best possible condition; that adequate refreshment should be supplied them; that the pickets and camp-guards should be called in to increase the force as much as

possible; and that, with the dawn, Ripley, returning to the battlefield, should meet and beat the enemy, if he again appeared.

Ripley, in consequence, advanced to Lundy's Lane in the morning, but finding the enemy had been reinforced in the night, deemed it most prudent to retreat. Brown was, at first, indignant at this conduct, asserting that his orders to Ripley left no discretion in that officer. The latter, however, alleged that the instructions of the General were "to be governed entirely by circumstances." It is hardly probable, from the dogged resolution of Brown, that the Commander-in-chief, if well, would have made a retrograde movement; but, on the contrary, it is nearly certain that he would have joined battle, and fought until he conquered, or was cut to pieces. In Brown's composition there was something of the iron will of Luther, who said that he would go to Worms, if every tile on the house-tops was a devil. Ripley had less stubborn tenacity. He belonged to the prudential school of Harrison, not to the fiery one of Scott and Brown. He was a second-rate General on such a field as Lundy's Lane; but, in retarding an enemy during a retreat, had no superior: as the army discovered, subsequently, when compelled to fall back on Fort Erie.

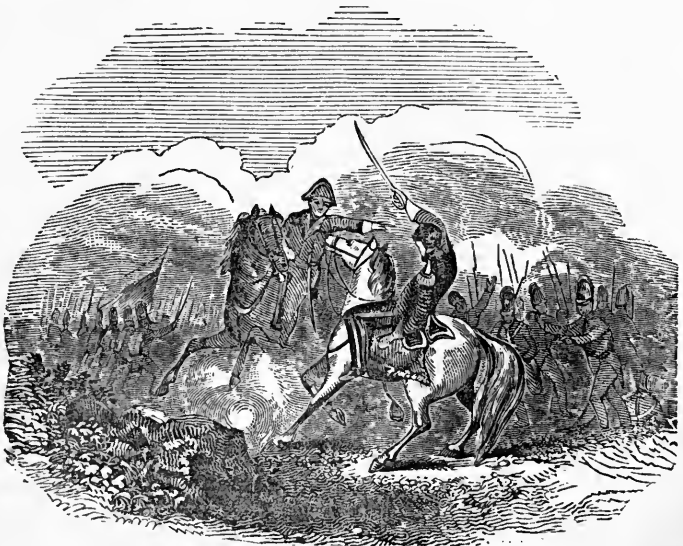
This retreat began on the 26th of July. Breaking down the bridges as he retired, and throwing other impediments in the British advance, Ripley conducted the troops to Fort Erie, which he began immediately to strengthen. The retrograde movement had, meantime, received Brown's sanction, though he still preferred that to another officer than Ripley should be confided the defence of the army, and accordingly sent for General Gaines, who arriving at the Fort on the 4th of August, superseded Ripley. The latter, however, had skilfully employed the interval. Never did soldiers work more assiduously than the Americans on their entrenchments. The six days that elapsed between the arrival of our army and the appearance of the enemy sufficed to render the place impervious to assault: and to the energy of Ripley the salvation of this remnant of Brown's heroic division is altogether to be attributed. The enemy, finding that he could not carry the fort by storm, began a regular investment, which continued until the latter end of September. During this period an unsuccessful attempt to assault the place took place, on the morning of the 15th of August. A triumphant sortie, made by Brown, who had recovered sufficiently to assume command, virtually closed the siege on the 17th of September.

In the sortie under Brown, Ripley led one of the detachments, and received a severe wound, from which his life was despaired of for

ELEAZER W. RIPLEY.

nearly three months. A year elapsed before he was fit for military service, and by that time peace prevented his return to the field. He was, however, rewarded with the brevet of a Major-General. Nor was this all, for by a vote of Congress, on the 3d of November, 1814, he was presented with a gold medal for his gallantry at Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, and Fort Erie.

Ripley, in 1815, removed to Baton Rouge, near New Orleans, where he had an estate. He was subsequently elected to Congress. He died in 1834.





## JAMES MILLER.



**L**AMES MILLER, a Brigadier-General in the army of the United States, was one of the most spirited, daring, and competent officers in the war of 1812. He is particularly celebrated for his conduct in the battle of Lundy's Lane, where, at the head of his veteran regiment, he stormed and carried the height occupied by the enemy's artillery.

Miller was born at Petersburg, in the county of Hillsborough, New Hampshire, on the 25th of April, 1776. As a lad, he was principally celebrated for his love of idleness. One of his first teach-

ers had been a sergeant in the War of Independence, and took pleasure in drilling the boys during the interval of their studies. It is probable that the taste of Miller for military affairs was fostered by this process. In character, he was bold, self-willed, and at one period triumphantly headed what is called a "barring out," among the boys, compelling the teacher to grant the required holiday, together with an immunity to the young rebels. As he grew older, however, a nobler ambition began to actuate him. At the age of eighteen, stimulated by a desire to prosecute his education, he left his paternal home to attend the Academy at Amherst, with the slender outfit of a bundle of clothes, and the sum of one dollar and twenty-five cents in his pocket. He remained at the Academy until his credit, as well as funds, were exhausted, when he resorted to teaching; and thus alternating between pupil and instructor, he finally completed his education. In this conduct, we recognize the same energy, self-reliance, and perseverance which afterwards rendered him distinguished as a military leader.

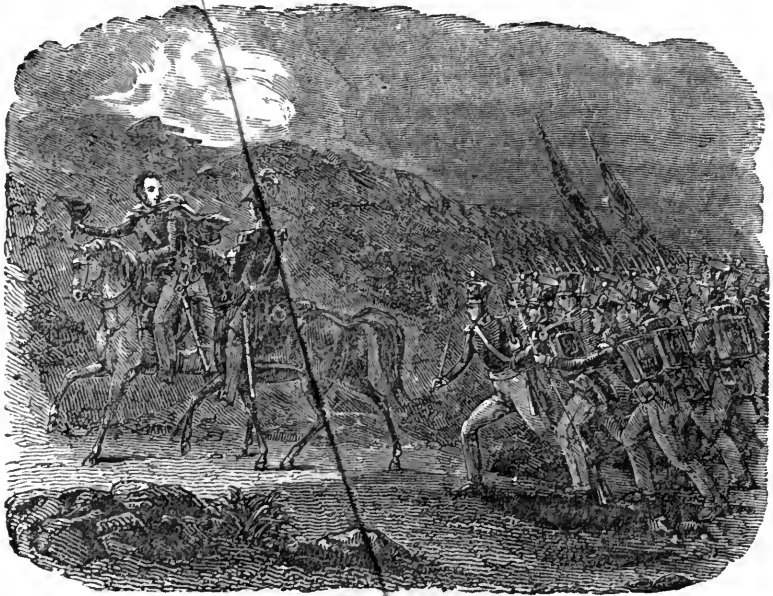
At the age of twenty-seven, after nine years thus spent, he was admitted to practice law, and settled at Greenfield, in his native state. When, however, in 1809, Congress resolved to increase the army, Miller received the commission of a Major, having first held the post of Captain of Artillery in the New Hampshire militia. He immediately joined his regiment at Boston, and continued employed in garrison duty until 1811, when he was elevated to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and ordered to march to Pittsburgh. From this place he was detached to join General Harrison. In descending the river with his troops, he exposed his person to such a degree, that he caught a violent fever, which brought him to the brink of the grave. The want of proper attention prolonged his illness. From the 4th of May to the 18th of November, he slept but two nights under a roof. In consequence, he was not present at the battle of Tippecanoe. The ensuing winter he spent at Vincennes, in the family of Harrison, employed in recruiting his health.

In May, 1812, he received orders to join General Hull. He overtook that officer at Urbana, and accompanied him to Detroit. The supplies from Ohio having been cut off by the British and savages, Miller was detached, with six hundred regular troops, to open the communication. He started on this expedition on the evening of the 8th of August, 1812, and on the following day came up with the enemy, at Brownstown. The force of the latter consisted of three hundred British, and four hundred and fifty Indians, who were posted on strong ground, defended by artificial means. Miller prompt-



ly assaulted the works, and, after a short conflict, defeated the enemy. Tecumseh, and a few other savages, who had leaped over the breast-work, confident of victory, were gallantly repulsed at the point of the bayonet. The fugitives were pursued to their boats, about half a mile distant. The next day, Miller returned to Detroit. Had all the operations of the campaign been prosecuted with the same spirit, how different would have been the result!

In company with Colonel Cass, Miller was the first American officer to carry our flag into Canada. In the affair of Canard, he fought with intrepidity, but being unsupported by the General, lost the fruits of the victory. But it was in the succeeding year, on the Niagara frontier, that he covered himself with laurels. He was at Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, and Fort Erie, on all which occasions he displayed the utmost gallantry. At the battle of Lundy's Lane, when it became necessary to carry a height which commanded the



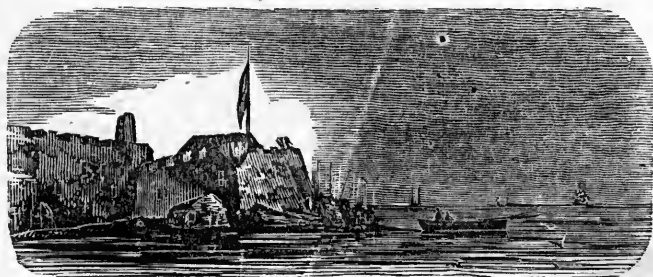
SCOTT PILOTING MILLER TO LUNDY'S LANE.

field, and on which the British artillery was posted, General Brown rode up to Colonel Miller, and said: "Sir, can you take that battery?" "I will try!" was the laconic reply. The night was so dark that Scott, who was familiarly acquainted with the ground, had to

pilot the regiment to the required position. In a few minutes, Miller reached the foot of the ascent. With a wild huzza, the troops rushed up the hill, charging to the cannon's mouth. The battery was carried in an instant. The victory was won.

Miller was promoted to the rank of a Brigadier-General for his conduct at Chippewa. In the sortie at Fort Erie, he commanded one of the detachments, and carried, in thirty minutes, the two principal batteries of the British. For his brilliant conduct on these occasions, he was presented, by a vote of Congress, with a gold medal, the motto being the two memorable words he used at Lundv's Lane. When the war ceased, he left the army, and retired to his estate at Peterborough, in his native state, where he continued to reside for several years. Here he devoted his time to social intercourse, and to the pursuit of agriculture. In the domestic circle his cheerfulness and kindness were pre-eminent, and the more striking, though not the more singular, in consequence of his impetuosity in the field. It is said few persons could be long in his society without being both happier and wiser.

General Miller was subsequently made Collector of the Port of Salem, Massachusetts, where he has since continued to reside. An attack of paralysis has deprived him nearly altogether of the power of speech, but his other faculties continue unimpaired.





## NATHAN TOWSON.



T

HIS distinguished officer, now Paymaster-General of the army with the rank of Brigadier, was considered, in the war of 1812, the ablest artillery officer in the country. It is doubtful indeed, whether he had his superior in the world. He distinguished himself on various occasions, the three most prominent of which were Black Rock, Chippewa, and Lundy's Lane.

Towson was born at a small village called Towsonton, about seven miles from Baltimore, on the 22d of January, 1784. He received the rudiments of his education at a

country school, and is said to have shown considerable fondness for learning. At the age of sixteen he left the paternal mansion, and removed to Kentucky, for the purpose of cultivating a farm there belonging to his father; but finding the property in dispute, he soon left that state and removed to Natches, in the then Mississippi territory, where he resided for three years. During the time he dwelt at this place, Louisiana was purchased by the United States. Suspicions of some difficulty in annexing it being entertained, Governor Clairborne, of Mississippi, raised a band of volunteers and marched to New Orleans. Of this force Towson was one, making his first essay in arms.

In 1805 Towson returned to Maryland, and from this period until the war of 1812, was chiefly occupied in agricultural pursuits. He retained, however, a fondness for military affairs, and served as Adjutant in the seventh Maryland militia. A portion of his leisure hours he devoted to the cultivation of poetry. From these comparatively quiet pursuits he was called away on the 15th of March, 1812, and received the appointment of Captain of artillery in the army of the United States, a post which his reputation for military talents, rather than any predominating influence, had obtained for him. He soon recruited his company, and, in August, joined his superior officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, at Philadelphia. Immediately after, Scott was ordered to General Dearborn's head-quarters, on the northern frontier, whither he repaired with Towson's and Barker's companies.

Towson now signalized himself by performing his first exploit. Being at Black Rock, protecting the fitting out of the vessels for the lake service, Lieutenant Elliott projected the capture of two of the enemy's ships lying under the guns of Fort Erie, and the lot fell on Towson to command one of the two boats destined for the expedition. He accordingly boarded and carried the *Caledonia* in the most gallant manner. Indeed the whole brunt of the fight fell on him, for having been the first to attack, the approach of Elliott was unperceived, and the latter took his vessel almost by surprise. The *Caledonia* subsequently grounded, but was saved by the intrepidity of Towson, and afterwards became one of Perry's immortal fleet. For his conduct on this occasion he received the brevet of Major.

At the battle of Queenstown, Towson remained with his artillery on the American shore; for there were no boats in which he could cross. He kept up, however, a spirited cannonade on the enemy's position. In the spring of 1813, he was attached to General Winder's brigade, and participated with it in the attack on Fort George. At

the encounter at Stoney Creek he was the senior officer of artillery. Here he lost his guns, and was himself made prisoner; but he succeeded in effecting his escape, and even regained two of his pieces. While the army subsequently lay at Fort George, there were almost daily skirmishes between the Americans and British; and in one of these affairs Towson received a wound in his hand. He was left at Fort George, when Boyd moved down the St. Lawrence. Afterwards his company was marched to Sackett's Harbor, where it continued until April, 1814.

In the battle of Chippewa Towson played a distinguished part: indeed, after Brown and Scott, he was the hero of the day. His company was the only artillery one on our side, engaged in the action. The enemy had an equal number of guns, but while Towson's were only six pounders, those of the British were twenty-four pounders. At the beginning of the action the pieces of the foe were well served, and their fire was very destructive; but so close and well aimed were the discharges of Towson, that, before the battle was half over, the British guns were silent, their ammunition wagon blown up, and most of the artillery horses killed. It was with great difficulty that the guns were saved in the retreat, and then only by the interposition of the dragoons, who harnessed their animals to the pieces and galloped off with them at the last extremity. Towson, during this battle, was laboring under an inflammation of the eyes, and, for a time, could not distinguish the exact position of the enemy through the smoke. When Scott was about to make the brilliant movement, by which he crushed the enemy's battalions between his own, he perceived that Towson was firing in the wrong direction, and hastening to his side, he reined in his steed and pointed out where the British were. Towson instantly changed the direction of his pieces, and, loading with cannister, opened an oblique fire, which enfiladed the enemy from right to left. The effect was murderous. The masses of the foe were prostrated, as when a hail-storm beats down the corn. This fearful fire, seconded, as it was, by Scott's movement, won the day. The British fell back, and victory was ours. For his conduct on this glorious field, Towson received the brevet of a Lieutenant-Colonel.

At Lundy's Lane, Towson again earned laurels. The charge of Miller, which carried the key to the enemy's position, was made at the suggestion of Towson. During the battle, his immediate command suffered severely. Both his Lieutenants were wounded, and of thirty-six men who served at his guns, twenty-seven were killed or injured. At last, on the arrival of the reinforcements, he was

partially relieved from his perilous position. But the victory was owing to the invincible courage with which Towson, Jessup, and others of that stamp, disputed the ground for the first two hours. The official report of this battle says: "Towson's company attached to the first brigade, was the first and last engaged; and, during the whole conflict, maintained that high character which they had previously shown, by their skill and valor."

Towson was at Fort Erie on the night of the memorable assault, August the 15th, 1814. He commanded at the left flank, which proved to be the post of danger and honor. The night had been rainy, and was still pitch dark, but the sentinels kept good watch, and detecting the steps of the approaching column, gave notice to Towson, who at once opened a rolling fire on the assailants. For some minutes, it is said, his bastion was a sheet of flame. So incessant, indeed, were the discharges that the soldiers called his battery, Towson's light house; a name which stuck to it to the close of the war. General Ripley, in speaking of this part of the action, says: "I cannot refrain from adverting to the manner in which Captain Towson's artillery was served; I have never seen it equalled. This officer has so often distinguished himself, that to say simply he is in action, is a volume of eulogium: the army, only to be informed he is there, by a spontaneous assent are at once satisfied that he has performed well his part."

At the close of the war Towson was assigned the command of the troops at Boston. He was subsequently at Newport, R. I. In 1819, he left the line of the army, and was appointed Paymaster-General, which office he has since continued to fill. In 1834, under the act recommended by President Jackson, Towson became entitled to an additional brevet; and accordingly took rank as a Brigadier from the 15th of August, 1824, the tenth anniversary of the battle of Fort Erie.

Towson, from his elevation to the Paymaster-Generalship has resided principally at Washington. He continued to fulfil the duties of his responsible station, until January, 1848, when he was ordered to Mexico, to preside at the court of enquiry held on the Commander-in-chief.

We may close this sketch with the opinion passed on him by Wilkinson, certainly not a lenient judge: "At Chippewa, as at Minden, the fate of the day was settled by the artillery; and the American Towson may deservedly be ranked with the British Phillips, Drummond and Foy."



## THOMAS S. JESSUP.



HE name of Jessup has long been associated, in the popular mind, with all that is brilliant and daring. He was one of that glorious band of young men who distinguished themselves in the campaign of 1814, and who may be considered the founders of that high military spirit which now distinguishes the republic. It was Scott, Towson, Jessup, Worth, and others of like heroic mould, who first taught the now admitted fact, that an American soldier must never contemplate the probability of defeat.

Jessup was born in Virginia, about the year 1788. While he was still very young, his family emigrated to Ohio. The earlier years of this distinguished officer were accordingly passed on the frontier, where the physical qualities generally expand more than the intellectual ones. Jessup, however, early showed considerable ability. He was especially distinguished by a taste for military pursuits. In May, 1808, he entered the army as a Second-Lieutenant of infantry, Scott entering on the same day as a Captain of artillery. When the war of 1812 began, his rise was rapid and brilliant.

At the battle of Chippewa, Jessup, now a Major, commanded the battalion on the left flank of Scott's brigade. He had been ordered

to prevent the enemy outflanking him, and in his effort to effect his purpose, found himself pressed both in front and on the flank, while his men were falling fast around him. The emergency was critical. An ordinary officer would have lost the day. But Jessup, ordering his battalion, with a firm voice, to "support arms, and advance," the men, animated by his lofty courage, obeyed, and swept the field. The manner in which, amid a desperate fire, his battalion executed this movement, has always received warm praise, and the credit of the success, in this part of the field, is attributed entirely to his coolness, promptitude and courage. For his conduct at Chippewa, he received the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel.

In the battle of Lundy's Lane, also, he reaped laurels. In this action, he commanded the twenty-fifth regiment. Perceiving that the British commander had thoughtlessly left a road behind him unguarded, Jessup rallied his brave troops around him, and precipitated himself into the enemy's rear. For a few moments the British stood their ground, but the slaughter among them was dreadful; and at the fourth fire of our infantry, they fled down the road. General Riall, with many officers of rank, fell into the hands of Jessup by this daring movement. The British Commander-in-chief, Lieutenant-General Drummond, would also have been captured, but Jessup hearing that the first brigade was cut to pieces, and finding himself with but two hundred men, surrounded by the enemy, thought it advisable to retreat, and save his command. At a later period of the combat, after the height in the lane had been carried by Miller, Jessup, with the twenty-fifth, assisted that officer to repel three several assaults on the position. For his demeanor in this battle, Jessup was brevetted a Colonel.

After the peace, Jessup was retained in the army. In 1818, he was appointed Quartermaster-General, with the rank of a Brigadier. In 1828, he received the brevet of a Brigadier in due course. When Scott was recalled from Florida, Jessup was appointed to the vacant command. He continued in charge of the Seminole war for many years, and it was during the period of his command that Osceola was captured. After the battle of Okee-Chobee, Jessup was recalled, and the conduct of the war confided to Taylor.

Jessup accompanied Scott to Mexico, where, however, he did not remain long. The duties of his office, though important, did not call him into active service, and, consequently, he had no means of signalizing himself.





## EDMUND P. GAINES.



**E**DMUND Pendleton Gaines, a brevet Major-General in the army of the United States, was the hero of Fort Erie. He was born in Culpepper county, Virginia, on the 20th of March, 1777. Shortly after he had attained his thirteenth-year, his father removed to Tennessee, and settled in Sullivan county, in the immediate vicinity of which the Cherokee Indians committed frequent

depredations. The necessity of self-defence against these foes, turned the thoughts of young Gaines to military affairs. He studied every

book relating to the art that he could obtain. He became celebrated as one of the best shots on the border. At the early age of eighteen, he was elected Lieutenant of a rifle company, raised against the Cherokees.

In January, 1799, he received his first commission, which was that of an Ensign in the army of the United States. In the following year, he was advanced to the rank of Second-Lieutenant, in the fourth infantry. In 1801, young Gaines was selected by his Colonel to make a topographical survey, from Nashville to Natchez, in order to locate a military road, under the direction of the United States. In this duty, and in the survey of certain Indian boundaries near the Choctaw nation, he was engaged until 1804. These trusts, thus confided to him, show the high opinion already formed of his scientific acquirements. He was now appointed military collector of customs for the district of Mobile, and was stationed at Fort Stoddard, thirty-six miles north of the town of Mobile. In 1806 he was promoted to a captaincy. He was the officer who, at this period, arrested Burr, under the President's proclamation. Subsequently, he entertained the idea of abandoning the pursuit of arms and embracing that of the law; and even went so far as to ask leave of absence, and begin the practice of the profession in Washington and Baldwin counties, Mississippi. But the war with England soon after breaking out, he resumed his sword, and has not since abandoned it.

Gaines was attached to the army of Harrison during the campaign of 1813, but illness prevented his sharing in the victory of the Thames. He had now been raised to the rank of Colonel, and in the action at Chryster's Fields, on the 11th of November of that year, commanded the twenty-fifth regiment. His duty, on this day, was to cover the embarkation of our troops, after the enemy had been checked; and this service he performed in the most admirable manner. Cool in danger, yet sufficiently impetuous; fertile in resources, though never visionary; Gaines soon established a very high reputation, and was rewarded with the rank of Brigadier-General. When, after the battle of Lundy's Lane, the British concentrated all their available forces on the Niagara, and compelled the Americans, so lately victorious, to retreat to Fort Erie, it was to Gaines that Brown turned his eyes in the illness of himself and Scott, to defend that place. Accordingly, Gaines being summoned to the fort, superseded Ripley in the command, though without making any change in his predecessor's arrangements. Shortly after his arrival, in the night between the 14th and 15th of August, 1814,

the memorable assault on Fort Erie was made. The victory that crowned our arms on that occasion, has made the name of Gaines immortal. Had not the enemy been repulsed, the remnant of Brown's heroic brigade would have been annihilated, the moral effect of the late victories lost, and the war protracted probably for years.

Fort Erie had been reached by the retiring army on the 27th of July, and, from that day, to the third of August, when the enemy arrived before the place, the soldiers labored incessantly to strengthen the works. The forces of the British were about four thousand two hundred, while those of the Americans, at no time during the siege, amounted to two thousand five hundred. Had the enemy arrived two days before, with such overpowering numbers, the Americans must have become his prey; but the latter had worked with an assiduity almost unparalleled in history, and the British, perceiving nothing was to be done by a coup de main, sat down to invest the place. The main camp of the foe was placed about two miles from the fort. In front of this camp a line of circumvallation extended partially around the works; it consisted of two lines of intrenchments, supported by block-houses. In front of these trenches, batteries were erected at favorable points. One battery, in particular, enfiladed the works. The guns of the enemy were never silent, from the moment they were mounted, but continued to pour a destructive and unceasing fire on the fort.

It was on the 4th of August, the day after the investment, that Gaines took the command. The following day the cannonade and bombardment begun. These were vigorously maintained, varied by occasional sharp conflicts between the infantry and rifle corps of the two armies, up to the morning of the grand assault. The loss in these skirmishes amounted, in the aggregate, to more than the loss on the 15th; but the lives were not sacrificed in vain, since, in these preliminary contests, the garrison gained confidence for the final and decisive struggle. On one occasion, a shell from the British penetrated a magazine, which was, fortunately, nearly empty, and hence, though it blew up with a terrible explosion, none of the works were injured, nor was a single member of the garrison killed. Both armies, however, were appalled for a moment. The firing on each side ceased. All eyes, on the part of the enemy, were turned towards the magazine, where a dark column of smoke, brooding ominously over the ruins, magnified the disaster, and caused a shout of exultation after the first moments of silence. The hurrah had scarcely ceased, before the Americans returned it, and instantly

opened their batteries afresh. The British replied, and soon this interlude was forgotten in the renewed roar of battle.

Gaines, however, after this, expected an assault, for he knew the explosion would lead the enemy to suppose he was short of ammunition. Accordingly, he held himself ready for an attack at any moment. At last, about two o'clock in the morning of the 15th, the steady tramp of an enemy was heard upon the left, long before the darkness allowed his forces to be seen. Gaines was on horseback at the time, and promptly galloped to the point of attack. Just as he reached the angle of the fort, the musketry and artillery opened on the foe, and by the lurid light thus flung across the night, he beheld a column, fifteen hundred strong, close upon the works. Onward it came, reckless of the tremendous fire, until within ten feet of the American infantry. Fortunately an abattis, formed of loose brush, intervened, and checked the British regulars, but rapidly turning aside, they plunged into the lake, waist deep, in order to turn the abattis, and with mutual shouts of encouragement, struggled thus towards the works. Gaines, fearing this point would be carried, ordered up a detachment of riflemen and infantry, but Major Wood, who commanded here, assured him that the position could be held without assistance. His words were soon made good. Before the deadly fire of Towson's artillery and Wood's musketry, the English recoiled, and though they rallied and advanced again immediately, they were once more repulsed. After this, no further assault on the left was attempted.

Simultaneously, however, a much heavier body of the enemy was precipitated against the right of the fort, and here, in consequence of the immensely preponderating numbers, the contest was more severe. The British advanced in two columns. The one on the extreme right, was speedily repulsed. But that in the centre, led by Colonel Drummond, one of the bravest, yet most brutal men of the royal army, was not to be checked, either by the sight of the walls crowded with soldiers, the volleys of musketry pouring from them, or the torrents of grape that swept by. His soldiers charged over the open ground, down into the ditch, and up its sides, where planting their ladders against the parapet, they ascended in despite of the Americans. But now the defenders, rallying themselves with desperate resolution, for if they failed here, the day was lost, grappled with the foe, and after a fierce struggle, hurled him back with dreadful carnage. The assault was repeated with indomitable spirit, but again repulsed. A third time the enemy planted his

ladders, and a third time was nearly precipitated into the ditch. But now covered by the darkness, which was rendered more dense in consequence of the thick masses of smoke that lay packed at the foot of the works, the column turned a little to the right, and with a sudden rush, re-ascended the ladders, and falling, with pike and bayonet on the astounded artillerymen, carried the bastion, after a brief, but deadly resistance. Colonel Drummond was at the head of the storming party, cheering on his men. Captain Williams, in command at this point, fell, mortally wounded. Lieutenant McDonough continued to fight until severely hurt, and then demanded quarter. It was refused by Colonel Drummond, who rushed at him, shouting: "Give the d—d Yankees no quarter!" Seizing a gun-rammer, McDonough desperately defended himself, scattering the enemy right and left, until Drummond, with a pistol, shot him dead. The British now streamed over the bastion, and attempted to rush on the fort, Colonel Drummond, waving his sword in the van, and repeating his brutal shout, "No quarter to the d—d Yankees!" The words, however, this time had scarcely left his mouth, before he leaped into the air, and tumbled headlong, shot through the heart by a private of one of the regiments of regulars.

Meantime the enemy having been repulsed on the left, Gaines had ordered up reinforcements from that quarter. In the interval, however, the British were held in check, and kept from advancing beyond the bastion, by the rapid and well-aimed discharges of Captain Fanning's field-pieces, which mowed down the foe wherever he left covert. Once or twice the Americans attempted to regain the bastion; but the effort was fruitless: they rolled back from its impervious sides like a baffled tide receding from the rocks. The night still continued intensely dark. But suddenly the whole firmament was lit up as at noon-day. The earth quaked. All thought the fort blowing up. When the smoke cleared off, the English in the bastion, from which the explosion appeared, were seen rushing wildly towards the ditch. At the same instant the cause of the disaster was made apparent. A quantity of cartridges had been deposited in the end of a stone building adjoining the bastion, and these igniting, had blown up. The vivid blaze of light was over in an instant, and comparative gloom fell around. But, through the darkness, the cries of the British, who, in their panic, believed the Americans were going to destroy themselves and the fort, rose wild and high over the receding echoes of the explosion.

Captain Bidle hastened to improve this moment of consternation, by enfilading the exterior plain and salient glacis with his field-piece

Captain Fanning also followed the enemy with rapid and deadly discharges from his artillery. The effect of these united fires, conjoined with their late affright, was such that the British could not recover themselves, but breaking in every direction, fled swiftly from the ramparts. When the ensuing morning dawned upon the sanguinary scene, two hundred and twenty-one of the enemy were found lifeless on the field, besides one hundred and seventy-four who had been too severely wounded to be carried off. In addition to this, there were one hundred and sixty-eight prisoners. The American loss was seventeen killed, fifty-six wounded, and eleven missing. Thus ended the assault on Fort Erie. When it is recollected that on the preservation of that work hung the whole *morale* of the army, and that a distinguished officer of brigade under General Brown had declared it impossible to resist successfully, we can form some idea, though but a faint one, of the immense importance of the triumph.

On the 28th of August, Gaines received a wound from the bursting of a shell, which incapacitated him for a while from service; and accordingly the command devolved again on Ripley. For his gallantry in the assault Gaines was soon after brevetted a Major-General. Congress voted him also a gold medal. The states of Virginia, Tennessee and Alabama each presented him with a sword. On the reduction of the army, after the peace, he was retained in his old rank.

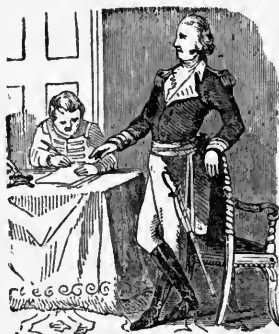
He served for some time in the south, on the Florida frontier. Subsequently he was detached to the western department, and was in command of it when Black Hawk's war broke out. His movements were spirited and energetic, but he was soon superseded. He was next appointed to his old station in the south, and was there when Dade's massacre occurred. He immediately proceeded to chastise the Seminoles. In this campaign he was twice attacked by the enemy, whom, on both occasions, he repulsed. On the 11th of March, 1836, he was superseded by Scott.

For several succeeding years he was kept in comparative inactivity. In 1846, however, he was at New Orleans when intelligence arrived of Taylor's peril on the Rio Grande, before the battle of Palo Alto. Gaines immediately issued a requisition for a large force of volunteers. For this act, deemed unnecessary at the time, he was recalled and censured by a court-martial.

Gaines died at New Orleans, on the 6th of June, 1849.



## PETER B. PORTER.



**P**ETER B. PORTER, a Major-General in the war of 1812, contributed largely to the success of the campaign on the Niagara.—Rallying the volunteers in the summer of 1813, he continued at the head of that corps of the army throughout the ensuing year; and at Chippewa, Lundy's Lane and Fort Erie fought with the personal intrepidity of a hero. For his services at this eventful period of our history, Congress, by a resolution of November the 3d. 1814, presented him with a gold medal.

Porter was born at Salisbury, Connecticut, on the 14th of August, 1773. After completing his preliminary studies, he entered Yale College, where he subsequently graduated with high honor. Having afterwards studied the law, he settled to practise in his native place.

Here he rose rapidly to influence. He was elected to Congress, and in that body chosen chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations. In 1811, he was appointed a commissioner in relation to inland navigation; and he had thus the honor of being one of the first to lay the corner stone in the prosperity of New York. The war of 1812, however, called him to sterner duties. Having removed to Black Rock, he was there when the descent was made on that place in 1813, and, placing himself at the head of the hastily collected volunteers, succeeded in repelling the attack. From that hour he was an active participater in the war on the northern frontier.

Porter having been made a Brigadier-General, was present with his command at the battle of Chippewa. His task was to march through the woods, and endeavor to turn the right of the enemy; but though foiled in executing this duty, he gallantly met and repulsed the British. General Brown, in his official despatch, says: "The conduct of General Porter has been conspicuously gallant: every assistance in his power to afford, with the description of force under his command, has been rendered." In the battle of Lundy's Lane, also, Porter signalized himself; and by his personal heroism, excited that of his corps. General Brown officially speaks of him as follows: "It is with great pleasure I saw the good order and intrepidity of General Porter's volunteers from the moment of their arrival; but, during the last charge of the enemy, those qualities were conspicuous. Stimulated by their gallant leader, they precipitated themselves upon the enemy's line, and made all the prisoners which were taken at this point of the action."

In the series of skirmishes at Fort Erie, ending with the repulse of the British assault on the 15th of August, 1814, Porter played a very prominent part. During the terrible morning of the 15th, he commanded the centre, and, with his riflemen and volunteers, contributed materially to the victory on that occasion. For his conduct during this campaign, he was promoted to the rank of Major-General.

At the close of the war, Porter returned to political life, and in 1815, was elected to Congress. During the ensuing year, the office of Secretary of State was tendered to him, but he declined it. He was one of the commissioners appointed, in 1817, to run the boundary line between the United States and Canada. He was Secretary of War for awhile under the Presidency of John Quincy Adams. In 1829 he retired to private life.

Porter died at Niagara, on the 20th of March, 1844.





## ALEXANDER MACOMB.



**I**N the struggle for Independence the west was a wilderness, and consequently could furnish no heroes for the war. But since that period, it has supplied, perhaps, more soldiers and Generals than any other section. Alexander Macomb was the first military commander born in the west who rose to distinction. His birth occurred at Detroit, in the present state of Michigan, on the 3d of April, 1782. While still a child, however, the family removed to New York, and young Macomb was placed at a celebrated school in Newark, N. J., to be educated. Here he remained several years.

In 1798, the difficulties with France became so serious as to threaten hostilities, and preparations were made actively throughout the Union for a war with that republic. Among others, young Macomb tendered his sword to his country, and was enrolled in a company called the "New York Rangers," whose services had been offered and accepted by the President. The ambition of the young volunteer soon aspired to a commission in the regular army, and, in 1799, he succeeded in obtaining the appointment of a Cornet. The difficulties between the United States and France being amicably adjusted, most of those who had enlisted for the war, retired to more peaceful avocations. Macomb, however, had a strong military bent, and was eager to continue in the service. Accordingly, on the subsequent formation of a corps of engineers, he was appointed to a lieutenancy in it, and stationed, for a time, at West Point. In 1805, he rose to the rank of Captain, and in 1808, to that of Major. During all this time he remained in the engineers. When, however, the war of 1812 broke out, he asked to be transferred to the artillery, because there would be little opportunity of distinguishing himself in his old corps. He had, during his comparatively long service earned a reputation for substantial merit, and, in consequence his request was granted. He was appointed a Colonel, and given the command of the third regiment. This regiment had yet to be raised, but the ranks were not long in filling up; for in November, 1812, Macomb was able to join the army on the northern frontier, with his new command. Here he distinguished himself at Niagara and Fort George. In January, 1814, he was raised to the rank of Brigadier. The charge of the country bordering on Lake Champlain, was now entrusted to him, and it was here that he won the battle of Plattsburgh, one of the most gallant victories of the war.

The summer of 1814 was a gloomy one for the United States. The war in Europe had just been brought to a close by the abdication of Napoleon, and the British veterans, thus disengaged, were sent, at once, across the Atlantic. During the month of July, transports continually arrived in the St. Lawrence, crowded with the troops of Wellington. By the first of August, fifteen thousand men had been added to the British disposable force in the Canadas. Nor were these reinforcements composed of ordinary soldiers. On the contrary, they were culled from the flower of the English army—from the conquerors of Badajoz, San Sebastian, and Bayonne. The battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane assisted, in a measure, to remove the public despondency, by proving that, against equal numbers, our regular troops, when ably commanded, had little to

fear. But the peril consisted in the overwhelming forces of the enemy. Not a week passed in the month of August, which did not bring more transports from Europe, with fresh additions of veteran soldiers to increase the already overflowing army in the Canadas. After numerous additions had been made to the force on the Niagara, there remained fourteen thousand men on the lower St. Lawrence; and these, organized under Sir George Prescott, were destined, it was secretly whispered, to move down Lake Champlain, seize the line of the Hudson, and cutting off New England from the rest of the confederation, finish by capturing the city of New York.

When this bold design became first known to the Americans, they had no army on Champlain competent for resistance, for General Izard had just marched towards Niagara with all his disposable strength, in order to relieve Fort Erie. Macomb, who now found himself the senior officer, had no organized battalions, if we except four companies of the sixth regiment. The remainder of his force, which amounted only to about fifteen hundred effective men, was composed of convalescents and recruits of the new regiments. His works were weak; the stores were in confusion; the ordnance out of order; and, in short, everything in the worst possible condition to face an active, enterprising and veteran foe. Every day intelligence was brought in that the enemy had approached nearer. His proclamations soon revealed that his design was to attack Plattsburgh. At this the inhabitants fled in alarm. Macomb was quickly left with no assistance beyond his regulars, except what was derived from a few men and boys, who, ashamed to desert their homes like others, formed themselves into a company, received rifles, and went zealously to work.

But the emergency found the American General with a mind equal to its demands. A different spirit pervaded him from that which had led to disgrace under Hull and Wilkinson. In 1813, perhaps, the Americans would have abandoned Plattsburgh without a blow; but a new race of men had risen to be leaders, and the people, who always catch more or less of the feelings of their Generals, were now as confident as they would then have been desponding. Macomb did all he could to increase that confidence. He reminded his men of what their fellow-soldiers had achieved at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane; and assured them, that if possessed of a like resolution, they could as nobly sustain the honor of their flag. He divided his little force into detachments, and assigned them stations near the several forts, declaring, in his general orders, that each detachment was the garrison of its own work, and must rely

entirely on itself. He lost no time in rallying the country people to his assistance. He urged General Mooers, of the militia, to make a lev<sup>y</sup> en masse. When the troops began to come in, he sent them forward to break up the roads and destroy the bridges. In a word, the same system which had been tried with such success to defeat Burgoyne, was now vigorously applied to check the advance of Prevost. Yet, for awhile, every effort to arrest the progress of the British proved abortive. The detachments sent out to meet the van of the enemy, fell back in confusion. With the proud step of assured conquerors, the English advanced against Plattsburgh, and on the 6th of September, made their appearance before that place, driving in impetuously, the parties of militia that attempted to skirmish on their front. Even a body of riflemen that met the enemy debouching from a wood, failed to arrest him. A battery of field pieces, that next opened on him, had no better success. Undaunted, those scarred and sun-burnt veterans, the heroes of a hundred conflicts on the hills of Spain, pressed shouting on, never deploying in their whole march, but advancing vauntingly in columns.

The village of Plattsburgh is situated on the north-west side of a stream called the Saranac, which, at no great distance, empties into Lake Champlain. The American works were placed on the other side of the river, opposite the town. Consequently, when the enemy had driven in the skirmishing parties of our little army, no resource remained but to abandon the village and retreat to the shelter of the works. In order to cover this movement, the field-pieces were hurried across the bridge, and hastily thrown into battery, when a furious and incessant fire was opened on the advancing masses of the British. The troops, as they retired, moreover, kept up a running discharge of volleys on the foe. By this means every corps succeeded in effecting its escape. The enemy maintained the pursuit, however, with the utmost gallantry, and, on reaching the bridge, threw parties of sharpshooters into the neighboring houses, from the windows and balconies of which a continual fire was kept up on the Americans. Several desperate but unavailing attempts were made by the enemy to drive the guards from the bridge. The Americans, annoyed by the sharpshooters, now opened with hot shot on the houses where these men had stationed themselves. Soon the fiery missiles took effect. Speedily several dwellings were in a blaze. Driven from their foothold here, the British fell back. Thus the afternoon wore away. As the dusk began to fall, the Americans retiring wholly across the bridge, tore up its planks, and formed breast works with them. Night settled down, but the battle raged

The roar of the artillery, the rattle of musketry, the whistling of the balls, and the occasional cheers of the combatants, rose up in awful discord, while the lurid appearance of the hot shot, and the conflagration that lit up the sky when some fresh house took fire, added to the horrors of the scene. At last, the British drew off, and abandoned all attempts to force a passage. Not only at the main bridge, but at one higher up, defended by militia, the foe had been repulsed, with heavy loss.

When morning dawned, it was discovered that the enemy were throwing up intrenchments, and the spies soon brought in intelligence of the approach of his battering train. There was no fear, consequently, of an assault that day. Macomb employed the respite in sending off new couriers to raise the neighboring country-people. To his troops he spoke in grateful terms for the bravery they had shown, with the exception of some of the militia, on the preceding day, and on these latter, he said he was assured he should, on the next occasion, have nothing but praises to bestow. The volunteers from New York and Vermont, as well as the regular drafts of militia, came pouring into the camp. Macomb immediately disposed them along the shores of the Saranac. Continual skirmishes occurred for the next four days, and more than once the British resumed their attempts to cross the bridges. As he had expected, Macomb now found the militia behaving with the utmost spirit. Every day increased their confidence in themselves, while it diminished their dread of the enemy. The American General, as soon as his reinforcements would permit, despatched a strong body in the rear of the British army, with orders to harass it day and night. Meantime, the regulars were kept assiduously at work on the intrenchments. The final trial of strength Macomb knew could not be very distant, for the enemy's fleet was hourly advancing, and every moment a naval engagement might be expected, which would, necessarily, lead to an attack on land.

The expected battle occurred on the 11th. Early on the morning of that day, the British squadron appeared in sight, and about nine o'clock, anchored within three hundred yards of the American fleet under McDonough, and commenced a brisk cannonade. Simultaneously, the batteries of the enemy opened against Macomb's defences. The anxious eyes of his army were now called away from the naval contest, to watch the demonstrations of their more immediate enemy on land. Three several times the British attempted to carry the American works. On the first occasion the assault was made at the village bridge, where it was promptly

repulsed by the regulars. Amid a tempest of balls and bombs, the soldiers of the enemy were seen rushing to the attack, bearing innumerable scaling ladders, and cheering as they came on. But, unappalled by the spectacle, the regulars stood firm, and delivered such well-aimed volleys, that the storming party fell back. A second attempt, made at the upper bridge, was also repulsed. The enemy now turned his attention towards a ford, about three miles from the works, hoping to find it unguarded, but here the militia lined the wooded shore of the stream, and under cover of the trees, poured in a destructive fire. Nevertheless, one company of the English army, stung with shame at being thus held in check by this irregular force, after the most desperate efforts, succeeded in crossing the stream. But the rest of their companions failing to follow, they were killed or taken prisoners, to a man.

Throughout the whole day, the British maintained their cannonade on the American works. From nine o'clock until sunset, a continual roar of artillery, intermingled with the sharper reports of musketry, stunned the ears, and shook the solid ramparts. Round shot bounded around the works, rockets hissed through the sky, and bombs tore up the ground where the Americans stood; while, for a part of the day, the sounds of the naval conflict boomed louder and louder across the water. At one point of the battle, it was thought that McDonough had surrendered. But when the smoke blew away, the American stars and stripes were still seen floating. At last the British struck. At this sight, a wild huzza rose up spontaneously, from the troops on shore. At dusk the enemy ceased his cannonade, destroyed his batteries, and secretly made preparations for removing his baggage, a course rendered absolutely necessary by the unexpected destruction of his fleet. In the dead of the night, abandoning his sick and wounded, he began a precipitate retreat. The spoils of the Americans were immense. The English had retired eight miles before their flight was discovered. The pursuit was then immediately begun, but a heavy storm prevented any fruits, except a few prisoners, who were cut off from the rear guard.

For his conduct in this defence, Macomb was brevetted a Major-General. On the conclusion of peace, he remained in the army, and was appointed to the command of the north-western frontier. In 1821, he removed to Washington, as chief of the corps of engineers. On the death of General Brown, Macomb became commander-in-chief of the army. His decease occurred at the capitol, June 25th, 1841.



SAMUEL SMITH.



SAMUEL SMITH, a Major-General in the Maryland militia, claims a place in this gallery of portraits. It was his destiny to serve his country through two wars, and in each eminently to distinguish himself. In the Revolution, he held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel on the continental establishment, and made the gallant defence of Fort Mifflin, one of the most brilliant affairs of the war. In the contest of 1812, he commanded the American army at the battle of Baltimore, and proved that, though advanced in

years, he had lost none of the vigor and fire of his youth. He ran a civil career also of great splendor. There are few men who have shone with more equal lustre, in all capacities, than General Samuel Smith, or who survived so long to behold the increasing greatness of the little republic for which they bled in youth.

Smith was born in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, on the 27th of July, 1752. His father, shortly after the birth of the son, removed to Carlisle, in the same state, and finally, in 1760, settled in Baltimore. Here the elder Smith became a successful merchant. The son, having finished his education, at the age of fourteen was placed in his father's counting-room. He continued serving an apprenticeship here until his nineteenth year, when he was sent to Europe as supercargo in one of his father's vessels. He spent some time in travelling abroad, and on his return home, at the age of manhood, was taken into partnership by his parent. But his bold and energetic mind was better adapted for the camp than the counting-house, and accordingly, when the War of Independence broke out, he solicited and obtained a captaincy in the regiment of Colonel Smallwood. In that gallant band he was one of the most courageous. He rose rapidly to the rank of Major, and subsequently to that of Lieutenant-Colonel. In the latter capacity he won unfading laurels by his defence of Fort Mifflin, in 1777, holding the post for a space of seven weeks, against the combined land and naval forces of the enemy. His behavior on this occasion was so spirited, that Congress, by a resolution of the 4th of November, 1777, voted him a sword as some token of their approbation. Smith took part in the battle of Brandywine; endured the privations of Valley Forge; and was subsequently present at Monmouth, the most fiercely contested combat in the north. On the conclusion of peace he retired to his adopted state.

But he was not destined to remain in the private sphere to which he had so unpretendingly retired. An insurrection had broken out in the western part of Pennsylvania, in consequence of the excise laws passed by the federal government; and Washington, convinced that mercy consisted in sharp and speedy remedies, called out an imposing force in order to quell the rebellion. Among other states Maryland was called on for her quota of troops. At the head of these, Smith was placed, with the rank of Brigadier-General in the militia. The insurrection having been peaceably quelled, he once more retired to private life. His fellow citizens, however, did not suffer him to remain unemployed. He had distinguished himself as an ardent advocate of the federal constitution, and indeed had no small share in procuring its adoption by Maryland: consequently he



was now honored, by the city of Baltimore, with the post of representative in Congress, an office he continued to hold for many years. He was subsequently chosen United States Senator, and continued to be re-elected, for successive terms, during twenty-three years. In his legislative capacity he distinguished himself as eminently as formerly in military affairs. He was a close and logical debater; indefatigable in his duties; and a resolute, persevering and energetic advocate of whatever he undertook. His name is found connected with most of the great political measures of his day.

When the threatened descent of the British on Baltimore took place, in September, 1814, he assumed command of the defence, by right of his rank as Major-General of the militia. His dispositions were admirable, both in his preparatory measures, and on the two days of the conflict. In anticipation of the landing of the enemy, Smith detached General Stricker, on the 11th of September, towards North Point. The troops halted near the head of Bear Creek, seven miles from Baltimore, where they awaited during the night of the 11th, further intelligence from the foe. On the following morning, the videttes brought in news that the British were landing, under cover of their gun-boats, near North Point. The Americans immediately took up a position at the union of two roads leading from the city to the Point; while an advance party, under Major Heath, was pushed forward to check the progress of the enemy's van. A skirmish in which General Ross, the British commander fell, was the result of this movement. Towards three o'clock in the afternoon, the enemy's advancing columns came in sight of the main body of our army, and, after a preliminary discharge of rockets, the action grew general and fierce along the whole line. For nearly an hour and a half General Stricker successfully maintained his ground; but finally was forced to give way, and fell back to a new position. Half a mile in the rear of the spot where he now disposed his forces, was the line of intrenchments which had been drawn around the city: and the enemy, seeing this, considered it advisable to draw off his soldiers for the night. General Stricker was here reinforced by General Winder. Meantime other troops manned the intrenchments, all resolute for the final struggle, which was expected on the morrow.

Throughout the night, accordingly, there was but little sleep in the American camp, for many of those brave defenders had families in the city, and anxiety for their fate kept all watchful with suspense. The dawn at last came, and was ushered in by the sound of guns in the direction of Fort McHenry, where the British fleet had opened a

bombardment. The land forces of the enemy were now in full view on the Philadelphia road, about a mile and a half in front of General Stricker's position; and directly his masses were seen moving off to the right, as if with the design of making a circuit and assaulting the city on the York or Hartford roads. Smith promptly manœuvred his forces to counteract this movement of the foe. Finding himself foiled, the British General concentrated his regiments in front, and advanced to within a mile of the intrenchments, as if with the intention of assaulting the works before night. This new disposition of the enemy led to a corresponding change in Smith's arrangements. He recalled Stricker and Winder, and placing them on the right of the British, held them ready to precipitate them on the flank or rear of the foe, should an assault be made. Night fell, however, without any further demonstrations on the part of the enemy; and comparative silence gathered around the space between the two armies; though still, in the direction of Fort McHenry, the battle raged without intermission, bombs crossing and re-crossing, like wild portents, through the night.

The attack on this fort had begun, as we have stated, at sunrise, on the 13th. The bomb-vessels of the British having advanced to within two miles of the place, anchored, on finding that their shells reached, and, for more than twenty-four hours, maintained an incessant fire. The garrison of Fort McHenry numbered about a thousand men, who were in the highest spirits, and prepared promptly to repel the attack of the enemy. Unfortunately, however, it was found that the range of their guns was too short to injure the foe, and of course the firing on their part was soon abandoned. All through that morning the Americans, compelled to inactivity, bore, without shrinking, one of the most tremendous bombardments that ever took place on this continent. An incessant shower of shells rained down on the fort, exploding often in the midst of the enclosures; yet the men, though unprovided with bomb-proofs, remained courageously at their posts. Sometimes, as the hissing missile came whirling to the earth, it would be discovered that the fuse was not yet burned down; and then, one of the boldest of the garrison would hastily extinguish it. At other times, as the shell buried itself in the ground, roaring ominously, the by-standers had no means of escape except to fling themselves flat on their faces, and suffer the explosion to expend itself around them. At still other times, the bomb would burst in the air, just before reaching its destination, scattering its iron fragments among the soldiers of the fort, maiming and killing in every direction.

One of these missiles, about two o'clock, P. M., on the 13th, struck the carriage of a twenty-four pounder in the fort, dismounting the gun, killing a lieutenant, and wounding several men. The apparent confusion that reigned for awhile, induced the enemy to suppose that he had caused some fatal damage, when, in fact, the bustle was created by the endeavor to remount the gun. Deceived by this idea, the British grew more bold, advancing three of their bomb-vessels closer to the works. No sight could have been more welcome to the Americans. Waiting until the ships had come within range, the garrison opened a well-aimed and rapid fire, which was the more severe in consequence of the inaction to which it had been compelled throughout the day. It was not long before the enemy was glad to retire to his old anchorage-ground. When the three vessels were thus seen in retreat, a cheer rose simultaneously from the main fort and from the two batteries beside it, which rose over all the noise of the bombardment, and dying off across the waters of the bay, was repeated again and again, until the heavens themselves seemed to tremble at the shout.

Evening drew on. The silence from the shore showed that the land forces were quietly lying on their arms; yet the fury of the assault on Fort McHenry was not intermitted, but rather increased. As quiet gathered around nature, the hissing of the shells became louder, and the pathways, through which the eye had followed them with difficulty all day, now grew luminous, like the track of shooting stars. Soon the black arch of heaven was seamed, to and fro, by the trail of innumerable shells; for, as the night advanced, the firing on the part of the enemy was redoubled. By the ghastly light flung across the landscape, two or three rocket-vessels and barges were discerned starting for the city, apparently loaded with scaling-ladders and men; but the cannonade opened on them by the forts in the Patapsco, soon drove back the adventurous boats. Midnight came, yet brought no cessation to the strife. As the night wore, many a heart beat with terrible anxiety, lest, on the dawn of day, the flag of America should be seen supplanted on the ramparts by that of Great Britain. Among others, there was one, a prisoner in the enemy's hands, who watched, through ten long hours of that terrible darkness, and who, when his eyes were greeted, at sunrise, by the sight of his country's ensign still waving over the fort, burst forth into exulting lyric, which will continue to be sung with enthusiasm to the latest posterity.

At seven o'clock, on the morning of the 14th, the bombardment ceased. During the night, Admiral Cochrane had communicated

with Colonel Brook, on whom the command of the land forces had devolved; and the result was, that the further prosecution of the enterprise was adjudged impracticable. Accordingly, the enemy immediately began a retreat. The bombardment, however, was still continued, in order to distract the attention of the Americans.

The rain, which fell throughout most of the night, and rendered the darkness intense, assisted further to cover the retrograde movement; and when it was discerned in the morning by our forces, the enemy had gained too great a distance to be pursued with any hopes of success, especially by troops exhausted by three days' marching and fighting. That evening the embarkation of the British began, from North Point, and was completed the next day, shortly after the hour of noon. The news of the final retirement of the enemy, was received with rapture in Baltimore, and heard throughout the country with the liveliest expressions of sympathetic joy. All now united to compliment the prudence, skill and energy of General Smith, while they did not forget also to remember the courage displayed by his numerous subordinates.

General Smith survived this battle for nearly twenty-five years. On one other occasion, it was reserved for him to play a prominent part. It was during the bank riots in Baltimore, in 1836. When the spirit of license and outrage had attained to such a height that neither life nor property were any longer safe; when the public authorities were set at defiance, and the houses of the civic functionaries wantonly sacked, General Smith, as a last resort, though in his eighty-fourth year, placed himself at the head of such well-disposed citizens as were courageous enough to sustain him, and issuing into the streets, carrying the flag of the United States, called on all friends of the laws to rally around him. The example of his grey hairs, the recollection of his many services, and the sight of the banner for which he had fought so frequently, thrilled the crowd with enthusiasm, aroused the dormant citizens to a sense of their duty, and struck dismay into the rioters. The law triumphed. There is no spectacle more grand than that of this aged veteran thus fearlessly risking his life against a lawless mob, to preserve those liberties, to gain which he had faced the armies of Great Britain, sixty years before!

In October, 1836, in consequence of this act, General Smith was elected mayor of Baltimore, almost unanimously. He held the office until near the period of his decease. On the 22d of April, 1839 this aged soldier died; one of the last, as well as best, of the men of the Revolution!



JACKSON AT THE BATTLE OF EMUCKPAU

## ANDREW JACKSON.



**T**

HERE never, perhaps, was a warrior of greater resolution than Jackson. He was a man, as Emmett said, to burn every blade of grass before an enemy; or, as the Prince of Orange even more heroically expressed it, to die in the last ditch sooner than submit. He never trifled in great emergencies, never shrank from assuming the responsibility required by circumstances, but while others wasted precious moments in hesitation, acted, and with a terrible energy and

promptitude, which appalled opposition. His determined will has passed into a proverb. Whatever he conceived to be right, that he fearlessly did, and would have attempted it, even if superhuman powers opposed him. He had the nerve of Cromwell, without his craft; the headlong impetuosity of Murat, without his weakness; the

desperate resolution and confidence in himself, which carried Napoleon from victory to victory. Frequently, his wilfulness degenerated into obstinacy, while his impulsive character sometimes hurried him into excess. But, nevertheless, if honesty, patriotism, and unflinching adherence to conviction, constitute the hero, then was Jackson one in the highest and fullest sense of that term.

It was his terrible firmness of purpose, more than his skill in tactics, which made him so uniformly successful in war. He possessed a tenacity that nothing could overcome. He would have stood up in single combat, and suffered himself to be hacked, piecemeal, but never surrendered. In an unsuccessful campaign, he would have struggled long after hope had left every other bosom, and then ravaged the line of his retreat with fire and sword, to harass his pursuers. It is now known that, if he had been defeated at New Orleans, he would have burned the city. His conduct in the Seminole campaign of 1818, when he crossed the Spanish frontier, and hung two Englishmen who had fomented the disturbances, is another illustration of this point in his character. One less familiar, but equally striking, is his refusal to disband the volunteers under his command in 1812, when they were at a distance from home, and many of them sick, marching them back at the expense of the United States, and in direct opposition to orders from Washington. His political career furnishes numerous instances of this indomitable will. In short, he was inflexible in his own opinion, whether in military or civil life. Those who thought with him in politics, considered him on this account, a hero; those who differed with him, and party violence never raged greater than in his day, regarded him as perversely obstinate. To posterity must be left the task of deciding between the two. But all men agree that this firmness was invaluable in war, and that America has seen few Generals who can compete with the hero of New Orleans.

Andrew Jackson was born at the Waxhaw settlement, South Carolina, on the 15th of March, 1767. His parents had emigrated from Ireland only two years before. The father died soon after the birth of the son. His mother, though in narrow pecuniary circumstances, aspired to educate her orphan boy to be a minister of the gospel; and, with this purpose in view, placed him at an academy, where he continued until the approach of the British army into the vicinity, induced him to assume arms. This was in 1781, when Jackson was only fourteen. He was soon taken prisoner, as well as an older brother, and both were cruelly maltreated by their captors, the brother especially so, for he died of his injuries shortly after being

exchanged. The life of Andrew was only saved by receiving on his hand the blow intended for his head. The mother soon followed her son to the grave, and Andrew became sole heir of the small family estate. He now abandoned all thoughts of the ministry, and began to study law at Salisbury, North Carolina. In 1786, he was admitted to the bar. Two years after, actuated by that ambition which even then carried so many ardent spirits westward, he removed to Nashville, at that time a new settlement on the frontier of North Carolina.

In 1790, what is now the state of Tennessee was organized into a territory, and Jackson received the appointment of United States Attorney. From this period he played a prominent part in the politics of the district. When the territory was erected into a state, in 1796, he was a leading member in the convention to frame a constitution. His professional career was attended with much success. He was even more distinguished, however, in the continual skirmishes with the savages, that took place on that exposed frontier; and the Indians, in compliment to his courage and skill, called him "the Sharp Knife," and the "Pointed Arrow." On the adoption of the state constitution, he was chosen a representative to Congress, and in the succeeding year, a United States Senator. He disliked the intrigues of politics, however, and, after one session, resigned his seat. He was now appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, but this honorable office also, he soon threw up. Retiring to a farm which he had purchased on the Cumberland river, in the vicinity of Nashville, he continued to reside there, declining all civil employments until the war of 1812 broke out.

This contest found Jackson a Major-General of the militia. His ambition was decidedly military, and though he had refused all ordinary offices, he now sought the commission of a Brigadier-General in the army of the United States. His competitor, Winchester, triumphed over him; but Jackson was not left without employment, being sent with nearly three thousand volunteers to Natchez, to guard that frontier against an apprehended visit of the Indians. The threatened tempest, however, blew over, and Jackson was ordered by the Secretary of War to disband his troops on the spot. This he refused to do, alleging, that as they were far from home, without funds, and many of them sick, such a proceeding would be unjust. He consequently kept them together, and led them back to Tennessee, where he disbanded them. The government accepted the explanation. In the autumn of 1813, he again took the field, at the head of one of the two divisions of Tennessee

militia, called out to chastise the Creeks, in Georgia, and avenge the massacre at Fort Mimms.

Accordingly, on the 2d of November, Jackson detached Brigadier-General Coffee on an expedition against Tallushatchee, which was completely successful, and a few days after, followed it up in person, by the great battle of Talledega, in which over three hundred of the Creeks fell. From this period, until the middle of January, 1814, he remained comparatively idle, in consequence of the term of most of his troops having expired, though, meantime, the campaign was prosecuted with considerable success, by Generals Cocke, Clairborne, Floyd, and others, at the head of different detachments. At last, on the 14th of January, Jackson was joined at Fort Strother by eight hundred fresh volunteers from Tennessee. His force was, by this, raised to nine hundred and thirty, exclusive of Indians. He immediately began offensive operations. On the 20th, while advancing into the heart of the enemy's country, he was joined by two hundred friendly Indians. On the 22d, he was attacked in his temporary camp at Tallapoosa, by a superior force of savages, who were, however, beaten off after a desperate struggle. The scarcity of supplies, and the number of his wounded, induced Jackson, on the following morning, to commence a retrograde movement towards Fort Strother. On the second day of his retreat he was attacked by the savages at Enotachopco creek, and, at first, owing to the flight of a portion of his troops, the Indians gained some advantage, but the regulars manfully standing their ground, the enemy was finally repulsed, with a loss of over two hundred of his warriors. The Americans were now permitted to prosecute their way without further molestation.

On the 24th of March, Jackson having been reinforced, once more marched into the heart of the Creek country. On the 27th, he had reached Horse-Shoe Bend, on the Tallapoosa, three miles beyond the spot where the fight of the 22d of January had occurred. Here, as the name implies, the river makes a curvature, and in the bend thus formed, the Indians had collected for a last desperate stand, fortifying the neck of land which led into their retreat, by a breastwork nearly eight feet in height, pierced with double rows of port-holes, and so constructed that no enemy could approach without being subjected to a double and cross fire. Jackson's first care was to line the opposite side of the river, so as to prevent the escape of the savages. He then advanced boldly to the attack of the intrenchments in front. The friendly Indians stationed on the banks, becoming warned of the battle, crossed over to the peninsula, and drove the Creeks



into their fortifications. But failing to dislodge them from their works, Jackson, after ordering General Coffee's detachment to guard the banks, in place of the Indians, advanced to the storm. The troops, who had waited impatiently for this movement, received the command with loud shouts of joy. The struggle, for a few minutes, was awful. The hostile savages fought with the rage of wounded tigers, firing rapidly, and with deadly aim, through the port-holes; while the Americans, advancing to the breastwork, struggled, muzzle to muzzle, in many cases the balls of the Indians being welded on the bayonets of the assailants. At last the intrenchments were carried. And now the rout and slaughter became fearful. Scarcely twenty of the foe escaped unhurt. Three hundred were taken prisoners. Five hundred and fifty-seven dead bodies were found, among them that of Manahoe, the great prophet of the Creeks. The loss on Jackson's side, was forty-nine killed, and one hundred and fifty-four wounded. From that hour, the proud heart of the Creeks was broken. They never again lifted the hatchet against the United States, but on the 1st of August, sent their principal chiefs to Fort Jackson to sue for peace.

This treaty had scarcely been completed, however, before the attention of Jackson was required to avert a greater danger. He had, after adjusting the Creek difficulties, fixed his head quarters at Mobile, and here, on the 27th of August, he received intelligence that three British vessels had arrived at Pensacola two days before, and after disembarking a large quantity of provisions and munitions of war, had placed a garrison of between two and three hundred troops in the fort. The express which brought this startling information, also announced that thirteen sail of the line, with ten thousand troops, and the requisite number of transports, were daily expected. On the receipt of this news, Jackson despatched a courier to the Governor of Tennessee, requesting that the whole quota of the militia of that state should be at once brought into the field. On the 15th of September, the British squadron from Pensacola, augmented by another ship, made an attack on Fort Bowyer, at the foot of Mobile bay, thirty miles below the town of the same name, where Jackson was established; but they were repulsed with a slaughter almost unprecedented in the annals of war, one of the ships losing one hundred and forty-nine men, out of a crew of one hundred and seventy. Having received an accession of force from Tennessee, amounting to nearly two thousand, Jackson marched to chastise the Spanish Governor of Pensacola, for allowing the British to fit out hostile expeditions in that port. He stormed one of the batteries of the town on the 7th of November, on which the Governor surren-

dered the city and fort unconditionally. On this, the British squadron, consisting of seven armed vessels, sailed from the harbor. Having completed his object, Jackson now hurried to New Orleans, that place being threatened by a formidable expedition which had just sailed from Jamaica, with the motto of "beauty and booty," to stimulate the soldiers: an expedition, forming one of a series begun with the express intent, as Admiral Cochrane had officially declared, "to lay waste all towns and districts of the United States found accessible to the attack of British armaments."

Jackson reached New Orleans on the 2d of December, and immediately began to place it in a condition of defence. It is well known that innumerable channels intersect the delta of the Mississippi, below the town. Few of these were properly fortified; and, in consequence, the alarm was general. Discontent, too, was abroad. The city corps had refused to turn out. Spies daily left the city to bear information to the enemy, yet the legislature hesitated to suspend the habeas corpus act. In this crisis, General Jackson acted with an energy, which, however despotic it seemed to its victims, probably saved the town. He proclaimed martial law, and laid an embargo on all vessels in the harbor, thus cutting off treasonable communication with the enemy. He called out the militia, en masse. He impressed the negroes to assist in the defence. A characteristic anecdote will show the vigor and promptitude with which he acted. He had taken the cotton of a merchant to use upon the lines, when the owner, indignant at this appropriation of his property, called at head-quarters to remonstrate. Jackson heard the complaint in silence. "All wrong, very wrong, as you say," he remarked in his impetuous manner, when the man had closed: "tell that sentry to walk in." The merchant, fancying he was about to have restitution, hurried to obey, and the sentry appeared. "Give that man your musket," said Jackson, addressing the soldier, and pointing to the merchant: then, turning to the astonished trader, he said sternly, "now sir, I will make affairs right—march down to the lines and defend your property." Arbitrary as such conduct appeared to the listener, it was, perhaps, necessary to the salvation of the city. It was a crisis when not only men's property, but their lives belonged no longer to themselves, but to the state.

The British appeared off the mouth of the Mississippi on the 5th of December, only three days after the arrival of Jackson at New Orleans. One of those circumstances, which appear fortuitous, but which are, perhaps, ordained by a protecting Providence, had delayed the sailing of the expedition from Jamaica for ten days, and thus, by affording time for Jackson's arrival, saved the city. The occurrence,

not generally known, was this. The fleet of Cochrane, with the troops of Pakenham were at Jamaica, ready for the expedition, except that they were ordered to wait the arrival of a squadron from England under Captain Floyd. This squadron had reached the port of Fayal, as early as the 26th of September, but finding an American privateer, the General Armstrong, in the harbor, had determined to capture her. Two several attacks, however, were made on the Armstrong without success: the first by three boats, the last by sixteen. In these struggles the British lost two hundred of their best men. Finding that a third attack, still more imposing, was to be made, Captain Reid of the Armstrong scuttled and abandoned her, taking refuge on shore under the Portuguese authorities. This assault was made in defiance of the sanctity of a neutral port; and when the commandant at Fayal remonstrated against the attack, he was told that if he attempted to protect the Armstrong, the British would fire on the town. No more spirited defence, than that of this little privateer, is recorded in the whole annals of naval history. But its greatest merit, though one little suspected at the time, was that, by causing a delay of ten days on the part of Captain Floyd, it protracted for just that period, his arrival at Jamaica, and the sailing of the fleet. If the squadron had not been detained at Fayal by the Armstrong, it is almost certain that the British would have arrived off the Mississippi on the 25th of November. At that period Jackson had not reached New Orleans, and, as no adequate measures were being taken for its defence, the place must have fallen before he made his appearance on the 2d of December.

The British had taken the precaution to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the topography of the coast, and discovering that the routes through Lakes Ponchartrain and Borgue were the most assailable means of access to the city, they resolved to lose no time in needless delays, but push on at once to the object of their desires. An unexpected difficulty, however, soon presented itself in a flotilla of American gun-boats, which had been sent to defend these passes. A sharp action ensued, in which the enemy, after a heavy loss, came off victorious. No obstacle now existing to their landing, the troops were disembarked on Pea Island, where some Spanish fishermen speedily betrayed that the pass of Bienvenu was as yet unguarded, and that a vigorous movement of five or six hours made from this point, would carry the assailants to the heart of New Orleans. Availing themselves of this information, a strong force was immediately transported across the river, and before noon on the 22d took up a position on Vivery's canal.

It was at this spot, scarcely nine miles distant from the city, that a part of Jackson's staff accidentally discovered the enemy. The news spread consternation through the town. But, meantime, the American commander had been reinforced by four thousand Tennessee militia, and by the Baratarians, a body of half piratical men, inhabiting some islands on the coast, to whom an amnesty had been granted on the condition that they joined in the defence of New Orleans. Accordingly, leaving a force to guard the avenues to the city in his rear, Jackson marched out to assail the British with all his available troops, amounting to fifteen hundred men. His intention was to make a night attack on the front and flanks of the enemy; but the plan failing in several important particulars, he ordered a retreat, and fell back, after a doubtful engagement, to a narrow plain on the road to New Orleans, flanked on the right by the Mississippi, and on the left by an impregnable cypress swamp. The alacrity, however, with which he offered in this early stage to meet the foe, inspired his army with resolution and checked the ardor of the enemy!

It had been the intention of General Jackson to march out into the open field, and renew the engagement in the morning, but subsequent reflection on the inferiority of his force induced him to resolve on a strictly defensive system. Accordingly, he began fortifying his position with incredible alacrity. A ditch dug for agricultural purposes, ran along his front from the river to the swamp; it was only left for him, therefore, to throw up an intrenchment and erect flanking batteries. Bales of cotton were successfully employed for this purpose. Bastions were hastily constructed and mounted with heavy cannon, to enfilade the whole front. To render the position still more secure a battery of twenty guns, flanking the length of the parapet, was erected on the opposite bank of the Mississippi, and committed to the charge of Commodore Patterson of the navy, and a body of militia.

The English force was under the command of Sir Edward Packenham, a brave and veteran soldier. This General at first determined to make regular approaches to the works; but having failed in the attempt, in consequence of the superior weight of the American artillery, he resolved, with the impetuous hardihood he had acquired in the Peninsular war, to carry the intrenchments by assault, and thus put an end at once to the affair. With troops fresh from the Spanish campaigns, he did not doubt of complete success against the raw levies of which his spies informed him the force of General Jackson was entirely composed. He neglected, however

no advantage which strategy could give him; for he employed his men in secretly widening the canal behind his army, by which boats might be brought up to the Mississippi, and troops ferried across to carry the battery we have spoken of, on the right bank of the river, so as to prevent the assailing columns from being raked by its fire, as they moved to attack the parapet.

These preparations having all been completed by the night of the 7th of January, Packenham determined on an assault before day-break of the ensuing day. Colonel Thornton, with about fourteen hundred men, was to cross over by night to the western bank of the Mississippi, and, storming the battery there, proceed up the river until he came opposite to New Orleans. Meantime, the main attack on the intrenchments on the eastern bank was confided to two columns; the first led by General Gibbs, the second by General Keane. The reserve was commanded by General Lambert. Having made these dispositions, the soldiers were allowed some rest; but many an eye refused to sleep; and the sentry, as he walked his rounds, dreamed of past victories, or anticipated the morrow's glory. In the American camp all was still. The night was unusually cold, and sounds were distinguishable for a long distance; but nothing was heard from the British position, except an occasional murmur rising and falling on the night wind.

Various delays occurred on the part of the enemy, to prevent Colonel Thornton from reaching his destination in time; and the night passed without Packenham receiving the expected news of his success. At length, that General became impatient, and, towards five o'clock, ordered the assault. Gibbs's column advanced first to the attack. But the wintry dawn had now begun to break, and the Americans, amid a storm of bombs and Congreve rockets, suddenly beheld the dark masses of the enemy, at the distance of nine hundred yards, moving rapidly across the plain. Instantly a tremendous fire was opened on them from the batteries. But the veterans of the 4th and 21st regiments, undaunted by the danger, pressed steadily forward. When they came within reach of the musketry of the militia, the crash of fire-arms joined its sharp explosions to the deep roar of the artillery, and burst after burst rolled off across the plain, resembling incessant and tremendous peals of thunder. Yet that splendid British infantry never flinched. The fire from the ramparts, like a stream of burning lava, now filled the intervening space; but still undaunted, these veterans pushed on, closing up their front as one after another fell, and only pausing when they reached the slippery edge of the glacis.

Here it was found that the scaling-ladders and fascines had been forgotten, and a halt occurred, until they could be sent for and brought up. All this time, the deadly rifles of the Americans were aimed at the British ranks, which soon, riddled through and through, fell back in disorder from the foot of the parapet. Seeing the confusion, Pakenham himself galloped up. Dashing immediately to the head of the 44th regiment, he rallied the men, and led them to the foot of the glacis, his head uncovered, himself cheering them on. While in this very act, a ball struck him, and he fell mortally wounded. Appalled by this sight, his troops once more recoiled; but their officers, reminding them of past glories, again brought them up to the attack; and, with desperate but unavailing courage, they strove to force their way over the ditch and up the fatal intrenchments. Quick and close, however, the rifles of the Americans met them at every turn. Again they recoiled. General Gibbs, who had succeeded Pakenham, was struck down. But the reserve was now in full advance; and, notwithstanding the tempest of grape and shell which swept the plain, it continued to press on, led by the gallant Keane. Soon he, too, fell. But the regiment he led was a thousand strong, and composed wholly of Sutherland Highlanders. It had faced death in many a battle-field before. Burning to avenge the fall of three commanders in succession, it rushed on with inextinguishable fury, forcing the leading files before it, until the slope of the glacis was gained; and here, though destitute of fascines or ladders, the men still pressed on, mounting on each others shoulders to gain a foothold in the works, where they fought with the ferocity of frantic lions, mad with rage and despair. Few of them, however, reached this point; for the rifles of the defenders cut them off almost to a man, before they crossed the ditch, and those who clambered up the intrenchments, were bayoneted as they appeared. In the midst of this terrific carnage, an officer on a white horse was seen dashing to the glacis. He fell, pierced by a ball, just as he reached the edge; but the noble animal, plunging headlong forward, over the wounded and the dead, crossed the ditch, leaped the intrenchments with one wild bound, and stood trembling in every limb, in the very heart of the American forces. The gallant animal was taken care of, and subsequently became a favorite with the soldiers.

Thrice the enemy advanced to the assault; thrice he was hurled back in wild disorder. Nothing could withstand the terrific fire of the Americans. The plain was already encumbered with nearly two thousand dead and wounded, and, as fast as the heads of

columns appeared, they melted away before the grape-shot. On the left, some companies, which at first had penetrated to an unfinished intrenchment, were fast disappearing beneath the murderous cannonade. At places where the fiercest struggles had been made, the dead were piled in heaps. The fearful carnage of that day brought to many a mind the slaughter of the forlorn hope at Badajoz; and the British officer, who had succeeded to the command, almost gave way to audible lamentations, when he saw the full extent of the carnage.

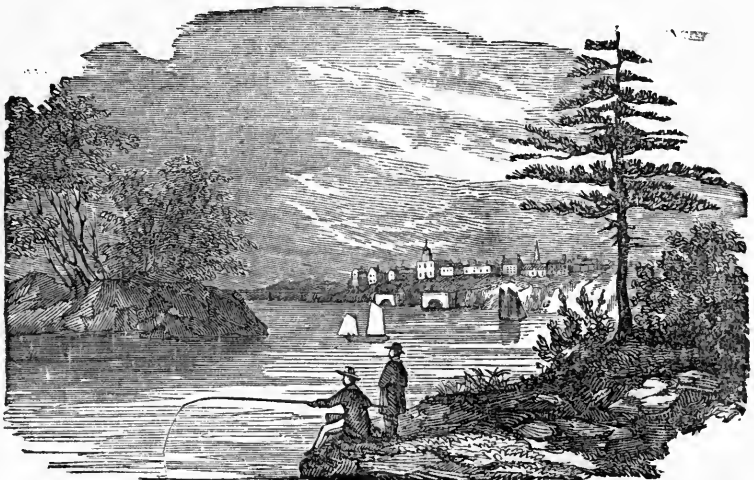
The utter ruin of the enemy's army would have followed, but for the success of Colonel Thornton, on the right bank of the river. Jackson was forced, in consequence of this, to turn his attention in that direction; and preparations were accordingly made to dislodge the foe from his captured position. Before, however, any movement was made, Thornton was withdrawn from the works, the British General not considering himself able to spare sufficient troops, after his severe losses, to hold it. Jackson hastened to regain the lost battery. The enemy now fell back to his old station, where he remained until the 18th, although continually annoyed by the artillery of the Americans, on both sides of the river. But, at midnight of that day, he precipitately retreated, and, regaining his boats, embarked finally on board the shipping. The difficulties of a pursuit were so great, from the nature of the ground and other causes, that Jackson did not attempt seriously to harass the retreat. A few prisoners were taken, and several transports captured. Thus was repelled an expedition, consisting of eleven thousand land troops, and four thousand seamen and marines; and which had been so confident of success, that it was accompanied by custom-house and other civil functionaries.

For this brilliant victory, Jackson received the thanks of Congress and a gold medal. In 1818, he was entrusted with the command of the troops destined to operate against the Seminoles. His usual energy characterised him in this war. He penetrated into Florida, to the villages of the savages and fugitive slaves who had joined them, devastating their settlements, and carrying fire and sword through all their region. Discovering that the Indians had been supplied with arms and ammunition from the Spanish posts in the vicinity, he seized these places, and executed two British subjects whom he found there, engaged in this lawless traffic. The contest was closed by the conquest of Florida. The posts taken by Jackson were, however, subsequently restored to Spain; but an attempt, in Congress, to pass a vote of censure on the General, was defeated by

a large majority. There can be no doubt, nevertheless, that the seizure of these posts was a violation of a neutral soil, though, perhaps, justified by the emergency of the case, if not by the secret assistance rendered to the Indians by Spain. In 1821, by the purchase of Florida, the United States rendered any such arbitrary measures, for the future, unnecessary. Jackson was now appointed Governor of the new territory. But he did not long retain this office, resigning it in the following year, and retiring to his farm.

In 1823, he was elected to the Senate of the United States; but, soon after, becoming a prominent candidate for the presidency, vacated his seat. In the electoral college, for 1824, he received ninety-nine votes; Mr. Adams, eighty-four; Mr. Crawford, forty-one; and Mr. Clay, thirty-seven. The election of a President consequently devolved on the House, when Mr. Adams was chosen. In 1828 however, being again a candidate, he received one hundred and seventy-eight electoral votes, while Mr. Adams obtained but eighty-three. The history of his administration does not come within the scope of this work. In 1832, he was again elected President by a majority of one hundred and seventy electoral votes over his antagonist, Mr. Clay. In 1836, he retired to private life.

From this period to that of his death, he resided on his farm, which he called "The Hermitage," near Nashville, Tennessee. He gradually became enfeebled in body, but retained his mental faculties in full force. A few years before his decease, he connected himself with the Presbyterian church; in the communion of which he continued, from that hour, a sincere and exemplary member. He died on the 8th of June, 1845.







G# 67361643A

V P P

27/4

